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# THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

NEW BOOKS & C.

ENGRAVED BY FRANCIS HOLL, FROM A COPY IN LORD ASHBURTON'S POSSESSION OF  
THE PICTURE, AT CHAMBOTTEBUIE, BY ANTOINE PESME.

Harpur & Brothers, New York.

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HISTORY  
OF  
FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,  
CALLED  
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY  
THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

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BOOK I.  
BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

1712.

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CHAPTER I.

PROEM; FRIEDRICH'S HISTORY FROM THE DISTANCE WE ARE AT.

ABOUT fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished—Day & Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

VOL. I.—A

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch, and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*)."<sup>1</sup> Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore.<sup>2</sup> "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor, "yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His

<sup>1</sup> Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28<sup>me</sup> (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

<sup>2</sup> Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany* (London, 1779), ii., 246.

observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

Just about threescore and ten years ago<sup>3</sup> his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men, which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane, and, except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable, and can not be forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree. Editors vaguely account this man the "creator of the Prussian monarchy," which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome to the editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was in very deed created, standing on its feet there, and would go a great way on the impulse it had got from him and others; as it has accordingly done, and may still keep doing to lengths little dreamed of by the British editor in our time, whose prophesyings upon Prussia, and insights into Prussia, in its past, or present, or future, are truly as yet inconsiderable in proportion to the noise he makes with them. The more is the pity for him, and for myself too in the surprise now on hand.

It is of the Figure, whom we see by the mind's eye in those *Portland* *Figures*, visible for the last time seventy years ago, that we are to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this *Man and King*, some answer to the questions, "What was he, when? where? how? and what did he achieve and suffer in the world?" such answer as may prove admissible to ingenuous

<sup>3</sup> A.D. 1856; 17th August, 1786.

mankind, especially such as may correspond to the Fact (which stands there abstruse, indeed, but actual and unalterable), and so be sure of admissibility one day.

An Enterprise which turns out to be, the longer one looks at it, the more of a formidable, not to say unmanageable nature! concerning which, on one or two points, it were good, if conveniently possible, to come to some preliminary understanding with the reader. Here, flying on loose leaves, are certain incidental utterances of various date. These, as the topic is difficult, I will merely label and insert, instead of a formal Discourse, which were too apt to slide into something of a Lamentation, or otherwise take an unpleasant turn.

1. *Friedrich then, and Friedrich now.*

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries; who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do, much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years, had not been able. Principalities and powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal, enemies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's Potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is—nay, in the long run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes—were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill—this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not

yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, *not* by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half an hour each time. The last of the old Gods and the first of the modern Titans—before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an epoch of world-history. Finishing off forever the trade of king, think many, who have grown profoundly dark as to kingship and him.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now, on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history, especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that real kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the destruction of sham kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable explosion, and suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagration.

grations, wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic, especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than any thing in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about, counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling gallery, and frightened, excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 478 men. Leuthen, too, the Battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it), may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the general was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by

husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great kings before Napoleon, and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage, and insight, not upon Drawcansir rhodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. "You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter," says a satirical friend of mine. This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind and huge uproar of the last generation gradually dies away again.



## 2. *Eighteenth Century.*

One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is, all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no History and can have little or none. A Century so opulent in accumulated falsities—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital—opulent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, How extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who is a reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men's view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one, needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Cen-

tury has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act—setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt; gone at length utterly insolvent, without real *money* of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any farther: what could the poor Century do, but at length admit, “Well, it is so. I am a swindler-century, and have long been, having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favored of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?” Which the poor Century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid, frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe—lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean; black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad—there was, to men, a voice audible—voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say, “Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is *not* God!” This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal in our poor Eighteenth Century, and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the historian ever since.

Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confisate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers—Jew-brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or salable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind

of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them—a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness—are delineated for us. “And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers,” cries the reader. Yes, reader, truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment; and, alas! in large sections of the practical world, it (what we specially mean by *it*) still continues flourishing all round us. To forget it quite is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and “Histories,” worthy only of forgetting? Well, so much of it as by nature *adheres*; what of it can not be disengaged from our Hero and his operations; approximately so much, and no more. Let that be our bargain in regard to it.

### 3. *English Prepossessions.*

With such wagon-loads of Books and Printed Records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it has always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real understanding of him, though practically, here and now, I have to own it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas! the Books are not cosmic, they are chaotic, and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discerning, of loyally recognizing, of discriminating what is to be written! Books born mostly of Chaos—which want all things, even an *Index*—are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust you wander over those multitudinous Books; you dwell in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory; to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were any where to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labor, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known. I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, any thing comparable to him. He writes big Books wanting in almost every quality, and does not even give an *Index* to them. He has made of Friedrich's History a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter, dismal to your

mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand. Enough, he could do no other; I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me, and think sometimes what probably my raw material was.

Curious enough, Friedrich lived in the Writing Era—morning of that strange era which has grown to such a noon for us—and his favorite society all his reign was with the literary, or writing sort. Nor have they failed to write about him, they among the others, about him and about him; and it is notable how little real light, on any point of his existence or environment, they have managed to communicate. Dim indeed, for most part a mere epigrammatic sputter of darkness visible, is the “picture” they have fashioned to themselves of Friedrich, and his Country, and his Century. Men not “of genius,” apparently? Alas! no; men fatally destitute of true eyesight, and of loyal heart first of all. So far as I have noticed, there was not, with the single exception of Mirabeau for one hour, any man to be called of genius, or with an adequate power of human discernment, that ever personally looked on Friedrich. Had many such men looked successively on his History and him, we had not found it now in such a condition. Still altogether chaotic as a History; fatally destitute even of the Indexes and mechanical appliances; Friedrich’s self, and his Country, and his Century, still undeciphered; very dark phenomena, all three, to the intelligent part of mankind.

In Prussia there has long been a certain stubborn though planless diligence in digging for the outward details of Friedrich’s Life-History; though as to organizing them, assorting them, or even putting labels on them, much more as to the least interpretation or human delineation of the man and his affairs, you need not inquire in Prussia. In France, in England, it is still worse. There an immense ignorance prevails even as to the outward facts and phenomena of Friedrich’s life; and instead of the Prussian no-interpretation, you find, in these vacant circumstances, a great promptitude to interpret. Whereby judgments and prepossessions exist among us on that subject, especially on Friedrich’s character, which are very ignorant indeed.

To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about

Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two: *First*, for his Public Character. It was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, that George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48, needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by-and-by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have re-echoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day, as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

Afterward, when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years' War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point in regard to Friedrich: "One of the greatest soldiers ever born." This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since; but he still adds to it the quality of robber in a loose way, and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review Articles and Disquisitions on the Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick*; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light! Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds, and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

*Second* English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography, or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Pri-

vate Life of the King of Prussia);<sup>4</sup> libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire in a kind of fury, but not intended to be published by him—nay, burnt and annihilated, as he afterward imagined—no line of which, that can not be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed, and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies, written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography, or Private Character of Friedrich, imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural; offering, indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible, and impossible image, like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole by an artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) over night.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis, how brought about we shall see by-and-by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia. Keep it a while, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for in this world. Alas! go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of “flunkies doing *saturnalia* below stairs,” is numerous, is innumerable, and can well remunerate a “vocal flunkie” that will serve their purposes on such an occasion.

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there are various things to be said against him with good ground.

<sup>4</sup> First printed, from a stolen copy, at Geneva, 1784; first proved to be Voltaire's (which some of his admirers had striven to doubt), Paris, 1788; stands avowed ever since in all the editions of his works (ii., 9–113 of the edition by Baudouin Frères, 97 vols., Paris, 1825–1834), under the title *Mémoires pour servir à la Vie de M. de Voltaire*, with patches of repetition in the thing called *Commentaire Historique*, which follows *ibid.* at great length.

To the last a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry, That in his way he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognizes for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm—which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognized said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognized or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management, and sophistry, to save any mortal who does *not* stand on the truth of things from sinking in the long run—sinking to the very Mud-gods, with all his diplomacies, possessions, achievements, and becoming an unnamable object, hidden deep in the Cesspools of the Universe. This I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life; which, indeed, was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.

He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much, and with whatever noise and trumpet-blowing he may have cooked and eaten in this world, can not long have any. Some men do *cook* enormously (let us call it *cooking*, what a man does in obedience to his *hunger* merely, to his desires and passions merely), roasting whole continents and populations in the flames of war or other discord: witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that

respect is unlimited, in truth infinite, and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar System had we the chance given, and then cry, like Alexander of Macedon, because we had no more Solar Systems to cook and eat. It is not the extent of the man's cookery that can much attach me to him, but only the man himself, and what of strength he had to wrestle with the mud-elements, and what of victory he got for his own benefit and mine.

#### 4. *Encouragements, Discouragements.*

French Revolution having spent itself, or sunk in France and elsewhere to what we see, a certain curiosity reawakens as to what of great or manifold we can discover on the other side of that still troubled atmosphere of the Present and immediate Past. Curiosity quickened, or which should be quickened, by the great and all-absorbing question, How is that same exploded Past ever to settle down again? Not lost forever, it would appear: the New Era has not annihilated the old eras; New Era could by no means manage that—never meant that, had it known its own mind (which it did not): its meaning was and is, to get its own well out of them; to readapt, in a purified shape, the old eras, and appropriate whatever was true and *not* combustible in them: that was the poor New Era's meaning, in the frightful explosion it made of itself and its possessions, to begin with!

And the question of questions now is, What part of that exploded Past, the ruins and dust of which still darken all the air, will continually gravitate back to us; be reshaped, transformed, readapted, so that, in new figures, under new conditions, it may enrich and nourish us again? What part of it, *not* being combustible, has actually gone to flame and gas in the huge world-conflagration, and is now *gaseous*, mounting aloft, and will know no beneficence of gravitation, but mount, and roam upon the waste winds forever—Nature so ordering it, in spite of any industry of Art? This is the universal question of afflicted mankind at present, and sure enough it will be long to settle.

On one point we can answer, Only what of the Past was *true* will come back to us. That is the one *asbestos* which survives all fire, and comes out purified; that is still ours, blessed

be Heaven, and only that. By the law of Nature nothing more than that; and also, by the same law, nothing less than that. Let Art struggle how it may, for or against—as foolish Art is seen extensively doing in our time—there is where the limits of it will be. In which point of view, may not Friedrich, if he was a true man and King, justly excite some curiosity again; nay, some quite peculiar curiosity, as the last Crowned Reality there was antecedent to that general outbreak and abolition? To many it appears certain there are to be no Kings of any sort, no Government more; less and less need of them henceforth, New Era having come; which is a very wonderful notion—important if true; perhaps still more important, just at present, if untrue! My hopes of presenting, in this Last of the Kings, an exemplar to my contemporaries, I confess, are not high.

On the whole, it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many; and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been! Alas! the Ideal of History, as my friend Sauerteig knows, is very high; and it is not one serious man, but many successions of such, and whole serious generations of men, that can ever again build up History toward its old dignity. We must renounce ideals. We must sadly take up with the mournfullest barren realities—dismal continents of Brandenburg sand, as in this instance; mere tumbled mountains of marine stores, without so much as an Index to them!

Has the reader heard of Sauerteig's last batch of *Springwürzel*, a rather curious valedictory Piece? "All History is an imprisoned Epic, nay, an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy," says Sauerteig there. I wish, from my soul, he had *disimprisoned* it in this instance! But he only says, in magniloquent language, how grand it would be if *disimprisoned*; and hurls out, accidentally striking on this subject, the following rough sentences, suggestive though unpractical, with which I shall conclude:

"Schiller, it appears, at one time thought of writing an *Epic Poem upon Friedrich the Great*, 'upon some action of Friedrich's,'

Schiller says. Happily Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsyturvy, Schiller with his fine gifts might no doubt have written a temporary 'epic poem,' of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary Picture of a man and his life that I want from my Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself—nay *true*, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Botcher (*Pfuscher*) never can! Alas! and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Botcher, being busy otherwise.

"Men surely will at length discover again, emerging from these dismal bewilderments in which the modern Ages reel and stagger this long while, that to them also, as to the most ancient men, all Pictures that can not be credited are—Pictures of an idle nature, to be mostly swept out of doors. Such veritably, were it never so forgotten, is the law! Mistakes enough, lies enough will insinuate themselves into our most earnest portrayings of the True; but that we should, deliberately and of forethought, rake together what we know to be not true, and introduce that in the hope of doing good with it? I tell you, such practice was unknown in the ancient earnest times, and ought again to become unknown except to the more foolish classes!" That is Sauerteig's strange notion, not now of yesterday, as readers know; and he goes then into "Homer's *Iliad*," the "Hebrew Bible," "terrible Hebrew *veracity* of every line of it;" discovers an alarming "kinship of Fiction to lying;" and asks if any body can compute "the damage we poor moderns have got from our practices of fiction in Literature itself, not to speak of awfully higher provinces. Men will either see into all this by-and-by," continues he, "or plunge head foremost, in neglect of all this, whither they little dream as yet.

"But I think all real *Poets*, to this hour, are Psalmists and *Iliadists* after their sort, and have in them a divine impatience of lies, a divine incapacity of living among lies. Likewise, which is a corollary, that the highest Shakspeare producible is properly the fittest Historian producible; and that it is frightful

to see the *Gelehrte Dummkopf*" (what we here may translate *Dryasdust*) "doing the function of History, and the Shakspeare and the Goethe neglecting it. 'Interpreting events'—interpreting the universally visible, entirely *indubitable* Revelation of the Author of this Universe: how can Dryasdust interpret such things, the dark chaotic dullard, who knows the meaning of nothing cosmic or noble, nor ever will know? Poor wretch, one sees what kind of meaning *he* educes from Man's History, this long while past, and has got all the world to believe of it along with him. Unhappy Dryasdust! thrice unhappy world that takes Dryasdust's reading of the ways of God! But what else was possible? They that could have taught better were engaged in fiddling, for which there are good wages going. And our damage therefrom, our *damage*—yes, if thou be still human and not cormorant—perhaps it will transcend all Californias, English National Debts, and show itself incomputable in continents of Bullion.

"Believing that mankind are not doomed wholly to doglike annihilation, I believe that much of this will mend. I believe that the world will not always waste its inspired men in mere fiddling to it—that the man of rhythmic nature will feel more and more his vocation toward the Interpretation of Fact, since only in the vital centre of that, could we once get thither, lies all real melody; and that he will become, he, once again the Historian of Events—bewildered Dryasdust having at last the happiness to be his servant, and to have some guidance from him, which will be blessed indeed. For the present, Dryasdust strikes me like a hapless Nigger gone masterless—Nigger totally unfit for self-guidance, yet without master good or bad, and whose feats in that capacity no god or man can rejoice in.

"History, with faithful Genius at the top and faithful Industry at the bottom, will then be capable of being written. History will then actually *be* written—the inspired gift of God employing itself to illuminate the dark ways of God—a thing thrice pressingly needful to be done—whereby the modern Nations may again become a little less godless, and again have their 'epics' (of a different from the Schiller sort), and again have several things they are still more fatally in want of at present."

So that, it would seem, there *will* gradually among mankind, if Friedrich last some centuries, be a real Epic made of his History. That is to say (presumably), it will become a perfected Melodious Truth, and duly significant and duly beautiful bit of Belief, to mankind; the essence of it fairly evolved from all the chaff, the portrait of it actually given, and its real harmonies with the laws of this Universe brought out, in bright and dark, according to the God's Fact as it *was*; which poor Dryasdust and the Newspapers never could get sight of, but were always far from.

Well, if so—and even if not quite *so*—it is a comfort to reflect that every true worker (who has blown away chaff, &c.), were his contribution no bigger than my own, may have brought the good result *nearer* by a handbreadth or two. And so we will end these preludings, and proceed upon our Problem, courteous reader.

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## CHAPTER II.

### FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH.

FRIEDRICH OF BRANDENBURG-HOHENZOLLERN, who came by course of natural succession to be Friedrich II. of Prussia, and is known in these ages as Frederick the Great, was born in the Palace of Berlin about noon on the 24th of January, 1712. A small infant, but of great promise or possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian court, and Prussian realms, in those cold winter days. His father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man, or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire, when happily some much *suitabler* female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws, and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life! For there have already been two little Princekins, who are both dead; this Friedrich is the fourth child; and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits, and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny. It is feared the

Hohenzollern lineage, which has flourished here with such beneficent effect for three centuries now, and been, in truth, the very making of the Prussian Nation, may be about to fail, or pass into some side branch; which change, or any change in that respect, is questionable, and a thing desired by nobody.

Five years ago, on the death of the first little Prince, there had surmises risen, obscure rumors and hints, that the Princess Royal, mother of the lost baby, never would have healthy children, or even never have a child more; upon which, as there was but one other resource—a widowed Grandfather, namely, and, except the Prince Royal, no son to him—said Grandfather, still only about fifty, did take the necessary steps, but they have been entirely unsuccessful; no new son or child, only new affliction, new disaster has resulted from that third marriage of his. And though the Princess Royal has had another little Prince, that too has died within the year; killed, some say on the other hand, by the cannon firing for joy over it!<sup>1</sup> Yes; and the first Baby Prince, these same parties farther say, was crushed to death by the weighty dress you put upon it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow! In short, it is a questionable case—undoubtedly a questionable outlook for Prussian mankind; and the appearance of this little Prince, a third trump-card in the Hohenzollern game, is an unusually interesting event. The joy over him, not in Berlin Palace only, but in Berlin City, and over the Prussian Nation, was very great and universal; still testified in manifold dull, unreadable old pamphlets, records official and volunteer, which were then all ablaze like the bonfires, and are now fallen dark enough, and hardly credible even to the fancy of this new Time.

The poor old Grandfather, Friedrich I. (the first *King*) of Prussia—for, as we intimate, he was still alive, and not very old, though now infirm enough, and laden beyond his strength with sad reminiscences, disappointments, and chagrins—had tak-

<sup>1</sup> Förster: *Friedrich Wilhelm I., König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i., 126 (who quotes Morgenstern, a contemporary reporter). But see also Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden* (Berlin, 1838), p. 379–80.

en much to Wilhelmina, as she tells us,<sup>2</sup> and would amuse himself whole days with the pranks and prattle of the little child. Good old man: he, we need not doubt, brightened up into unusual vitality at sight of this invaluable little Brother of hers, through whom he can look once more into the dim future with a flicker of new hope. Poor old man: he got his own back half broken by a careless nurse letting him fall, and has slightly stooped ever since, some fifty and odd years now, much against his will; for he would fain have been beautiful, and has struggled all his days very hard, if not very wisely, to make his existence beautiful—to make it magnificent at least, and regardless of expense—and it threatens to come to little. Courage, poor Grandfather: here is a new second edition of a Friedrich, the first having gone off with so little effect: this one's back is still unbroken, his life's seed-field not yet filled with tares and thorns; who knows but Heaven will be kinder to this one? Heaven was much kinder to this one. Him Heaven had kneaded of more potent stuff: a mighty fellow this one, and a strange; related not only to the Upholsteries and Herald's Colleges, but to the Sphere-harmonies, and the divine and demonic Powers; of a swift, far-darting nature this one, like an Apollo clad in sunbeams and in lightnings (after his sort), and with a back which all the world could not succeed in breaking! Yes, if, by most rare chance, this was indeed a new man of genius, born into the purblind rotting Century, in the acknowledged rank of a king there—man of genius, that is to say, man of originality and veracity, capable of seeing with his eyes, and incapable of not believing what he sees—then truly! But as yet none knows; the poor old Grandfather never knew.

Meanwhile they christened the little fellow, with immense magnificence and pomp of apparatus, Kaiser Karl and the very Swiss Republic being there (by proxy) among the gossips, and spared no cannon-volleyings, kettle-drummings, metal crown, heavy cloth of silver, for the poor soft creature's sake—all of which, however, he survived. The name given him was Karl

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith, Sœur de Frédéric-le-Grand* (London, 1812), i., 5.

Friedrich (Charles Frederick); *Karl* perhaps, and perhaps also not, in delicate compliment to the chief gossip, the above mentioned Kaiser, Karl or Charles VI.? At any rate, the *Karl*, gradually or from the first, dropped altogether out of practice, and went as nothing: he himself, or those about him, never used it, nor, except in some dim English pamphlet here and here, have I met with any trace of it. Friedrich (*Rich-in-Peace*, a name of old prevalence in the Hohenzollern kindred), which he himself wrote *Frédéric* in his French way, and at last even *Fédéric* (with a very singular sense of euphony), is throughout, and was, his sole designation.

Sunday, 31st January, 1712, age then precisely one week: then, and in this manner, was he ushered on the scene, and labeled among his fellow-creatures. We must now look round a little, and see, if possible by any method or exertion, what kind of scene it was.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### FATHER AND MOTHER: THE HANOVERIAN CONNECTION.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM, Crown-Prince of Prussia, son of Friedrich I., and Father of this little infant who will one day be Friedrich II., did himself make some noise in the world as second King of Prussia—notable not as Friedrich's father alone—and will much concern us during the rest of his life. He is, at this date, in his twenty-fourth year; a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow, with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises, having little else to do at present. He has been manager, or, as it were, Vice-King, on an occasional absence of his Father; he knows practically what the state of business is, and greatly disapproves of it, as is thought; but, being bound to silence on that head, he keeps silence, and meddles with nothing political. He addicts himself chiefly to mustering, drilling, and practical military duties, while here at Berlin; runs out, often enough, wife and perhaps a comrade or two along with him, to

hunt, and take his ease, at Wusterhausen (some fifteen miles<sup>1</sup> southwest of Berlin), where he has a residence amid the woody moorlands.

But soldiering is his grand concern. Six years ago, summer 1706,<sup>2</sup> at a very early age, he went to the wars—grand Spanish-Succession War, which was then becoming very fierce in the Netherlands; Prussian Troops always active on the Marlborough-Eugene side. He had just been betrothed, was not yet wedded; thought good to turn the interim to advantage in that way. Then again, spring 1709, after his marriage and after his Father's marriage, "the Court being full of intrigues," and nothing but silence recommendable there, a certain renowned friend of his, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, of whom we shall yet hear a great deal—who, still only about thirty, had already covered himself with laurels in those wars (Blenheim, Bridge of Cassano, Lines of Turin, and other glories), but had now got into intricacies with the weaker sort, and was out of command—agreed with Friedrich Wilhelm that it would be well to go and serve as volunteers, since not otherwise.<sup>3</sup> A Crown-Prince of Prussia, ought he not to learn soldiering, of all things, by every opportunity? Which Friedrich Wilhelm did, with industry; serving zealous apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, in this manner; plucking knowledge, as the bubble reputation, and all else in that field has to be plucked, from the cannon's mouth. Friedrich Wilhelm kept by Marlborough, now as formerly; friend Leopold being commonly in Eugene's quarter, who well knew the worth of him, ever since Blenheim and earlier. Friedrich Wilhelm saw hot service, that campaign of 1709; siege of Tournay, and far more; stood, among other things, the fiery Battle of Malplaquet, one of the terriblest and deadliest feats of war ever done. No want of intrepidity and rugged soldier-vir-

<sup>1</sup> English miles, as always unless the contrary be stated. The German *Meile* is about five miles English; German *Stunde* about three.

<sup>2</sup> Förster, i., 116.

<sup>3</sup> Varnhagen von Ense: *Fürst Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau* (in *Biographische Denkmale*, 2d edition, Berlin, 1845), p. 185. *Thaten und Leben des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau* (Leipzig, 1742), p. 73. Förster, i., 129.

tue in the Prussian troops or their Crown-Prince; least of all on that terrible day, 11th September, 1709; of which he keeps the anniversary ever since, and will do all his life, the doomsday of Malplaquet always a memorable day to him.<sup>4</sup> He is more and more intimate with Leopold, and loves good soldiering beyond all things. Here at Berlin he has already got a regiment of his own, tallish fine men, and strives to make it in all points a very pattern of a regiment.

For the rest, much here is out of joint, and far from satisfactory to him. Seven years ago<sup>5</sup> he lost his own brave Mother and her love, of which we must speak farther by-and-by. In her stead he has got a fantastic, melancholic, ill-natured ~~Step-~~mother, with whom there was never any good to be done; who, in fact, is now fairly mad, and kept to her own apartments. He has to see here, and say little, a chagrined, heartworn Father flickering painfully amid a scene much filled with expensive futile persons, and their extremely pitiful cabals and mutual rages; scene chiefly of pompous inanity, and the art of solemnly and with great labor doing nothing. Such waste of labor and of means—what can one do but be silent? The other year, Prussen (*Prussia* Proper, province lying far eastward, out of sight) was sinking under pestilence, and black ruin, and despair: the Crown-Prince, contrary to wont, broke silence, and begged some dole or subvention for these poor people; but there was nothing to be had. Nothing in the treasury, your Royal Highness; Prussen will shift for itself; sublime dramaturgy, which we call his Majesty's Government, costs so much! And Prussen, mown away by death, lies much of it vacant ever since, which has completed the Crown-Prince's disgust, and, I believe, did produce some change of ministry, or other ineffectual expedient, on the old Father's part—upon which the Crown-Prince locks up his thoughts again. He has confused whirlpools of Court intrigues, ceremonials, and troublesome fantasticalities to steer among, which he much dislikes—no man more; having an eye and heart set on the practical only, and being in mind as in body something of the genus *robustum*, of the genus *ferox* withal. He

<sup>4</sup> Förster, i., 138.

<sup>5</sup> 1st February, 1705.

has been wedded six years; lost two children, as we saw, and now again he has two living.

His wife, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, is his cousin as well. She is brother's-daughter of his Mother, Sophie Charlotte; let the reader learn to discriminate these two names. Sophie Charlotte, late Queen of Prussia, was also of Hanover: she probably had sometimes, in her quiet motherly thought, anticipated this connection for him while yet she lived. It is certain Friedrich Wilhelm was carried to Hanover in early childhood: his Mother—that Sophie Charlotte, a famed Queen and lady in her day, Daughter of Electress Sophie, and Sister of the George who became George I. of England by-and-by—took him thither, some time about the beginning of 1693, his age then five, and left him there on trial, alleging and expecting he might have a better breeding there. And this, in a Court where Electress Sophie was chief lady, and Elector Ernst, fit to be called Gentleman Ernst,<sup>6</sup> the politest of men, was chief lord, and where Leibnitz, to say nothing of lighter notabilities, was flourishing, seemed a reasonable expectation. Nevertheless, it came to nothing, this articulate purpose of the visit, though perhaps the deeper silent purposes of it might not be quite unfulfilled.

Gentleman Ernst had lately been made "Elector" (*Kurfürst* instead of *Herzog*)—his Hanover no longer a mere sovereign Duchy, but an Electorate henceforth, new "*Ninth Electorate*," by Ernst's life-long exertion and good luck, which has spread a fine radiance for the time over court and people in those parts, and made Ernst a happier man than ever in his old age. Gentleman Ernst and Electress Sophie, we need not doubt, were glad to see their burly Prussian grandson—a robust, rather mischievous boy of five years old; and any thing that brought her

<sup>6</sup> "Her Highness" (the Electress Sophie) "has the character of the merry debonnaire Princess of Germany; a lady of extraordinary virtues and accomplishments; mistress of the Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, and English languages, which she speaks to perfection. Her husband" (Elector Ernst) "has the title of the Gentleman of Germany; a graceful and," &c., &c. W. Carr, *Remarks of the Governments of the severall Parts of Germanie, Denmark, Sweedland* (Amsterdam, 1688), p. 147. See also *Ker of Kersland* (still more emphatic on this point, *sepius*).

Daughter oftener about her (an only Daughter too, and one so gifted) was sure to be welcome to the cheery old Electress, and her Leibnitz and her circle. For Sophie Charlotte was a bright presence, and a favorite with sage and gay.

Uncle George again, "*Kurprinz* Georg Ludwig" (Electoral Prince and Heir Apparent), who became George I. of England—he, always a taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own, but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was just at this time in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august Spouse and cousin, a brilliant *not* uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life! Thus all is not radiance at Hanover either, Ninth Elector though we are; but in the soft sunlight there quivers a streak of the blackness of very Erebus withal. Kurprinz George, I think, though he, too, is said to have been good to the boy, could not take much interest in this burly Nephew of his just now.

Sure enough, it was in this year 1693 that the famed Königs-mark tragedy came ripening fast toward a crisis in Hanover, and next year the catastrophe arrived; a most tragic business, of which the little Boy, now here, will know more one day. Perhaps it was on this very visit—on one visit—it credibly was—that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover: high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher; ending, it is thought, in *things*, or menaces and motions toward things (actual box on the ear some call it) never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday, 1st of July, 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date he has vanished suddenly under ground in an inscrutable manner: never more shall the light of the sun or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know, or guess with the smallest certainty, what has become of him.

And shortly after Königsmark's disappearance there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant Princess (witty,

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haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate), now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration, getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath, to stay there till she die—thirty years, as it proved—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath—beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn.<sup>7</sup> “Duchess of Ahlden,” that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England too, had matters gone otherwise than they did. Her name, like that of a little Daughter she had, is Sophie Dorothee: she is Cousin and Divorced Wife of Kurprinz George; divorced, and, as it were, abolished alive in this manner. She is little Friedrich Wilhelm’s Aunt-in-law, and her little Daughter comes to be his Wife in process of time. Of him, or of those belonging to him, she took small notice, I suppose, in her then mood, the crisis coming on so fast. In her happier innocent days she had two children, a King that is to be, and a Queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again.

This was the Königsmark tragedy at Hanover, fast ripening toward its catastrophe while little Friedrich Wilhelm was there. It has been ever since a rumor and dubious frightful mystery to mankind; but within these few years, by curious accidents (thefts, discoveries of written documents in various countries, and diligent study of them), it has at length become a certainty and clear fact to those who are curious about it. Fact surely of a rather horrible sort, yet better, I must say, than was suspected: not quite so bad in the state of fact as in that of rumor. Crime enough is in it, sin and folly on both sides; there is killing too, but *not* assassination (as it turns out); on the whole, there is nothing of atrocity, or nothing that was not accidental, unavoidable; and there is a certain greatness of *decorum* on the part of

<sup>7</sup> *Die Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852), p. 22. Divorce was, 28th December, 1694; death, 13th November, 1726—age then 60.

those Hanover Princes and official gentlemen, a depth of silence, of polite stoicism, which deserves more praise than it will get in our times. Enough now of the Königsmark tragedy;<sup>8</sup> contemporaneous with Friedrich Wilhelm's stay at Hanover, but not otherwise much related to him or his doings there.

He got no improvement in breeding, as we intimated; none at all; fought, on the contrary, with his young Cousin (afterward our George II.), a boy twice his age, though of weaker bone, and gave him a bloody nose, to the scandal and consternation of the French Protestant gentlewomen and court-dames in their stiff silks: "Ahee, your Electoral Highness!" This had been a rough, unruly boy from the first discovery of him. At a very early stage, he, one morning while the nurses were dressing him, took to investigating one of his shoe-buckles—would, in spite of remonstrances, slobber it about in his mouth, and at length swallowed it down—beyond mistake; and the whole world can not get it up! Whereupon wild wail of nurses; and his "Moth-

<sup>8</sup> A considerable dreary mass of books, pamphlets, lucubrations, false all and of no worth or of less, have accumulated on this dark subject during the last hundred and fifty years; nor has the process yet stopped, as it now well might. For there have now two things occurred in regard to it. *First*: In the year 1847, a Swedish professor, named Palmblad, groping about for other objects in the College Library of Lund (which is in the country of the Königsmark connections), came upon a box of old letters—letters undated, signed only with initials, and very enigmatic till well searched into, which have turned out to be the very Autographs of the Princess and her Königsmark, throwing, of course, a henceforth indisputable light on their relation. *Second thing*: A cautious, exact old gentleman, of diplomatic habits (understood to be "Count von Schulenburg-Klosterode of Dresden"), has, since that event, unweariedly gone into the whole matter, and has brayed it every where, and pounded it small, sifting, with sublime patience, not only those Swedish autographs, but the whole mass of lying books, pamphlets, hints, and notices, old and recent, and bringing out (truly in an intricate and thrice wearisome, but for the first time in an authentic way) what real evidence there is; in which evidence the facts, or essential fact, lie at last indisputable enough. His book—thick pamphlet rather—is that same *Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852) cited above. The dreary wheelbarrowful of others I had rather not mention again, but leave Count von Schulenburg to mention and describe them, which he does abundantly, so many as had accumulated up to that date of 1852, to the affliction more or less of sane mankind.

er came screaming," poor mother: it is the same small shoe-buckle which is still shown, with a ticket and date to it, "31 December 1692," in the Berlin *Kunstkammer*; for it turned out harmless after all the screaming, and a few grains of rhubarb restored it safely to the light of day: henceforth a thrice-memorable shoe-buckle.<sup>9</sup>

Another time, it is recorded, though with less precision of detail, his Governess, the Dame Montbail, having ordered him to do something which was intolerable to the princely mind, the princely mind resisted in a very strange way: the princely body, namely, flung itself suddenly out of a third-story window, nothing but the *hands* left within; and hanging on there by the sill, and fixedly resolute to obey gravitation rather than Montbail, soon brought the poor lady to terms; upon which, indeed, he had been taken from her, and from the women altogether, as evidently now needing rougher government. Always an unruly fellow, and dangerous to trust among crockery. At Hanover he could do no good in the way of breeding: sage Leibnitz himself, with his big black periwig and large patient nose, could have put no metaphysics into such a boy. Sublime *Théodicée* (Leibnitzian "justification of the ways of God") was not an article this individual had the least need of, nor at any time the least value for. "Justify? What doomed dog questions it, then? Are you for Bedlam, then?" and in maturer years his ratan might have been dangerous! For this was a singular individual of his day; human soul still in robust health, and not given to spin its bowels into cobwebs. He is known only to have quarreled much with Cousin George during the year or so he spent in those parts.

But there was another Cousin at Hanover, just one other, little Sophie Dorothee (called after her mother), a few months older than himself; by all accounts, a really pretty little child, whom he liked a great deal better. She, I imagine, was his main resource while on this Hanover visit; with her were laid the foundations of an intimacy which ripened well afterward. Some say it was already settled by the parents that there was to be a

<sup>9</sup> Förster, i., 74. Erman: *Mémoires de Sophie Charlotte* (Berlin, 1801), p. 130.

marriage in due time. Settled it could hardly be, for Wilhelmina tells us<sup>10</sup> her Father had a "choice of three" allowed him on coming to wed; and it is otherwise discernible there had been eclipses and uncertainties in the interim on his part. Settled—no; but hoped and vainly prefigured, we may well suppose. And, at all events, it has actually come to pass; "Father being ardently in love with the Hanover Princess," says our Margravine, "and much preferring her to the other two," or to any and all others. Wedded, with great pomp, 28th November, 1706;<sup>11</sup> and Sophie Dorothee, the same that was his pretty little Cousin at Hanover twenty years ago, she is mother of the little Boy now born and christened, whom men are to call Frederick the Great in coming generations.

Sophie Dorothee is described to us by courtier contemporaries as "one of the most beautiful princesses of her day;" Wilhelmina, on the other hand, testifies that she was never strictly to be called beautiful, but had a pleasant, attractive physiognomy, which may be considered better than strict beauty. Uncommon grace of figure and look testifies Wilhelmina; much dignity and soft dexterity on social occasions; perfect in all the arts of deportment; and left an impression on you at once kindly and royal. Portraits of her, as Queen at a later age, are frequent in the Prussian Galleries; she is painted sitting, where I best remember her: a serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking Lady; something thoughtful in those gray, still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerably gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will; decidedly a handsome, wholesome, and affectionate aspect of face: Hanoverian in type, that is to say, blond, florid, slightly *profuse*; yet the better kind of Hanoverian, little or nothing of the worse, or at least the worst kind. The eyes, as I say, are gray, and quiet, almost sad; expressive of reticence and reflection, of slow constancy rather than of *speed* in any kind. One expects, could the picture speak, the querulous sound of maternal and other solicitude; of a temper tending toward the obstinate, the quietly unchangeable; loyal patience not want-

<sup>10</sup> *Mémoires de la Margrave de Bareith*, i., 1.

<sup>11</sup> Förster, i., 117.

ing, yet in still larger measure royal impatience well concealed, and long and carefully cherished. This is what I read in Sophie Dorothee's Portraits, probably remembering what I had otherwise read and come to know of her. She, too, will not a little concern us in the first part of this History. I find, for one thing, she had given much of her physiognomy to the Friedrich now born. In his Portraits as Prince-Royal he strongly resembles her; it is his mother's face informed with youth and new fire, and translated into the masculine gender: in his later Portraits, one less and less recognizes the mother.

Friedrich Wilhelm, now in the sixth year of wedlock, is still very fond of his Sophie Dorothee—"Fiechen" (*Pheekin*, diminutive of *Sophie*), as he calls her; she also having, and continuing to have, the due wife's regard for her solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear. He troubles her a little now and then, it is said, with whiffs of jealousy; but they are whiffs only, the product of accidental moodinesses in him, or of transient aspects, misinterpreted, in the court-life of a young and pretty woman. As the general rule, he is beautifully good-humored, kind even, for a bear; and, on the whole, they have begun their partnership under good omens. And indeed we may say, in spite of sad tempests that arose, they continued it under such. She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity; and it is to be admitted their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one; the main elements of it strictly observed on all sides; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true, however troublous—a rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch.

The young couple, as is natural in their present position, have many eyes upon them, and not quite a paved path in this confused court of Friedrich I. But they are true to one another; they seem indeed to have held well aloof from all public business or private cabal, and go along silently expecting, and perhaps silently resolving this and that in the future tense, but with moderate immunity from paternal or other criticisms for the present. The Crown-Prince drills or hunts, with his Grunkows,

Anhalt-Dessaus: these are harmless employments; and a man may have within his own head what thoughts he pleases, without offense so long as he keeps them there. Friedrich the old Grandfather lived only thirteen months after the birth of his grandson: Friedrich Wilhelm was then King; thoughts then, to any length, could become actions on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm.

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CHAPTER IV.

## FATHER'S MOTHER.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S Mother, as we hinted, did not live to see this marriage which she had forecast in her maternal heart. She died rather suddenly, in 1705,<sup>1</sup> at Hanover, whither she had gone on a visit, shortly after parting with this her one boy and child, Friedrich Wilhelm, who is then about seventeen; whom she had with effort forced herself to send abroad, that he might see the world a little for the first time. Her sorrow on this occasion has in it something beautiful in so bright and gay a woman—shows us the mother strong in her, to a touching degree. The rough cub, in whom she noticed rugged, perverse elements, “tendencies to avarice,” and a want of princely graces, and the more brilliant qualities in mind and manner, had given her many thoughts, and some uneasy ones. But he was evidently all she had to love in the world—a rugged creature inexpressibly dear to her. For days after his departure she had kept solitary, busied with little, indulging in her own sad reflections without stint. Among the papers she had been scribbling there was found one slip with a *heart* sketched on it, and round the heart, “PÀRTI” (Gone): My heart is gone! Poor lady, and after what a jewel! But Nature is very kind to all children and to all mothers that are true to her.

Sophie Charlotte's deep sorrow and dejection on this parting was the secret herald of fate to herself. It had meant ill health withal, and the gloom of broken nerves. All autumn and into

<sup>1</sup> 1st February (Erman, p. 241; Förster, i., 114): born, 20th October, 1668; wedded, 28th September, 1684; died, 1st February, 1705.

winter she had felt herself indefinitely unwell; she determined, however, on seeing Hanover and her good old Mother at the usual time. The gloomy sorrow over Friedrich Wilhelm had been the premonition of a sudden illness which seized her on the road to Hanover some five months afterward, and which ended fatally in that city. Her death was not in the light style Friedrich her grandson ascribes to it;<sup>2</sup> she died without epigram, and though in perfect simple courage, with the reverse of levity.

Here, at first hand, is the specific account of that event, which, as it is brief and indisputable, we may as well fish from the imbroglios, and render legible, to counteract such notions, and illuminate for moments an old scene of things. The writing, apparently a quite private piece, is by "M. de la Bergerie, Pastor of the French Church at Hanover," respectable Edict-of-Nantes gentleman, who had been called in on the occasion; gives an authentic momentary picture, though a feeble and vacant one, of a locality at that time very interesting to Englishmen. M. de la Bergerie privately records:

"The night between the last of January and the first of February, 1705, between one and two o'clock in the morning, I was called to the Queen of Prussia, who was then dangerously ill.

"Entering her room, I threw myself at the foot of her bed, testifying to her in words my profound grief to see her in this state. After which I took occasion to say, 'She might know now that Kings and Queens are mortal equally with all other men, and that they are obliged to appear before the throne of the majesty of God, to give an account of their deeds done, no less than the meanest of their subjects.' To which her Majesty replied, 'I know it well (*Je le sais bien*).' I went on to say to her, 'Madame, your Majesty must also recognize in this hour the vanity and nothingness of the things here below, for which, it may be, you have had too much interest, and the importance of the things of Heaven, which perhaps you have neglected and contemned.' Thereupon the Queen answered, 'True (*Cela est vrai*)!' 'Nevertheless, Madame,' said I, 'does not your Majesty really place your trust in God? Do you not very earnestly (*bien sérieusement*) crave pardon of Him for all the sins you have committed? Do you not fly (*n'a-t-elle pas recours*) to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, without which it is

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<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires de Brandebourg* (Preuss's Edition of *Œuvres*, Berlin, 1847 et seq.), i., 112.

impossible for us to stand before God?' The Queen answered, '*Oui* (Yes).' While this was going on, her Brother, Duke Ernst August, came into the Queen's room"—perhaps with his eye upon me and my motions. "As they wished to speak together, I withdrew by order."

This Duke Ernst August, age now thirty-one, is the youngest Brother of the family; there never was any Sister but this dying one, who is four years older. Ernst August has some tincture of soldiership at this time (Marlborough Wars and the like), as all his kindred had; but ultimately he got the Bishopric of Osnabrück, that singular spiritual heir-loom or *half*-heir-loom of the family, and there lived or vegetated without noise. Poor soul, he is the same Bishop of Osnabrück, to whose House, twenty-two years hence, George I., struck by apoplexy, was breathlessly galloping in the summer midnight, one wish now left in him, to be with his brother; and arrived dead, or in the article of death. That was another scene Ernst August had to witness in his life. I suspect him at present of a thought that M. de la Bergerie, with his pious commonplaces, is likely to do no good. Other trait of Ernst August's life, or of the Schloss of Hanover that night—or where the sorrowing old Mother sat, invincible though weeping, in some neighboring room—I can not give. M. de la Bergerie continues his narrative:

"Some time after, I again presented myself before the Queen's bed, to see if I could have occasion to speak to her on the matter of her salvation. But Monseigneur the Duke Ernst August then said to me that it was not necessary; that the Queen was at peace with her God (*était bien avec son Dieu*)"—which will mean, also, that M. de la Bergerie may go home. However, he still writes:

"Next day the prince told me that, observing I was come near the Queen's bed, he had asked her if she wished I should still speak to her, but she had replied that it was not necessary in any way (*nullement*); that she already knew all that could be said to her on such an occasion; that she had said it to herself, that she was still saying it, and that she hoped to be well with her God.

"In the end, a faint coming upon the Queen, which was what terminated her life, I threw myself on my knees at the other side of her bed, the curtains of which were open, and I called to God with a loud voice 'that He would rank his angels round this great Princess, to guard her from the insults of Satan; that He would have pity on her soul; that He would wash her with the blood of Jesus Christ her heavenly Spouse;

that, having forgiven her all her sins, He would receive her to his glory.' And in that moment she expired."<sup>3</sup> Age thirty-six and some months. Only Daughter of Electress Sophie, and Father's Mother of Frederick the Great.

She was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman, and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian Nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg (Charlotte's Town, so called by the sorrowing Widow-er), where she lived, shone with a much-admired French light under her presidency—French essentially, Versailles, Sceptico-Calvinistic, reflex and direct—illuminating the dark North; and, indeed, has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind; but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie Charlotte, who was her Mother's daughter in this as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two Royal Ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the Rationalist side.

They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homeward from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies—after dark; but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day, leaving his paper imbroglios, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores, and suspended his never-ending scribble on their behalf, but would not accept a pension, and give it up.<sup>4</sup>

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent, and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him; and even very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one,

<sup>3</sup> Erman, p. 242.

<sup>4</sup> Erman, p. 111, 112. Date is 1700 (late in the autumn probably).

a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking toward Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Skepticism, Tolerance, Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompies *versus* the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Skepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red.

Sophie Charlotte partook of her Mother's tendencies, and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfillment. She, too, had the sage Leibnitz often with her at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well—a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view—which, however, she took patiently, as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin divines, whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit Ambassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him in the Soiree at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the Cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions. There is a pretty and very characteristic Letter of hers, still pleasant to read, though turning on theologies now fallen dim enough, addressed to Father Vota, the famous Jesuit, King's-confessor, and diplomatist from Warsaw, who had been doing his best in one such rencounter before her Majesty (date March, 1703), seemingly on a series of evenings, in the intervals of his diplomatic busi-

ness, the Beausobre champions being introduced to him successively, one each evening, by Queen Sophie Charlotte. To all appearance the fencing had been keen; the lightnings in need of some dexterous conductor. Vota, on his way homeward, had written to apologize for the sputterings of fire struck out of him in certain pinches of the combat; says it was the rough handling the Primitive Fathers got from these Beausobre gentlemen, who indeed to me, Vota in person, under your Majesty's fine presidency, were politeness itself, though they treated the Fathers so ill. Her Majesty, with beautiful art, in this Letter, smooths the raven plumage of Vota, and, at the same time, throws into him, as with invisible needle-points, an excellent dose of acupuncture on the subject of the Primitive Fathers and the Ecumenic Councils on her own score. Let us give some Excerpt, in condensed state:

"How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?" she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books; "especially of his method in that Book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation, and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact," says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse;\* "and Jerome answers, 'I followed the Commentaries of Origen, of'"—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them in coming years! "And to confess the honest truth to you," continues Jerome, "I read all that; and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense." In another place (in the Book itself farther on†) he says, "I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, to say the thing better or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he can not endure to wait." Here is a sacred old gentleman, whom it is not safe to depend on for interpreting the Scriptures, thinks her Majesty—but does not say so, leaving Father Vota to his reflections.

Then again, coming to Councils, she quotes St. Gregory of Nazianzen upon him, who is truly dreadful in regard to Ecumenic Councils of

\* "Epist. 28<sup>a</sup>, edit. Paris." And Jerome's answer, "Ibid., Epist. 76<sup>a</sup>."

† "*Commentary on the Galatians*, chap. iii."

the Church, and, indeed, may awaken thoughts of Deliberative Assemblies generally in the modern constitutional mind. "He says,\* No Council ever was successful; so many mean human passions getting into conflagration there; with noise, with violence, and uproar, 'more like those of a tavern, or still worse place'—these are his words. He, for his own share, had resolved to avoid all such 'rendezvousing of the Geese and Cranes, flocking together to throttle and tatter one another in that sad manner.' Nor had St. Theodoret much opinion of the Council of Nice, except as a kind of miracle. 'Nothing good to be expected from Councils,' says he, 'except when God is pleased to interpose, and destroy the machinery of the Devil.'"

—With more of the like sort; all delicate as invisible needle-points in her Majesty's hand.<sup>5</sup> What is Father Vota to say? The modern reader looks through these chinks into a strange old scene, the stuff of it fallen obsolete, the spirit of it not, nor worthy to fall.

These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken Heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for the time being—admires Hanover and Berlin very much, and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women—something between an earthly Queen and a Divine Egeria; "Serena" he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. "The most beautiful Princess of her time," says he—meaning one of the most beautiful: her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue

\* "*Greg. Nazian. de Vita sua.*"

<sup>5</sup> Letter undated (datable "Lützelburg, March, 1703"), is to be found entire, with all its adjuncts, in *Erman*, p. 246-55. It was subsequently translated by Toland, and published here, as an excellent polemical piece—entirely forgotten in our time (*A Letter against Popery, by Sophia Charlotte, the late Queen of Prussia: being, &c., &c.* London, 1712). But the finest Duel of all was probably that between Beausobre and Toland himself (reported by Beausobre, in something of a crowing manner, in *Erman*, p. 203-41, "October, 1701"), of which Toland makes no mention any where.

eyes, complexion excellently fair; "not very tall, and somewhat too plump," he admits elsewhere. And then her mind—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? "Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects;" "knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy," says admiring Toland: much knowledge every where exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for "her wit is inimitable," "her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression," her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her "the Republican Queen." She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful, and "has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning"—say even mirth and good sense—is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner.<sup>6</sup> Toland's admiration, deducting the high-flown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

Beyond doubt a bright, airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her Husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was "an expensive Herr;" much given to expensive ceremonies, etiquettes, and solemnities; making no great way any whither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him, from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover, he was slightly crooked, most sensitive, thin

<sup>6</sup> *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, sent to a Minister of State in Holland*, by Mr. Toland (London, 1705), p. 322. Toland's other book, which has reference to her, is of didactic nature ("immortality of the soul," "origin of idolatry," &c.), but with much fine panegyric direct and oblique: *Letters to Serena* ("Serena" being *Queen*), a thin 8vo, London, 1704.

of skin, and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, "Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!" Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood with that secret object, and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy, and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world.

All which, however, she had the art to take up, not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic; often not to take up at all, but leave lying there; and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner—with delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too, keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her Husband, much loved indeed, and greatly mourned by the poor man: the village Lützelburg (Little-town), close by Berlin, where she had built a mansion for herself, he fondly named *Charlottenburg* (Charlotte's town), after her death, which name both House and Village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "wants to know the why even of the why," says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young lady friend once "with the acutest intellect I have ever known."

On the whole, we may pronounce her clearly a superior woman, this Sophie Charlotte; notable not for her Grandson alone, though now pretty much forgotten by the world, as indeed all things and persons have, one day or other, to be! A *Life* of her, in feeble watery style and distracted arrangement, by one *Erman*,<sup>7</sup> a Berlin Frenchman, is in existence, and will repay a

<sup>7</sup> Monsieur Erman, Historiographe de Brandebourg: *Mémoires pour ser-*

cursory perusal; curious traits of her, in still looser form, are also to be found in *Pöllnitz*;<sup>8</sup> but for our purposes here is enough, and more than enough.

## CHAPTER V.

### KING FRIEDRICH I.

THE Prussian royalty is now in its twelfth year when this little Friedrich, who is to carry it to such a height, comes into the world. Old Friedrich the Grandfather achieved this dignity, after long and intricate negotiations, in the first year of the Century; 16th November, 1700, his ambassador returned triumphant from Vienna; the Kaiser had at last consented: We are to wear a crown royal on the top of our periwig; the old Electorate of Brandenburg is to become the Kingdom of Prussia; and the Family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder.

Friedrich, the old Gentleman who now looks upon his little Grandson (destined to be Third King of Prussia) with such interest, is not a very memorable man; but he has had his adventures too, his losses and his gains, and surely, among the latter, the gain of a crown royal into his House gives him, if only as a chronological milestone, some place in History. He was son of him they call the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm by name; of whom the Prussians speak much, in an eagerly, celebrating manner; and whose strenuous, toilsome work in this world, celebrated or not, is still deeply legible in the actual life and affairs of Germany—a man of whom we must yet find some opportunity to say a word. From him and a beautiful and excellent Princess Luise, Princess of Orange—Dutch William, *our* Dutch William's aunt—this crooked royal Friedrich came.

He was not born crooked; straight enough once, and a fine

*vir à l'Histoire de Sophie Charlotte, Reine de Prusse, lus dans les Séances, &c.* (1 vol. 8vo, Berlin, 1801).

<sup>8</sup> Carl Ludwig Fricherr von Pöllnitz: *Memoiren zur Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte der vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (was published in French also), 2 vols. 12mo, Berlin, 1791.

little boy of six months old or so; there being an elder Prince now in his third year, also full of hope. But in a rough journey to Königsberg and back (winter of 1657, as is guessed), one of the many rough jolting journeys this faithful Electress made with her Husband, a careless or unlucky nurse, who had charge of pretty little Fritzchen, was not sufficiently attentive to her duties on the worst of roads. The ever-jolting carriage gave some bigger jolt, the child fell backward in her arms<sup>1</sup>—did not quite break his back, but injured it for life; and with his back, one may perceive, injured his soul and history to an almost corresponding degree; for the weak, crooked boy, with keen and fine perceptions, and an inadequate case to put them in, grew up with too thin a skin: that may be considered as the summary of his misfortunes, and, on the whole, there is no other heavy sin to be charged against him.

He had other loads laid upon him, poor youth: his kind, pious Mother died, his elder Brother died, he at the age of seventeen saw himself Heir-Apparent, and had got a Stepmother with new heirs, if he should disappear. Sorrows enough in that one fact, with the venomous whisperings, commentaries, and suspicions which a Court population, female and male, in little Berlin Town, can contrive to tack to it. Does not the new Sovereign Lady, in her heart, wish *you* were dead, my Prince? Hope it, perhaps? Health, at any rate, weak; and, by the aid of a little pharmacy—ye Heavens!

Such suspicions are now understood to have had no basis except in the waste brains of courtier men and women; but their existence there can become tragical enough. Add to which, the Great Elector, like all the Hohenzollerns, was a choleric man, capable of blazing into volcanic explosions when affronted by idle masses of cobwebs in the midst of his serious businesses! It is certain, the young Prince Friedrich had at one time got into quite high, shrill, and mutually minatory terms with his Stepmother, so that once, after some such shrill dialogue between them, ending with "You shall repent this, Sir!" he found it

<sup>1</sup> Johann Wegführer: *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise, gebornen Prinzessin von Nassau-Oranien, Gemahlin Friedrich Wilhelm des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 107.

good to fly off in the night, with only his Tutor or Secretary and a valet, to Hessen-Cassel to an Aunt, who stoutly protected him in this emergency, and whose Daughter, after the difficult readjustment of matters, became his Wife, but did not live long. And it is farther certain the same Prince, during this his first wedded time, dining one day with his Stepmother, was taken suddenly ill—felt ill after his cup of coffee; retired into another room in violent spasms, evidently in an alarming state, and secretly in a most alarmed one: his Tutor or Secretary, one Dankelmann, attended him thither; and as the Doctor took some time to arrive, and the symptoms were instant and urgent, Secretary Dankelmann produced “from a pocket-book some drug of his own, or of the Hessen-Cassel Aunt”—emetic I suppose—and gave it to the poor Prince, who said often, and felt ever after, without notion of poison, that Dankelmann had saved his life; in consequence of which adventure he again quitted the Court without leave, and begged to be permitted to remain safe in the country, if Papa would be so good.<sup>2</sup>

Fancy the Great Elector’s humor on such an occurrence; and what a furtherance to him in his heavy continual labors and strenuous swimming for life, these beautiful humors and transactions must have been! A crook-backed boy, dear to the Great Elector, ~~puke~~ one afternoon, and there arises such an opening of the Nether Floodgates of this Universe; in and round your poor workshop, nothing but sudden darkness, smell of sulphur; hissing of forked serpents here, and the universal allelu of female hysterics there, to help a man forward with his work! O reader, we will pity the crowned head, as well as the hatted and even hatless one! Human creatures will not *go* quite accurately together any more than clocks will; and when their dissonance once rises fairly high, and they can not readily kill one another, any Great Elector who is third party will have a terrible time of it.

Electress Dorothee, the Stepmother, was herself somewhat of a hard lady; not easy to live with, though so far above poisoning as to have “despised even the suspicion of it.” She was much given to practical economics, dairy-farming, market-gar-

<sup>2</sup> Pöllnitz: *Memoiren*, i., 191–8.

dening, and industrial and commercial operations such as offered ; and was thought to be a very strict reckoner of money. She founded the *Dorotheenstadt*, now oftener called the *Neustadt*, chief quarter of Berlin ; and planted, just about the time of this unlucky dinner, “ A.D. 1680 or so,”<sup>3</sup> the first of the celebrated *Lindens*, which (or the successors of which, in a stunted condition) are still growing there. *Unter-den-Linden* : it is now the gayest quarter of Berlin, full of really fine edifices ; it was then a sandy outskirt of Electress Dorothee’s dairy-farm, good for nothing but building upon, thought Electress Dorothee. She did much dairy-and-vegetable trade on the great scale ; was thought even to have, underhand, a commercial interest in the principal Beer-house of the city.<sup>4</sup> People did not love her : to the Great Elector, who guided with a steady bridle-hand, she complied not amiss, though in him too there rose sad recollections and comparisons now and then ; but with a Stepson of unsteady nerves, it became evident to him there could never be soft neighborhood. Prince Friedrich and his Father came gradually to some understanding, tacit or express, on that sad matter ; Prince Friedrich was allowed to live, on his separate allowance, mainly remote from Court—which he did for perhaps six or eight years, till the great Elector’s death ; henceforth in a peaceable manner, or at least without open explosions.

His young Hessen-Cassel Wife died suddenly in 1683, and again there was mad rumor of poisoning, which Electress Dorothee disregarded as below her, and of no consequence to her, and attended to industrial operations that would pay. That poor young Wife, when dying, exacted a promise from Prince Friedrich that he would not wed again, but be content with the Daughter she had left him ; which promise, if ever seriously given, could not be kept, as we have seen. Prince Friedrich brought his Sophie Charlotte home about fifteen months after. With the Stepmother and with the Court there was armed neutrality under tolerable forms, and no open explosion farther.

<sup>3</sup> Nicolai : *Beschreibung der königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i., 172.

<sup>4</sup> Horn : *Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen Kurfürsten von Brandenburg* (Berlin, 1814).

In a secret way, however, there continued to be difficulties. And such difficulties had already been, that the poor young man, not yet come to his Heritages, and having, with probably some turn for expense, a covetous, unamiable Stepmother, had fallen into the usual difficulties, and taken the methods too usual, namely, had given ear to the Austrian Court, which offered him assistance—somewhat as an aged Jew will to a young Christian gentleman in quarrel with papa—upon condition of his signing a certain bond—bond which much surprised Prince Friedrich when he came to understand it! Of which we shall hear more, and even much more, in the course of time.

Neither after his accession (year 1688; his Cousin Dutch William, of the glorious and immortal memory, just lifting anchor toward these shores) was the new Elector's life an easy one. We may say it was replete with troubles rather, and unhappily not so much with great troubles, which could call forth antagonistic greatness of mind or of result, as with never-ending shoals of small troubles, the antagonism to which is apt to become itself of smallish character. Do not search into his history; you will remember almost nothing of it (I hope) after never so many readings. Garrulous Pöllnitz and others have written enough about him, but it all runs off from you again as a thing that has no affinity with the human skin. He had a court "*rempli d'intrigues*, full of never-ending cabals"<sup>5</sup>—about what?

One question only are we a little interested in: How he came by the Kingship? How did the like of him contrive to achieve Kingship? We may answer: It was not he that achieved it; it was those that went before him who had gradually got it—as is very usual in such cases. All that he did was to knock at the gate (the Kaiser's gate and the world's), and ask, "*Is it achieved, then?*" Is Brandenburg grown ripe for having a crown? Will it be needful for you to grant Brandenburg a crown? Which question, after knocking as loud as possible, they at last took the trouble to answer, "Yes, it will be needful."

Elector Friedrich's turn for ostentation—or, as we may interpret it, the high spirit of a Hohenzollern working through weak

<sup>5</sup> Forster, i., 74 (quoting *Mémoires du Comte de Dolna*), etc., etc.

nerves and a crooked back—had early set him a thinking of the Kingship; and no doubt the exaltation of rival Saxony, which had attained that envied dignity (in a very unenviable manner, in the person of Elector August made King of Poland) in 1697, operated as a new spur on his activities. Then, also, Duke Ernst of Hanover, his father-in-law, was struggling to become Elector Ernst; Hanover to be the Ninth Electorate, which it actually attained in 1698; not to speak of England, and quite endless prospects there for Ernst and Hanover. These my lucky neighbors are all rising; all this the Kaiser has granted to my lucky neighbors; why is there no promotion he should grant me among them?

Elector Friedrich had thirty thousand excellent troops; Kaiser Leopold, the “little man in red stockings,” had no end of Wars. Wars in Turkey, wars in Italy; all Dutch William’s wars and more, on our side of Europe; and here is a Spanish-Succession War coming dubiously on, which may prove greater than all the rest together. Elector Friedrich, sometimes in his own high person (a courageous and high, though thin-skinned man), otherwise by skillful deputy, had done the Kaiser service, often signal service in all these Wars, and was never wanting in the time of need, in the post of difficulty, with those famed Prussian Troops of his. A loyal, gallant Elector this, it must be owned; capable, withal, of doing signal damage, if we irritate him too far. Why not give him this promotion, since it costs *us* absolutely nothing real, not even the price of a yard of ribbon with metal cross at the end of it? Kaiser Leopold himself, it is said, had no particular objection, but certain of his Ministers had; and the little man in red stockings—much occupied in hunting, for one thing—let them have their way, at the risk of angering Elector Friedrich. Even Dutch William, anxious for it, in sight of the future, had not yet prevailed.

The negotiation had lasted some seven years without result. There is no doubt but the Succession War and Marlborough would have brought it to a happy issue: in the mean while, it is said to have succeeded at last, somewhat on the sudden, by a kind of accident. This is the curious mythical account, incorrect in some unessential particulars, but in the main and singu-

lar part of it well founded. Elector Friedrich, according to Pöllnitz and others, after failing in many methods, had sent 100,000 *thalers* (say £15,000), to give, by way of—bribe we must call it—to the chief opposing Hofrath at Vienna. The money was offered accordingly, and was refused by the opposing Hofrath, upon which the Brandenburg Ambassador wrote that it was all labor lost, and even hurried off homeward in despair, leaving a secretary in his place. The Brandenburg Court, nothing despairing, orders in the mean while, Try another with it—some other Hofrath, whose name they wrote in cipher, which the blundering Secretary took to mean no Hofrath, but the Kaiser's Confessor and Chief Jesuit, Pater Wolf. To him accordingly he hastened with the cash, to him with the respectful Electoral request, who received *both*, it is said, especially the £15,000, with a *Gloria in excelsis*, and went forthwith and persuaded the Kaiser.<sup>6</sup> Now here is the inexactitude, say modern Doctors of History; an error no less than threefold. 1°. Elector Friedrich was indeed advised, in cipher, by his agent at Vienna, to write in person to ——. “Who is that cipher, then?” asks Elector Friedrich, rather puzzled. At Vienna that cipher was meant for the Kaiser, but at Berlin they take it for Pater Wolf; and write accordingly, and are answered with readiness and animation. 2°. Pater Wolf was not Official Confessor, but was a Jesuit in extreme favor with the Kaiser, and by birth a nobleman, sensible to human decorations. 3°. He accepted no bribe, nor was any sent; his bribe was the pleasure of obliging a high gentleman who condescended to ask, and possibly the hope of smoothing roads for St. Ignatius and the Black Militia in time coming. And *thus*, at last, and not otherwise than thus, say exact Doctors, did Pater Wolf do the thing.<sup>7</sup> Or might not the actual death of poor King Carlos II. at Madrid, 1st November, 1700, for whose heritages all the world stood watching with swords half drawn, considerably assist Pater Wolf? Done sure enough the thing was, and before November ended Friedrich's

<sup>6</sup> Pöllnitz: *Memoiren*, i., 310.

<sup>7</sup> G. A. H. Stenzel: *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1841), iii., 104. Nicolai (*Berliner Monatschrift*, year 1799), &c.

messenger returned with "Yes" for an answer, and a Treaty signed on the 16th of that month.<sup>8</sup>

To the huge joy of Elector Friedrich and his Court, almost the very Nation thinking itself glad; which joyful Potentate decided to set out straightway and have the coronation done, though it was midwinter; and Königsberg (for Prussia is to be our title, "King in Prussia," and Königsberg is Capital City there) lies 450 miles off, through tangled shaggy forests, boggy wildernesses, and in many parts only corduroy roads. We order "30,000 post-horses," besides all our own large stud, to be got ready at the various stations; our boy Friedrich Wilhelm, rugged boy of twelve, rough and brisk, yet much "given to blush" withal (which is a feature of him), shall go with us; much more, Sophie Charlotte, our august Electress-Queen that is to be; and we set out on the 17th of December, 1700, last year of the Century, "in 1800 carriages," such a cavalcade as never crossed those wintry wildernesses before. Friedrich Wilhelm went in the third division of carriages (for 1800 of them could not go quite together), our noble Sophie Charlotte in the second; a Margraf of Brandenburg-Schwedt, chief Margraf, our eldest Half-Brother, Dorothee's eldest Son, sitting on the coach-box, in correct insignia, as similitude of Driver. So strict are we in etiquette—etiquette, indeed, being now upon its apotheosis, and after such efforts—six or seven years of efforts on Elector Friedrich's part, and six or seven hundred years, unconsciously, on that of his ancestors.

The magnificence of Friedrich's processionings into Königsberg, and through it or in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there, what pen can describe it—what pen need! Folio volumes with copper-plates have been written on it, and are not yet all pasted in band-boxes or slit into spills!<sup>9</sup> "The diamond-buttons of his Majesty's coat" (snuff-colored or purple, I can not recollect) "cost £1500 apiece:" by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with

<sup>8</sup> Pöllnitz (i., 318) gives the treaty (date corrected by his editor, ii., 589).

<sup>9</sup> British Museum, short of very many necessary books on this subject, offers the due coronation folio, with its prints, upholstery catalogues, and official harangues upon nothing, to ingenuous human curiosity.

cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colors, to thatch the Arctic Zone; with illuminations, cannon-salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce—two of his natural Church-Superintendents made into Quasi-Bishops on the Anglican model—which was always a favorite with him, and a pious wish of his—but they remained mere cut branches, these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head: “King here in my own right, after all;” and looked his royalest, we may fancy, the kind eyes of him almost partly fierce for moments, and “the cheerfulness of pride” well blending with something of awful.

In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these Folios at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion; for she cared not much about crowns or upholstery magnificences of any kind, but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflexions, risings, sittings, shiftings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not ill-humored or offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff-box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Rased tobacco, *tabac râpé*, called by mortals *râpé*, or rapee: there is no doubt about it, and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. “Yes, we are Kings, and are got *so* near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods in that tremendously long-winded manner; and I—Heavens, I have my snuff-box by me, at least!” Thou wearied, patient Heroine, cognizant of the infinitely little, this symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian

History. A fragranciness of humble verity in the middle of all royal or other ostentations; inexorable, quiet protest against cant, done with such simplicity—Sophie Charlotte's symbolic pinch of snuff. She was always considered something of a Republican Queen.

Thus Brandenburg Electorate has become Kingdom of Prussia, and the Hohenzollerns have put a crown upon their head. Of Brandenburg, what it was, and what Prussia was, and of the Hohenzollerns, and what they were, and how they rose thither, a few details, to such as are dark about these matters, can not well be dispensed with here.

VOL. I.—C



# BOOK II.

## OF BRANDENBURG AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

### 928-1417.

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#### CHAPTER I.

BRANNIBOR: HENRY THE FOWLER.

THE Bradenburg Countries, till they become related to the Hohenzollern Family which now rules there, have no History that has proved memorable to mankind. There has, indeed, been a good deal written under that title, but there is by no means much known, and of that, again, there is alarmingly little that is worth knowing or remembering.

Pytheas, the Marseilles Traveling Commissioner, looking out for new channels of trade somewhat above 2000 years ago, saw the Country actually lying there; sailed past it, occasionally landing, and made report to such Marseillaise "Chamber of Commerce" as there then was—report now lost, all to a few indistinct and insignificant fractions.<sup>1</sup> This was "about the year 327 before Christ," while Alexander of Macedon was busy conquering India. Beyond question, Pytheas, the first *writing* or civilized creature that ever saw Germany, gazed with his Greek eyes, and occasionally landed, striving to speak and inquire, upon those old Baltic Coasts, north border of the now Prussian Kingdom, and reported of it to mankind we know not what; which brings home to us the fact that it existed, but almost nothing more: A Country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses; inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type, as good as inarticulate to Pytheas. After which, all direct notice of it ceases for above three hundred years. We can hope only that the jungles

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, t. xix., 46; xxxvii., 439, &c.

were getting cleared a little, and the wild creatures hunted down; that the Germans were increasing in number, and becoming a thought less shaggy. These latter, tall Suevi Semnones, men of blond, stern aspect (*oculi truces cœrulei*), and great strength of bone, were known to possess a formidable talent for fighting.<sup>2</sup> Drusus Germanicus, it has been guessed, did not like to appear personally among them; some "gigantic woman prophesying to him across the Elbe" that it might be dangerous, Drusus contented himself with erecting some triumphal pillar on his own safe side of the Elbe to *say* that they were conquered.

In the Fourth Century of our era, when the German populations, on impulse of certain "Huns expelled from the Chinese frontier," or for other reasons valid to themselves, began flowing universally southward, to take possession of the rich Roman world, and so continued flowing for two centuries more, the old German frontiers generally, and especially those Northern Baltic countries, were left comparatively vacant, so that new immigrating populations from the East, all of Sclavic origin, easily obtained footing and supremacy there. In the Northern parts, these immigrating Slaves were of the kind called Vandals, or Wends; they spread themselves as far west as Hamburg and the Ocean, south also far over the Elbe in some quarters, while other kinds of Slaves were equally busy elsewhere—with what difficulty in settling the new boundaries, and what inexhaustible funds of quarrel thereon, is still visible to every one, though no Historian was there to say the least word of it. "All of Sclavic origin," but who knows of how many kinds: Wends here in the North, through the Lausitz (Lusatia), and as far as Thüringen; not to speak of Polacks, Bohemian Czechs, Huns, Bulgars, and other dim nomenclatures on the Eastern frontier. Five hundred years of violent unrecorded fighting, abstruse quarrel with their new neighbors in settling the marches. Many names of towns in Germany ending in *itz* (Meuselwitz, Mollwitz), or bearing the express epithet *Windisch* (Wendish), still give indication of those old sad circumstances, as does the word *Slave* in all our Western languages, meaning captured *Sclavonian*. What long-drawn echo of bitter rage and hate lies in that small etymology!

<sup>2</sup> Tacitus; *De Moribus Germanorum*, c. 45.

These things were, but they have no History: why should they have any? Enough that in those Baltic regions there are for the time (Year 600, and till long after Charlemagne is out) Slaves in place of Suevi or of Holstein Saxons and Angli; that it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves—Wends latterly in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others, but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us—dumb, or sounding only one huge unutterable message (seemingly of tragic import), like the voice of their old Forests, of their old Baltic Seas: perhaps more edifying to us *so*. Here, at last, is a definite date and event:

“A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends”<sup>3</sup>—first mention in human speech of the place now called Brandenburg: Bor, or “Burg of the Brenns” (if there ever was any *Tribe* of Brenns—*Brennus* there, as elsewhere, being name for *King* or *Leader*); “Burg of the Woods” say others, who as little know. Probably at that time a town of clay huts, with ditch and palisaded sod-wall round it; certainly “a chief fortress of the Wends,” who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning, near a thousand years ago.

This is the grand old Henry, called “the Fowler” (*Heinrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (Falconry, or Hawk-establishment, seeing his Hawks fly), in the upland Hartz Country, when messengers came to tell him that the German Nation, through its Princes and Authorities assembled at Fritzlar, had made him King, and that he would have dreadful work henceforth; which he undertook, and also did—this of Brannibor only one small item of it—warring right manfully all his days against Chaos in that country; no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings—the first, or essentially the first sovereign of united Germany, Charlemagne’s pos-

<sup>3</sup> Köhler; *Reichs-Historie* (Frankfurth und Leipzig, 1737), p. 63. Michaelis: *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Deutschland* (Lemgo, 1759, '60, '85), i., 255.

terity to the last bastard having died out, and only Anarchy, Italian and other, being now the alternative.

"A very high King," says one whose Note-books I have got, "an authentically noble human figure, visible still in clear outline in the gray dawn of Modern History. The Father of whatever good has since been done in Germany. He subdued his *Dukes*, Schwaben, Baiern (Swabia, Bavaria), and others, who were getting too *hereditary*, and inclined to disobedience. He managed to get back Lorraine; made *truce* with the Hungarians, who were excessively invasive at that time. Truce with the Hungarians; and then, having gathered strength, made dreadful beating of them: two beatings, one to each, for the invasive Savagery had split itself for better chance of plunder; first beating was at Sondershausen, second was at Merseburg, Year 933, which settled them considerably. Another beating from Henry's Son, and they never came back. Beat Wends, before this—'Brannibor through frozen bogs' five years ago. Beat Slavie Meisseners (Misnians); Bohemian Czechs, and took Prag; Wends again, with huge slaughter; then Danes, and made 'King Worm tributary' (King *Gorm the Hard*, our *Knut's*, or Canute's great-grandfather, Year 931); last of all, those invasive Hungarians, as above. Had sent the Hungarians, when they demanded tribute or *black-mail* of him as heretofore, Truce being now out—a mangy hound: There is your black-mail, Sirs, make much of that!

"He had 'the image of St. Michael painted on his standard,' contrary to wont. He makes or *re-makes* Markgrafs (Wardens of the Marches), to be under his Dukes, and not too *hereditary*. Who his Markgraves were? Dim History counts them to the number of six,<sup>4</sup> which take in their order:

"1°. *Sleswig*, looking over into the Scandinavian countries, and the Norse Sea-kings. This Markgraviate did not last long under that title. I guess it became *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* afterward.

"2°. *Soltwedel*, which grows to be Markgraviate of *Brandenburg* by-and-by. *Soltwedel*, now called *Salzwedel*, an old Town still extant, sixty miles to west and north of Brandenburg, short way south of the Elbe, was as yet head-quarters of this second Markgraf; and any Warden we have at Brandendurg is only a deputy of him or some other.

<sup>4</sup> Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 66. This is by no means Köhler's Chief book; but this too is good, and does, in a solid, effective way, what it attempts. He seems to me by far the best Historical Genius the Germans have yet produced, though I do not find much mention of him in their Literary Histories and Catalogues. A man of ample learning, and also of strong, cheerful human sense and human honesty, whom it is thrice pleasant to meet with in those ghastly solitudes, populous chiefly with doleful creatures.

"3°. *Meissen* (which we call Misnia), a country at that time still full of Wends.

"4°. *Lausitz*, also a very Wendish country (called in English maps *Lusatia*—which is its name in Monk-Latin, not now a spoken language). Did not long continue a Markgraviate; fell to Meissen (Saxony), fell to Brandenburg, Bohemia, Austria, and had many tos and fros. Is now (since the Thirty Years War time) mostly Saxon again.

"5°. *Austria* (Oesterreich, Eastern Kingdom, *Easternrey* as we might say); to look after the Hungarians, and their valuable claims to black-mail.

"6°. *Antwerp* ('Hand-Wharf,' so to speak), against the French; which function soon fell obsolete.

"These were Henry's six Markgraviates (as my best authority enumerates them); and in this way he had militia captains ranked all round his borders, against the intrusive Slavie element.

"He fortified Towns; all Towns are to be walled and warded—to be *Burys*, in fact, and the inhabitants *Burghers*, or men capable of defending Burys. Every where the ninth man is to serve as soldier in his Town; other eight in the country are to feed and support him: *Heergeräthe* (War-tackle, what is called *Heriot* in our old Books) descends to the eldest son of a fighting-man who had served, as with us. 'All robbers are made soldiers' (unless they prefer hanging); and *weaponshows* and drill are kept up. This is a man who will make some impression upon Anarchy, and its Wends and Huns. His standard was St. Michael, as we have seen, *whose* sword is derived from a very high quarter. A pious man; founded Quedlinburg Abbey, and much else in that kind; having a pious Wife withal, Mechtildis, who took the main hand in that of Quedlinburg; whose *Life* is in Leibnitz,<sup>5</sup> not the legiblest of Books. On the whole, a right gallant King and 'Fowler.' Died, A.D. 936 (at Memmleben, a Monastery on the Unstrut, not far from Schulpforte), age sixty; had reigned only seventeen years, and done so much. Lies buried in Quedlinburg Abbey: any Tomb? I know no *Life* of him but *Gundling's*, which is an extremely inextricable Piece, and requires mainly to be forgotten. Hail, brave Henry; across the Nine dim Centuries we salute thee, still visible as a valiant Son of Cosmos and Son of Heaven, beneficently sent us; as a man who did in grim earnest 'serve God' in his day, and whose works accordingly bear fruit to our day, and to all days!"

So far my rough Note-books, which require again to be shut for the present, not to abuse the reader's patience, or lead him from his road.

<sup>5</sup> Leibnitz: *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, &c. (Hanover, 1707), i., 196.

This of Markgrafs (*Grafs* of the Marches, *marked* Places, or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry, but was much perfected by him, he first recognizing how essential it was. On all frontiers he had his *Graf* (Count, *Reeve*, *Greeve*, whom some think to be only *Grau*, Gray, or *Senior*, the hardest, wisest steel-gray man he could discover) stationed on the *Marck*, strenuously doing watch and ward there—the post of difficulty, of peril, and naturally of honor too, nothing of a sinecure by any means—which post, like every other, always had a tendency to become hereditary, if the kindred did not fail in fit men; and hence have come the innumerable Margraves, Marquises, and such like of modern times—titles now become chimerical, and more or less mendacious, as most of our titles are—like so many *Burgs* changed into “Boroughs,” and even into “Rotten Boroughs,” with Defensive *Burghers* of the known sort: very mournful to discover. Once Norroy was not all pasteboard! At the heart of that huge whirlwind of his, with its dusty heraldries and phantasmal nomenclatures, now become mendacious, there lay, at first, always an earnest human fact. Henry the Fowler was so happy as to have the fact without any mixture of mendacity: we are in the sad reverse case—reverse case not yet altogether *complete*, but daily becoming more so—one of the saddest and strangest ever heard of, if we thought of it. But to go on with business.

Markgraviates there continued to be ever after—six in Henry’s time—but as to the number, place, arrangement of them, all this varied according to circumstances outward and inward, chiefly according to the regress or the reintrusion of the circumambient hostile populations, and underwent many changes. The sea-wall you build, and what main floodgates you establish in it will depend on the state of the outer sea. Markgraf of *Sleswig* grows into Markgraf of *Ditmarsch and Stade*; retiring over the Elbe, if Norse Piracy get very triumphant. *Antwerp* falls obsolete; so does *Meissen* by-and-by. *Lausitz* and *Salzwedel*, in the third century hence, shrink both into *Brandenburg*, which was long only a subaltern station, managed by deputy from one or other of these. A Markgraf that prospered in repelling of his

Wends and Huns had evidently room to spread himself, and could become very great, and produce change in boundaries: observe what *Oesterreich* (Austria) grew to, and what *Brandenburg*; *Meissen* too, which became modern Saxony, a state once greater than it now is.

In old Books are Lists of the primitive Markgraves of Brandenburg from Henry's time downward—two sets, “Markgraves of the Witekind race,” and of another<sup>6</sup>—but they are altogether uncertain, a shadowy intermittent set of Markgraves, both of the Witekind set and the Non-Witekind, and truly, for a couple of centuries, seem none of them to have been other than subaltern Deputies, belonging mostly to *Lausitz* or *Salzwedel*, of whom, therefore, we can say nothing here, but must leave the first two hundred years in their natural *gray* state—perhaps sufficiently conceivable by the reader.

But thus, at any rate, was Brandenburg (*Bor* or *Burg* of the *Brenns*, whatever these are) first discovered to Christendom, and added to the firm land of articulate History—a feat worth putting on record: done by Henry the Fowler, in the Year of Grace 928—while (among other things noticeable in this world) our Knut's great-grandfather, *Gormo Durus*, “Henry's Tributary,” was still King of Denmark; when Harald *Blutetooth* (*Blaa-tand*) was still a young fellow, with his teeth of the natural color; and Swen with the Forked Beard (*Tvaeskaeg*, Double-beard, “*Twa-shag*”) was not born; and the Monks of Ely had not yet (by about a hundred years) begun that singing,<sup>7</sup> nor the tide that

<sup>6</sup> Hübner: *Genealogische Tabellen* (Leipzig, 1725–8), i., 172, 173. A book of rare excellence in its kind.

<sup>7</sup> Without note or comment, in the old *Book of Ely* (date before the Conquest) is preserved this stave—giving picture, if we consider it, of the Fen Country all a lake (as it was for half the year, till drained, six centuries after), with Ely Cathedral rising like an island in the distance; and the music of its nones or vespers sounding soft and far over the solitude, eight hundred years ago and more.

ƷeƷe Ʒungen Ʒe ƷuneceƷer Ʒinnen Ely  
Ʒa Enut ching Ʒep ƷepƷy  
ƷopeƷ cƷuteƷ neap Ʒe lant  
And heƷe Ʒe ƷeƷ ƷuneceƷer Ʒaeng.

refusal to retire, on behalf of this Knut, in our English part of his dominions.

That Henry appointed due Wardenship in Brannibor was in the common course. Sure enough, some Markgraf must take charge of Brannibor—he of the Lausitz eastward, for example, or he of Salzwedel westward: that Brannibor, in time, will itself be found the fit place, and have its own Markgraf of Brandenburg; this, and what in the next nine centuries Brandenburg will grow to, Henry is far from surmising. Brandenburg is fairly captured across the frozen bogs, and has got a warden and ninth-man garrison settled in it: Brandenburg, like other things, will grow to what it can.

Henry's Son and Successor, if not himself, is reckoned to have founded the Cathedral and Bishopric of Brandenburg, his Clergy and he always longing much for the conversion of these Wends and Huns, which indeed was, as the like still is, the one thing needful to rugged heathens of that kind.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PREUSSEN: SAINT ADALBERT.

FIVE hundred miles and more to the east of Brandenburg lies a Country then, as now, called *Preussen* (Prussia Proper), inhabited by Heathens, where also endeavors at conversion are going on, though without success hitherto, upon which we are now called to cast a glance.

It is a moory, flat country, full of lakes and woods, like Brandenburg; spreading out into grassy expanses and bosky wildernesses humming with bees; plenty of bog in it, but plenty also of alluvial mud; sand too, but by no means so high a ratio of it as in Brandenburg: tracts of Preussen are luxuriantly grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plow; and the soil generally is reckoned fer-

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*Merry (genially) sang the Monks in Ely  
As Knut King rowed (rew) there-by:  
Row, fellows (knights), near the land,  
And hear we these Monks' song.*

See Bentham's *History of Ely* (Cambridge, 1771), p. 94.

tile, though lying so far northward. Part of the great plain or flat which stretches, sloping insensibly, continuously, in vast expanse, from the Silesian Mountains to the amber-regions of the Baltic; Preussen is the seaward, more alluvial part of this, extending, west and east, on both sides of the Weichsel (*Vistula*), from the regions of the Oder river to the main stream of the Memel. *Bordering-on-Russia* its name signifies: *Boo-Russia*, B'ussia, Prussia; or some say it was only on a certain inconsiderable river in those parts, river *Reussen*, that it "bordered," and not on the great Country, or any part of it, which now, in our days, is conspicuously its next neighbor. Who knows?

In Henry the Fowler's time, and long afterward, Preussen was a vehemently Heathen country; the natives a Miscellany of rough Serbic Wends, Letts, Swedish Goths, or Dryasdust knows not what; very probably a sprinkling of Swedish Goths, from old time, chiefly along the coasts. Dryasdust knows only that these *Preussen* were a strong-boned, iracund herdsman-and-fisher people, highly averse to being interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the *amber* they had been used to fish and sell in foreign parts.

Amber, science declares, is a kind of petrified resin, distilled by pines that were dead before the days of Adam, which is now thrown up, in stormy weather, on that remote coast, and is there fished out by the amphibious people—who can likewise get it by running mine-shafts into the sand-hills on their coast—by whom it is sold into the uttermost parts of the Earth, Arabia and beyond, from a very early period of time. No doubt Pytheas had his eye upon this valuable product when he ventured into survey of those regions, which are still the great mother of amber in our world. By their amber-fishery, with the aid of dairy-produce, and plenty of beef and leather, these Heathen Preussen, of uncertain miscellaneous breed, contrived to support existence in a substantial manner; they figure to us as an inarticulate, heavy-footed, rather iracund people. Their knowledge of Christianity was trifling, their aversion to knowing any thing of it was great.

As Poland and the neighbors to the south were already Christian, and even the Bohemian Czechs were mostly converted, pious wishes as to Preussen, we may fancy, were a constant feeling;

but no effort hitherto, if efforts were made, had come to any thing. Let some daring missionary go to preach in that country, his reception is of the worst, or perhaps he is met on the frontier with menaces, and forbidden to preach at all: except sorrow and lost labor, nothing has yet proved attainable. It was very dangerous to go; and with what likelihood of speeding? Efforts, we may suppose, are rare; but the pious wish being continual and universal, efforts can never altogether cease. From Henry the Fowler's capture of Brannibor, count seventy years, we find Henry's great-grandson reigning as Elective Kaiser—Otto III., last of the direct "Saxon Kaisers;" Otto, Wonder of the World—and alongside of Otto's great transactions, which were once called *Mirabilia Mundi*, and are now fallen so extinct, there is the following small transaction, a new attempt to preach in Preussen going on, which, contrariwise, is still worth taking notice of.

About the year 997 or '6, Adalbert, Bishop of Prag, a very zealous, most devout man, but evidently of hot temper, and liable to get into quarrels, had determined, after many painful experiences of the perverse, ungovernable nature of corrupt mankind, to give up his nominally Christian flock altogether, to shake the dust off his feet against Prag, and devote himself to converting those Prussian Heathen, who, across the frontiers, were living in such savagery and express bondage to the Devil, worshiping mere stocks and stones. In this enterprise he was encouraged by the Christian potentates who lay contiguous, especially by the Duke of Poland, to whom such next-neighbors, for all reasons, were an eye-sorrow.

Adalbert went accordingly, with staff and scrip, two monks attending him, into that dangerous country: not in fear, he; a devout, high-tempered man, verging now on fifty, his hair getting gray, and face marred with innumerable troubles and provocations of past time. He preached zealously, almost fiercely, though chiefly with his eyes and gestures, I should think, having no command of the language. At Dantzic, among the Swedish-Goth kind of Heathen, he had some success, or affluence of attendance; not elsewhere that we hear of. In the Pillau region,

for example, where he next landed, an amphibious Heathen lout hit him heavily across the shoulders with the flat of his oar, sent the poor Preacher to the ground face foremost, and suddenly ended his salutary discourse for that time. However, he pressed forward, regardless of results, preaching the Evangel to all creatures who were willing or unwilling, and pressed at last into the Sacred Circuit, the "*Romova*," or Place of Oak-trees, and of Wooden or Stone Idols (Bangputtis, Patkullos, and I know not what diabolic dumb Blocks), which it was death to enter. The Heathen Priests, as we may conceive it, rushed out, beckoned him with loud, unintelligible bullyings and fierce gestures to be gone; hustled, shook him, shoved him as he did not go; then took to confused striking, struck finally a death-stroke on the head of poor Adalbert, so that "he stretched out both his arms" (Jesus, receive me thou!), "and fell with his face to the ground, and lay dead there—in the form of a crucifix," say his Biographers; only the attendant monks escaping to tell.

Attendant monks or Adalbert had known nothing of their being on forbidden ground. Their accounts of the phenomenon accordingly leave it only half explained: how he was surprised by armed Heathen Devil's-servants in his sleep; was violently set upon, and his "beautiful bowels (*pulchra viscera*) were run through with seven spears;" but this of the "*Romova*," or Sacred Bangputtis Church of Oak-trees, perhaps chief *Romova* of the Country, rashly intruded into, with consequent strokes, and fall in the form of a crucifix, appears now to be the intelligible account.<sup>1</sup> We will take it for the real manner of Adalbert's exit; no doubt of the essential transaction, or that it was a very flaming one on both sides. The date given is 23d April, 997; date famous in the Romish Calendar since.

He was a Czech by birth, son of a Heathen Bohemian man of rank; his name (Adalbert, A'lbert, *Bright-in-Nobleness*) he got "at Magdeburg, whither he had gone to study" and seek baptism; where, as generally elsewhere, his fervent devout ways were admirable to his fellow-creatures. A "man of genius,"

<sup>1</sup> Baillet: *Vies des Saints* (Paris, 1739), iii., 722. Bollandus: *Acta Sanctorum*, Aprilis, tom. iii. (*die* 23<sup>a</sup>; in edition *Venetis*, 1738), p. 174–205. Voigt: *Geschichte Preussens* (Königsberg, 1827–'39), i., 266–70.

we may well say; one of Heaven's bright souls, born into the muddy darkness of this world; laid hold of by a transcendent Message, in the due transcendent degree. He entered Prag, as Bishop, not in a carriage and six, but "walking barefoot," his contempt for earthly shadows being always extreme. Accordingly, his quarrels with the *saculum* were constant and endless; his wanderings up and down, and vehement arguings in this world, to little visible effect, lasted all his days. We can perceive he was short-tempered, thin of skin, a violently sensitive man. For example, once in the Bohemian solitudes, on a summer afternoon, in one of his thousand-fold pilgrimings and way-farings, he had lain down to rest, his one or two monks and he, in some still glade, "with a stone for his pillow" (as was always his custom, even in Prag), and had fallen sound asleep. A Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way, warbling something on his pipe as he wended toward looking after his flock. Seeing the sleepers on their stone pillows, the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder, started Adalbert broad awake upon him, who, in the fury of the first moment, shrieked, "Deafness on thee! Man cruel to the human sense of hearing!" or words to that effect, which curse, like the most of Adalbert's, was punctually fulfilled: the amazed Czech stood deaf as a post, and went about so all his days after; nay, for long centuries (perhaps down to the present time, in remote parts), no Czech blows into his pipe in the woodlands without certain precautions and preliminary fuggings of a devotional nature.<sup>2</sup> From which miracle, as indeed from many other indications, I infer an irritable nervous system in poor Adalbert, and find this death in the Romova was probably a furious mixture of Earth and Heaven.

At all events, he lies there, beautiful though bloody, "in the form of a crucifix"—zealous Adalbert, the hot spirit of him now at last cold—and has clapped his mark upon the Heathen country, protesting to the last. This was in the year 997, think the best Antiquaries. It happened at a place called *Fischhausen*, near Pillau, say they, on that narrow strip of country which lies between the Baltic and the Frische Haf (immense Lake, *Wash*

<sup>2</sup> Bollandus, *ubi suprâ*.

as we should say, or leakage of shallow water, one of two such which the Baltic has spilled out of it in that quarter), near the Fort and Haven of Pillau, where there has been much stir since; where Napoleon, for one thing, had some tough fighting prior to the Treaty of Tilsit, fifty years ago. The place—or, if not this place, then Gnesen in Poland, the final burying-place of Adalbert, which is better known—has ever since had a kind of sacredness, better or worse expressed by mankind in the form of canonization, endless pilgrimages, rumored miracles, and such like; for shortly afterward, the neighboring Potentate, Boleslaus, Duke of Poland, heart-struck at the event, drew sword on these Heathens, and having (if I remember) gained some victory, bargained to have the Body of Adalbert delivered to him at its weight in gold. Body, all cut in pieces, and nailed to poles, had long ignominiously withered in the wind; perhaps it was now only buried overnight for the nonce? Being dug up, or being cut down, and put into the balance, it weighed—less than was expected. It was as light as gossamer, said pious rumor; had such an excellent odor too, and came for a mere nothing of gold! This was Adalbert's first miracle after death; in life he had done many hundreds of them, and has done millions since, chiefly upon paralytic nervous systems, and the element of pious rumor, which any Devil's Advocate then extant may explain if he can. Kaiser Otto, Wonder of the World, who had known St. Adalbert in life, and much honored him, "made a pilgrimage to his Tomb at Gnesen in the year one thousand," and knelt there, we may believe, with thoughts wondrous enough, great and sad enough.

There is no hope of converting Preussen, then? It will never leave off its dire worship of Satan, then? Say not, Never; that is a weak word. St. Adalbert has stamped his life upon it in the form of a crucifix, in lasting protest against that.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MARKGRAVES OF BRANDENBURG.

MEANWHILE our first enigmatic set of Markgraves or Deputy-Markgraves at Brandenburg are likewise faring ill. Whoever these valiant steel-gray gentlemen might be (which Dryasdust does not the least know, and only makes you more uncertain the more he pretends to tell), one thing is very evident, they had no peaceable possession of the place, nor for above a hundred years a constant one on any terms. The Wends were highly disinclined to conversion and obedience: once and again, and still again, they burst up; got temporary hold of Brandenburg, hoping to keep it, and did frightful heterodoxies there; so that to our distressed imagination those poor "Markgraves of Witekind descent," our first set in Brandenburg, became altogether shadowy, intermittent, enigmatic, painfully actual as they once were. Take one instance, omitting others, which happily proves to be the finish of that first shadowy line, and introduces us to a new set very slightly more substantial.

#### *End of the First Shadowy Line.*

In the year 1023, near a century after Henry the Fowler's feat, the Wends, bursting up in never-imagined fury, get hold of Brandenburg again—for the third, and, one would fain hope, the last time. The reason was, words spoken by the then Markgraf of Brandenburg, Dietrich or Theodoric, last of the Witekind Markgraves, who, hearing that a Cousin of his (Markgraf or Deputy-Markgraf like himself) was about wedding his daughter to "Mistevoi, King of the Wends," said too earnestly, "Don't! Will you give your daughter to a dog?" Word "dog" was used, says my authority,<sup>1</sup> which threw King Mistevoi into a paroxysm,

<sup>1</sup> See Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser*, i., 257-9: Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte* (Halle, 1760-'69), i., 1-182 (the "standard work" on Prussian History; in eight watery quarts, intolerable to

and raised the Wends. Their butchery of the German population in poor Brandenburg, especially of the Priests; their burning of the Cathedral, and of Church and State generally, may be conceived. The *Harlungsberg*—in our time *Marienberg*, pleasant Hill near Brandenburg, with its gardens, vines, and whitened cottages—on the top of this Harlungsberg the Wends “set up their god Triglyph,” a three-headed Monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whale’s cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead drunk (for the dull eyes are inexpressible, as well as the amorphous shape); ugliest and stupidest of all false gods. This these victorious Wends set up on the Harlungsberg, Year 1023, and worshiped after their sort, benighted mortals—with joy, for a time. The Cathedral was in ashes, Priests all slain or fled, shadowy Markgraves the like; Church and State lay in ashes; and Triglyph, like a Triple Porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood (I know not whether on his head or on his tail) aloft on the Harlungsberg, as the Supreme of this Universe, for the time being.

*Second Shadowy Line.*

Whereupon the *Ditmarsch-Stade* Markgrafs (as some designate them) had to interfere, these shadowy Deputies of the *Witiking* breed having vanished in that manner. The Ditmarschers recovered the place; and with some fighting, did, in the main at least, keep Triglyph and the Wends out of it in time coming. The Wends were fiercely troublesome, and fought much, but I think they never actually got hold of Brandenburg again. They were beginning to get notions of conversion: well preached to and well beaten upon, you can not hold out forever. Even Mistevoi at one time professed tendencies to Christianity, perhaps partly for his Bride’s sake—the dog, we may call him, in a milder sense! But he relapsed dreadfully after that insult, and his son worse. On the other hand, Mistevoi’s grandson was so

human nature): Kloss, *Vaterländische Gemälde* (Berlin, 1833), i., 59–108 (a Bookseller’s compilation, with some curious Excerpts); under which lie modern *Sagittarius*, ancient Adam of Bremen, *Ditmarus Merseburgensis*, *Witichindus Corbeiensis*, *Arnoldus Lubecensis*, etc., etc., to all lengths and breadths.

zealous he went about with the Missionary Preachers, and interpreted their German into Wendish: "Oh, my poor Wends, will you hear, then, will you understand? This solid Earth is but a shadow: Heaven forever, or else Hell forever, that is the reality!" Such "difference between right and wrong" no Wend had heard of before; quite tremendously "important, if true!" and doubtless it impressed many. There are heavy Ditmarsch strokes for the unimpressible. By degrees all got converted, though many were killed first; and, one way or other, the Wends are preparing to efface themselves as a distinct people.

This *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* family (of English or Saxon breed, if that is an advantage) seem generally to have furnished the *Salzwedel* Office as well, of which Brandenburg was an offshoot, done by deputy, usually also of their kin. They lasted in Brandenburg rather more than a hundred years, with little or no Book-History that is good to read; their History inarticulate rather, and stamped beneficently on the face of things. Otto is a common name among them. One of their Sisters, too, Adelheid (Adelaide, *Nobleness*), had a strange adventure with "Ludwig the Springer:" romantic mythic man, famous in the German world, over whom my readers and I must not pause at this time.

In Salzwedel, in Ditmarsch, or wherever stationed, they had a toilsome fighting life; sore difficulties with their *Ditmarschers* too, with the plundering Danish populations, Markgraf after Markgraf getting killed in the business. "*Erschlagen*, slain fighting with the Heathen," say the old Books, and pass on to another; of all which there is now silence forever. So many years men fought, and planned, and struggled there, all forgotten now except by the gods, and silently gave away their life before those countries could become fencible and habitable! Nay, my friend, it is our lot too; and if we would win honor in this Universe, the rumor of Histories and Morning Newspapers—which have to become wholly zero one day, and fall dumb as stones, and which were not perhaps very wise even while speaking—will help us little.

*Substantial Markgraves: Glimpse of the Contemporary  
Kaisers.*

The Ditmarsch-Stade kindred, much slain in battle with the Heathen, and otherwise beaten upon, died out about the year 1130 (earlier perhaps, perhaps later, for all is shadowy still), and were succeeded in the Salzwedel part of their function by a kindred called "of Ascanien and Ballenstädt," the *Ascanier* or *Anhalt* Markgraves, whose History, and that of Brandenburg, becomes henceforth articulate to us; a History not doubtful or shadowy any longer, but ascertainable, if reckoned worth ascertaining. Who succeeded in Ditmarsch let us by no means inquire. The Empire itself was in some disorder at this time, more abstruse of aspect than usual; and these Northern Markgrafs, already become important people, and deep in general politics, had their own share in the confusion that was going.

It was about this same time that a second line of Kaisers had died out: the *Frankish* or *Salic* line, who had succeeded to the *Saxon*, of Henry the Fowler's blood. For the Empire too, though elective, has always had a tendency to become hereditary and go in lines: if the last Kaiser left a son not unfit, who who so likely as the son? But he needed to be fit, otherwise it would not answer, otherwise it might be worse for him! There were great labors in the Empire too, as well as on the Slavie frontier of it: brave men fighting against anarchy (actually set in pitched fight against it, and not always strong enough), toiling sore, according to their faculty, to pull the innumerable crooked things straight. Some agreed well with the Pope, as Henry II., who founded Bamberg Bishopric, and much else of the like;<sup>2</sup> "a sore saint for the crown," as was said of David his Scotch contemporary by a descendant. Others disagreed very much indeed; Henry IV.'s scene at Canossa, with Pope Hildebrand and the pious Countess (Year 1077, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire waiting three days in the snow to kiss the foot of excommunicative Hildebrand), has impressed itself on all memories.

<sup>2</sup> Köhler, p. 102-4. See, for instance, *Description de la Table d'Autel en or fin, donnée à la Cathédrale de Bâle, par l'Empereur Henri II., en 1019* (Porentruy, 1838).

Poor Henry rallied out of that abasement, and dealt a stroke or two on Hildebrand, but fell still lower before long, his very Son going against him, and came almost to actual want of bread, had not the Bishop of Liege been good to him. Nay, after death, he lay four years waiting vainly even for burial, but indeed cared little about that.

Certainly this Son of his, Kaiser Henry V., does not shine in filial piety; but probably the poor lad himself was hard bested. He also came to die, A.D. 1125, still little over forty, and was the last of the Frankish Kaisers. He “left the *Reichs-Insignien*” (Crown, Sceptre, and Coronation gear) “to his Widow and young Friedrich of Hohenstauffen,” a sister’s son of his—hoping the said Friedrich might, partly by that help, follow as Kaiser, which Friedrich could not do, being wheedled, both the Widow and he, out of their Insignia under false pretenses, and otherwise left in the lurch. Not Friedrich, but one Lothar, a stirring man who had grown potent in the Saxon countries, was elected Kaiser. In the end, after waiting till Lothar was done, Friedrich’s race did succeed, and with brilliancy—Kaiser Barbarossa being that same Friedrich’s son. In regard to which dim complicacies, take this Excerpt from the imbroglio of Manuscripts before they go into the fire:

“By no means to be forgotten that the Widow we here speak of, Kaiser Henry V.’s Widow, who brought no heir to Henry V., was our English Henry Beaulerc’s Daughter—granddaughter, therefore, of William Conqueror—the same who, having (in 1127, the second year of her widowhood) married Godefroi, Count of Anjou, produced our Henry II. and our Plantagenets, and thereby, through her victorious Controversies with King Stephen (that noble peer whose breeches stood him so cheap), became very celebrated as the ‘Empress Maud’ in our old History-Books. Mathildis, Dowager of Kaiser Henry V., to whom he gave his Reichs-Insignia at dying, she is the ‘Empress Maud’ of English Books, and relates herself in this manner to the Hohenstauffen Dynasty and intricate German vicissitudes. Be thankful for any hook whatever on which to hang half an acre of thrums in fixed position, out of your way; the smallest flint-spark, in a world all black and unrememberable, will be welcome.”

And so we return to Brandenburg and the “*Ascanien* and *Bal-lenstätt*” series of Markgraves.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ALBERT THE BEAR.

THIS *Ascanien*, happily, has nothing to do with Brute of Troy or the pious Æneas's son; is simply the name of a most ancient Castle (etymology unknown to me, ruins still dimly traceable) on the north slope of the Harz Mountains, short way from Aschersleben: the Castle and Town of Aschersleben are, so to speak, a second edition of Ascanien. Ballenstädt is still older; Ballenstädt was of age in Charlemagne's time, and is still a respectable little Town in that upland range of country. The kindred, called *Grafs*, and ultimately *Herzogs* (Dukes) of "Ascanien and Ballenstädt," are very famous in old German History, especially down from this date. Some reckon that they had intermittently been Markgrafts in their region long before this, which is conceivable enough; at all events, it is very plain they did now attain the Office in *Salzwedel* (straightway shifting it to *Brandenburg*), and held it continuously, it and much else that lay adjacent, for centuries, in a highly conspicuous manner.

In Brandenburg they lasted for about two hundred years; in their Saxon dignities, the younger branch of them did not die out (and give place to the Wettins that now are) for five hundred. Nay, they have still their representatives on the Earth: Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, celebrated "Old Dessauer," come of the junior branches, is lineal head of the kin in Friedrich Wilhelm's time (while our little Fritzchen lies asleep in his cradle at Berlin); and a certain Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, Colonel in the Prussian Army, authentic *Prince*, but with purse much shorter than pedigree, will have a Daughter by-and-by, who will go to Russia, and become almost too conspicuous as Catharine II. there.

"Brandenburg now as afterward," says one of my old Papers, "was officially reckoned *Saxon*, part of the big Duchy of Saxony, where certain famed *Billungs*, lineage of an old 'Count Billung' (connected or not with *Billings-gate* in our country, I do not know), had long borne

sway; of which big old Billungs I will say nothing at all—this only, that they died out, and a certain Albert, ‘Count of Ascanien and Ballenstädt’ (say of *Anhalt*, in modern terms), whose mother was one of their daughters, came in for the Northern part of their inheritance. He made a clutch at the Southern too, but did not long retain that. Being a man very swift and very sharp, at once nimble and strong, in the huge scramble that there then was—Uncle Billung being dead without heirs, a *Salic* line of Emperors going or gone out, and a *Hohenstauffen* not yet come in—he made a rich game of it for himself; the rather as Lothar, the intermediate Kaiser, was his cousin, and there were other good cards which he played well.

“This is he they call ‘Albert the Bear (*Albrecht der Bär*),’ first of the *Ascanien* Markgraves of Brandenburg—first wholly definite *Markgraf of Brandenburg* that there is—once a very shining figure in the world, though now fallen dim enough again. It is evident he had a quick eye as well as a strong hand, and could pick what way was straightest among crooked things. He got the Northern part of what is called Saxony, and kept it in his family; got the Brandenburg Countries withal, got the Lausitz; was the shining figure and great man of the North in his day. The Markgrafdom of *Salzwedel* (which soon became of *Brandenburg*) he very naturally acquired (A.D. 1142 or earlier)—very naturally, considering what Saxon and other honors and possessions he had already got hold of.”

We can only say, it was the luckiest of events for Brandenburg, and the beginning of all the better destinies it has had—a conspicuous Country ever since in the world, and which grows ever more so in our late times.

He had many wars; inextricable coil of claimings, quarrellings, and agreeings; fought much—fought in Italy, too, “against the Pagans” (Saracens, that is); cousin to one Kaiser, the Lothar above named; then a chief stay of the Hohenstauffen, of the two Hohenstauffens who followed: a restless, much-managing, wide-warring man. He stood true by the great Barbarossa, second of the Hohenstauffen, greatest of all the Kaisers; which was a luck for him, and perhaps a merit. He kept well with three Kaisers in his time; had great quarrels with “Henry the Lion” about that “Billung” Saxon Heritage, Henry carrying off the better part of it from Albert. Except that same Henry, head of the Guelphs or Welfs, who had not Albert’s talent, though wider lands than Albert, there was no German prince so important in that time.

He transferred the Markgrafdom to *Brandenburg*, probably as more central in his wide lands; *Salzwedel* is henceforth the led Markgrafdom or *Marck*, and soon falls out of notice in the world. *Salzwedel* is called henceforth ever since the "Old Marck (*Alte Marck, Altmarck*)," the Brandenburg countries getting the name of "New Marck." Modern *Neumark*, modern "Middle-Marck" (in which stands Brandenburg itself in our time), "*Ucker-Marck*" (*Outside Marck*—word *Ucker* is still seen in *Ukraine*, for instance)—these are posterior Divisions, fallen upon as Brandenburg (under Albert chiefly) enlarged itself, and needed new official parcelings into departments.

Under Albert the Markgrafdom had risen to be an *Electorate* withal. The Markgraf of Brandenburg was now furthermore the *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg, officially "Arch-treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire," and one of the Seven who have a right (which became about this time an exclusive one for those Seven) to choose, to *kieren*, the Romish Kaiser, and who are therefore called *Kur* Princes, *Kurfürste*, or Electors, as the highest dignity except the Kaiser's own; in reference to which abstruse matter, likely to concern us somewhat, will the uninstructed English reader consent to the following Excerpt, slightly elucidatory of *Kurfürsts* and their function?

"*Fürst* (Prince) I suppose is equivalent originally to our noun of number, *First*. The old verb *kieren*" (participle *erkoren* still in use, not to mention "*Val-kyr*" and other instances) "is essentially the same word as our *choose*, being written *kiesen* as well as *kieren*. Nay, say the etymologists, it is also written *küssen* (to *kiss*, to *choose* with such emphasis!), and is not likely to fall obsolete in that form. The other Six Electoral Dignitaries, who grew to Eight by degrees, and may be worth noting once by the readers of this Book, are,

"1°. Three Ecclesiastical, *Maintz, Cöln, Trier* (Mentz, Cologne, Treves), Archbishops all, with sovereignty and territory more or less considerable, who used to be elected as Popes are, theoretically by their respective Chapters and the Heavenly Inspirations, but practically by the intrigues and pressures of the neighboring Potentates, especially France and Austria.

"2°. Three Secular, *Sachsen, Pfalz, Böhmen* (Saxony, Palatinate, Bohemia), of which the last, *Böhmen*, since it fell from being a Kingdom in itself to being a Province of Austria, is not very vocal in the Diets. These Six, with Brandenburg, are the Seven *Kurfürsts* in old time; *Septemvirs* of the Country, so to speak.

"But now *Pfalz*, in the Thirty Years War (under our Prince Rupert's Father, whom the Germans call the "Winter-King"), got abrogated, put to the ban, so far as indignant Kaiser could; and the vote and *Kur* of *Pfalz* was given to his Cousin of *Baiern* (Bavaria), so far as an indignant Kaiser could. However, at the Peace of Westphalia (1648), it was found incompetent to any Kaiser to abrogate *Pfalz* or the like of *Pfalz*, a Kurfürst of the Empire. So, after jargon inconceivable, it was settled that *Pfalz* must be reinstated, though with territories much clipped, and at the bottom of the list, not the top as formerly; and that *Baiern*, who could not stand to be balked after twenty years possession, must be made *Eighth* Elector. The *Ninth*, we saw (Year 1692), was Gentleman Ernst of *Hanover*. There never was any Tenth; and the Holy *Römische Reich*, which was a grand object once, but had gone about in a superannuated and plainly crazy state for some centuries back, was at last put out of pain by Napoleon, '6th August, 1806,' and allowed to cease from this world."<sup>1</sup>

None of Albert's wars are so comfortable to reflect on as those he had with the anarchic Wends, whom he now fairly beat to powder, and either swept away, or else damped down into Christianity and keeping of the peace. Swept them away otherwise, "peopling their lands extensively with Colonists from Holland, whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless there," which surely was a useful exchange. Nothing better is known to me of Albert the Bear than this his introducing large numbers of Dutch Netherlanders into those countries; men thrown out of work, who already knew how to deal with bog and sand by mixing and delving, and who first taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture was. The Wends, in presence of such things, could not but consent more and more to efface themselves—either to become German, and grow milk and cheese in the Dutch manner, or to disappear from the world.

The Wendish Princes had a taste for German wives, in which just taste the Albert genealogy was extremely willing to indulge them. Affinities produce inheritances; by proper marriage-contracts you can settle on what side the most contingent inheritance shall at length fall. Dim but pretty certain lies a time coming when the Wendish Princes also shall have effaced themselves, and all shall be German-Brandenburgish, not Wendish any more. The actual Inhabitants of Brandenburg, therefore,

<sup>1</sup> Ms. penes me.

are either come of Dutch Bog-farmers, or are simple Lower *Saxons* ("Anglo-Saxon," if you like that better), *Platt-Deutsch* of the common type—an unexceptionable breed of people. Streaks of Wendish population, extruded gradually into the remoter quagmires, and more inaccessible, less valuable sedgy moors and sea-strands, are scattered about: Mecklenburg, which still subsists separately after a sort, is reckoned peculiarly Wendish. In Mecklenburg, Pommern, Pommerellen (Little Pomerania), are still to be seen physiognomies of a Wendish or Vandalic type (more of cheek than there ought to be, and less of brow; otherwise good enough physiognomies of their kind); but the general mass, tempered with such admixtures, is of the *Platt-Deutsch*, Saxon, or even English character we are familiar with here at home. A patient, stout people, meaning considerable things, and very incapable of speaking what it means.

Albert was a fine tall figure himself; *der Schöne*, "Albert the Handsome," was his name as often as "Albert the Bear." That latter epithet he got, not from his looks or qualities, but merely from his heraldic cognizance, a Bear on his shield, as was then the mode of names, surnames being scant, and not yet fixedly in existence. Thus, too, his contemporaries, Henry *the Lion* of Saxony and Welfdom, William *the Lion* of Scotland, were not, either of them, specially leonine men; nor had the *Plantagenets* or Geoffrey of Anjou any connection with the *Plant* of *Broom* except wearing a twig of it in their caps on occasion. Men are glad to get some designation for a grand Albert they are often speaking of which shall distinguish him from the many small ones. Albert "the Bear, *der Bär*," will do as well as another.

It was this one first that made Brandenburg peaceable and notable. We might call him the second founder of Brandenburg; he, in the middle of the Twelfth Century, completed for it what Henry the Fowler had begun early in the Tenth. After two hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Wends are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it: Albert did several great things in the world; but this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily, but done: big destinies of Nations or of Persons are not founded *gratis* in this world.

He had a sore, toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures while his day's work lasted—fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstädt, peaceably among the Harz Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five. It was in the time while Thomas à Becket was roving about the world, coming home excommunicative, and finally getting killed in Canterbury Cathedral; while Abbot Samson, still a poor little brown Boy, came over from Norfolk, holding by his mother's hand, to St. Edmundsbury, having seen "*Satanas* with outspread wings" fearfully busy in this world.

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## CHAPTER V.

### CONRAD OF HOHENZOLLERN; AND KAISER BARBAROSSA.

It was in those same years that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world—from Hohenzollern, bound now toward Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying every where over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

This is a very indisputable event of those same years. The exact date, the figure, circumstances of it were, most likely, never written any where but on Conrad's own brain, and are now rubbed out forevermore; but the event itself is certain, and of the highest concernment to this Narrative. Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that,<sup>1</sup> this Conrad,

<sup>1</sup> Rentsch: *Brandenburgischer Ceder-Hein* (Baireuth, 1682), p. 273-6. See also Johann Ulrich Pregitzern, *Teutscher Regierungs- und Ehren-Spiegel, vortbildend &c. des Hauses Hohenzollern* (Berlin, 1703), p. 90-3. A learned and painful Book; by a Tübingen Professor, who is deeply read in the old Histories, and gives Portraits and other Engravings of some value.

riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great stock of luggage about him, little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world, but *is* unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little Boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin: let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out, Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always, and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its Lake, but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube, its back leaning on the Black Forest. It is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood which is still called the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees.<sup>2</sup> Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name *Zollern* is equivalent to *Tollery*, or Place of Tolls; whereby *Hohenzollern* comes to mean the *High* or Upper *Tollery*, and gives one the notion of antique peddlers climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their packhorses here, and chaffering in unknown dialect about *toll*. Poor souls! it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us. This only is known: That a human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built its *Burg* there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since—kindred possibly enough derivable from “Thassilo,” Charlemagne, King Dagobert, and other Kings, but certainly from Adam and the Almighty Maker, who had given it those qualities—and that Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. “Why should a young fellow

<sup>2</sup> “There are still considerable spottings of wood (*pine* mainly, and ‘black’ enough); *Holz-handel* (timber-trade) still a considerable branch of business there; and on the streams of the country are cunning contrivances noticeable for floating down the article into the Neckar River, and thence into the Rhine and to Holland.”—(*Tourist's Note*.)

that has capabilities," thought Conrad, "stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide, opulent world waiting only to be conquered?" This was Conrad's thought, and it proved to be a very just one.

It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany, about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House—Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown, which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere—a magnificent, magnanimous man, holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale; a terror to evil-doers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since; whom also we salute across the centuries as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. "Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia" (when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), "his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent;" and it meant in those old days, "Ho, every one that has suffered wrong, here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to *his* Master." And men gathered round him, and actually found some justice, if they could discern it when found, which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Redbeard, but an inexorably indispensable one in this world, though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season.

Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies—had indeed a heavy-laden, hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, "lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days;" for the man was in earnest in that earnest time; and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so in any time—paltry, and far worse than paltry, however

high their plumes may be, of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swollen rather high) is every where getting weary. Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table—as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion—asking himself, in terrible earnest, “Am I a dog, then; alas! am not I a dog?” Those were serious old times.

On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig River), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid*, from its clear spring water), in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year,<sup>3</sup> thinking to himself, “Let us end with one clear act of piety:” he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. “Woe is me, my son has perished, then?” said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: “My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!” and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, “in the River Cydnus,” say the most.<sup>4</sup> Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder, says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand, rocky look of the place. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow, winking—only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant

<sup>3</sup> A.D. 1189; Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem.

<sup>4</sup> Köhler (p. 188), and the Authorities cited by him. Bünauf's *Deutsche Kaiser- und Reichs-historie* (Leipzig, 1728-'43), i., is the express Book on Barbarossa: an elaborate, instructive Volume.

one moment, asked him something about the time it was, then drooped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon!<sup>5</sup> He is winking as if to awake—to awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with, Ho, every one that is suffering wrong, or that has strayed guideless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fataler!

*Conrad has become Burggraf of Nürnberg*  
(A.D. 1170).

This was the Kaiser to whom Conrad addressed himself, and he did it with success, which may be taken as a kind of testimonial to the worth of the young man. Details we have absolutely none, but there is no doubt that Conrad recommended himself to Kaiser Redbeard, nor any that the Kaiser was a judge of men—very earnest to discern men's worth and capabilities, having unspeakable need of worth, instead of unworth, in those under him. We may conclude he had found capabilities in Conrad—found that the young fellow did effective services as the occasion rose, and knew how to work in a swift, resolute, judicious, and exact manner. Promotion was not likely on other terms, still less high promotion.

One thing farther is known, significant for his successes: Conrad found favor with "the Heiress of the Vohburg Family," desirable young heiress, and got her to wife. The Vohburg Family, now much forgotten every where, and never heard of in England before, had long been of supreme importance, of immense possessions, and opulent in territories, and we need not add in honors and offices, in those Franconian Nürnberg regions, and was now gone to this one girl. I know not that she had much inheritance after all, the vast Vohburg properties lapsing all to the Kaiser when the male heirs were out. But she had pretensions, tacit claims; in particular, the Vohburgs had long been habitual or in effect hereditary Burggrafs of Nürnberg; and if Conrad had the talent for that office, he now, in preference to others, might have a chance for it. Sure enough, he got it; took root in it, he and his; and, in the course of cen-

<sup>5</sup> Riesbeck's *Travels* (English Translation, London, 1787), i., 140. Büsching: *Volks-Sagen*, &c. (Leipzig, 1820), i., 333, &c., &c.

turies, branched up from it, high and wide, over the adjoining countries, waxing toward still higher destinies. That is the epitome of Conrad's history—history now become very great, but then no bigger than its neighbors, and very meagrely recorded, of which the reflective reader is to make what he can.

There is nothing clearly known of Conrad more than these three facts: That he was a cadet of Hohenzollern (whose father's name, and some forefathers' names are definitely known in the family archives, but do not concern us); that he married the Heiress of the Vohburgs, whose history is on record in like manner; and that he was appointed Burggraf of Nürnberg, year not precisely known, but before 1170, as would seem. "In a *Reichstag* (Diet of the Empire) held at Regensburg in or about 1170," he formally complains, he and certain others, all staunch Kaiser's-friends (for in fact it was with the Kaiser's knowledge or at his instigation), of Henry the Lion's procedures and malpractices; of Henry's League with the Pope, League with the King of Denmark, and so forth; the said Henry having, indeed, fallen into opposition to a dangerous degree; and signs himself *Burggraf of Nürnberg*, say the old Chronicles.<sup>6</sup> The old Document itself has long since perished, I conclude; but the Chronicles may be accepted as reporters of so conspicuous a thing, which was the beginning of long strife in Germany, and proved the ruin of Henry the Lion, supreme Welf grown over-big, and cost our English Henry II., whose daughter he had married, a world of trouble and expense, we may remark withal. Conrad, therefore, is already Burggraf of Nürnberg, and a man of mark, in 1170; and his marriage, still more his first sally from the paternal Castle to seek his fortune, must all be dated earlier.

More is not known of Conrad, except, indeed, that he did not perish in Barbarossa's grand final Crusade, for the antiquaries have again found him signed to some contract or otherwise insignificant document, A.D. 1200, which is proof positive that he did not die in the Crusade; and proof probable that he was not of it—few, hardly any of those stalwart 150,000 champions of the Cross having ever got home again. Conrad, by this time, might have sons come to age, fitter for arms and fatigues than

<sup>6</sup> Rentsch, p. 276 (who cites *Aventinus*, *Tritheim*, &c.).

he; and indeed at Nürnberg, in Deutschland generally, as Official Prince of the Empire, and man of weight and judgment, Conrad's services might be still more useful, and the Kaiser's interests might require him rather to stay at home in that juncture. Burggraf of Nürnberg he continued to be, he and his descendants, first in a selective, then at length in a directly hereditary way, century after century; and so long as that office lasted in Nürnberg (which it did there much longer than in other Imperial Free Cities), a *Comes de Zobre* of Conrad's producing was always the man thenceforth.

Their acts, in that station and capacity, as Burggraves and Princes of the Empire, were once conspicuous enough in German History, and indeed are only so dim now, because the History itself is, and was always, dim to us on this side of the sea. They did strenuous work in their day, and occasionally towered up (though little driven by the poor wish of "towering" or "shining" without need) into the high places of Public History. They rest now from their labors, Conrad and his successors, in long series, in the old Monastery of Heilsbronn (between Nürnberg and Anspach), with Tombs to many of them, which were very legible for slight Biographic purposes in my poor friend Rentsch's time, a hundred and fifty years ago, and may, perhaps, still have some quasi-use, as "sepulchral brasses," to another class of persons. One or two of those old buried Figures, more peculiarly important for our little Friend now sleeping in his cradle yonder, we must endeavor, as the Narrative proceeds, to resuscitate a little, and render visible for moments.

*Of the Hohenzollern Burggraves generally.*

As to the Office, it was more important than perhaps the reader imagines. We already saw Conrad, first Burggraf among the magnates of the country, denouncing Henry the Lion. Every Burggraf of Nürnberg is, in virtue of his office, "Prince of the Empire:" if a man happened to have talent of his own, and solid resources of his own (which are always on the growing hand with his family), here is a basis from which he may go far enough. Burggraf of Nürnberg: that means again, *Graf* (judge, defender, manager, *g'reeve*) of the Kaiser's *Burg* or Castle—in a

word, Kaiser's Representative and *Alter Ego*—in the old Imperial Free-Town of Nürnberg, with much adjacent very complex territory also, to administer for the Kaiser. A flourishing extensive city, this old Nürnberg, with valuable adjacent territory, civic and imperial, intricately intermixed; full of commercial industries, opulences, not without democratic tendencies; nay, it is almost, in some senses, the *London and Middlesex* of the Germany that then was, if we will consider it.

This is a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves a talent for governing as well as for judging; talent for fighting also, in cases of extremity, and, what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function; I suppose no imbecile could have existed many months in it in the old earnest times. Conrad and his succeeding Hohenzollerns proved very capable to do it, as would seem, and grew and spread in it, waxing bigger and bigger, from their first planting there by Kaiser Barbarossa, a successful judge of men. . And ever since that time, from "about the year 1170" down to the year 1815, when so much was changed, owing to another (temporary) "Kaiser" of new type, Napoleon his name, the Hohenzollerns have had a footing in Frankenland, and done sovereignty in and round Nürnberg, with an enlarging Territory in that region—Territory at last of large compass, which, under the names *Margrafdom of Anspach* and of *Baireuth*, or in general *Margrafdom of Culmbach*, which includes both, has become familiar in History.\*

For the House went on steadily increasing, as it were, from the first day, the Hohenzollerns being always of a growing, gaining nature, as men are that live conformably to the laws of this Universe, and of their place therein, which, as will appear from good study of their old records, though idle rumor, grounded on no study, sometimes says the contrary, these Hohenzollerns eminently were—a thrifty, steadfast, diligent, clear-sighted, stout-hearted line of men, of loyal nature withal, and even to be called just and pious, sometimes to a notable degree—men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided, yet with a good swift

\* See List of Maps, after the Contents.

stroke in them where it could not; princely people after their sort, with a high, not an ostentatious turn of mind. They, for most part, go upon solid prudence; if possible, are anxious to reach the goal without treading on any one; are peaceable, as I often say, and by no means quarrelsome in aspect and demeanor, yet there is generally in the Hohenzollerns a very fierce flash of anger, capable of blazing out in cases of urgency; this latter, also, is one of the most constant features I have noted in the long series of them. That they grew in Frankenland year after year, and century after century, while it was their fortune to last, alive and active there, is no miracle, on such terms.

Their old big Castle of Plassenburg (now a Penitentiary, with tread-mill and the other furnishings) still stands on its Height, near Culmbach, looking down over the pleasant meeting of the Red and White Mayn Rivers and of their fruitful valleys, awakening many thoughts in the traveler. Anspach Schloss, and still more Baireuth Schloss (Mansion, one day, of our little Wilhelmina of Berlin, Fritzkin's sister, now prattling there in so old a way; where notabilities have been, one and another; which Jean Paul, too, saw daily in his walks, while alive and looking skyward): these, and many other castles and things, belonging now wholly to Bavaria, will continue memorable for Hohenzollern history.

The Family did its due share, sometimes an excessive one, in religious beneficences and foundations, which was not quite left off in recent times, though much altering its figure. Erlangen University, for example, was of Wilhelmina's doing—Erlangen University, and also an Opera-House of excessive size in Baireuth. Such was poor Wilhelmina's sad figure of "religion." In the old days, their largest bequest that I recollect was to the *Teutsche Ritter*, Order of Teutonic Knights, very celebrated in those days. Junior branches from Hohenzollern, as from other families, sought a career in that chivalrous devout Brotherhood now and then: one pious Burggraf had three sons at once in it; he, a very bequeathing Herr otherwise, settled one of his mansions, Virnsparg, with rents and incomings, on the Order, which accordingly had thenceforth a *Comthurei* (Commandery) in that country—Comthurei of Virnsparg the name of it: the date of donation is A.D. 1294; and two of the old Herr's three *Ritter*

sons, we can remark, were successively *Comthurs* (Commanders, steward-prefects) of Virnsperg, the first two it had.<sup>7</sup>

This was in 1294, the palmy period or culmination time of the *Teutsches Ritterthum*, concerning which, on wider accounts, we must now say a word.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TEUTSCH RITTERS OR TEUTONIC ORDER.

BARBAROSSA'S Army of Crusaders did not come home again, any more than Barbarossa. They were stronger than Turk and Saracen, but not than Hunger and Disease. Leaders did not know then, as our little Friend at Berlin came to know, that "an Army, like a serpent, goes upon its *belly*." After fine fighting and considerable victories, the end of this Crusade was, it took to "besieging Acre," and, in reality, lay perishing as of murrain on the beach at Acre, without shelter, without medicine, without food. Not even Richard Cœur de Lion, and his best prowess and help, could avert such issue from it.

Richard's Crusade fell in with the fag-end of Barbarossa's; and it was Richard chiefly that managed to take Acre; at least so Richard flattered himself when he pulled poor Leopold of Austria's standard from the towers, and trailed it through the gutters: "Your standard? *You* have taken Acre?" which turned out ill for Richard afterward. And Duke Leopold has a bad name among us in consequence, much worse than he deserves. Leopold had stuff in him too. He died, for example, in this manner: falling with his horse, I think in some siege or other, he had got his leg hurt, which hindered him in fighting. Leg could not be cured: "Cut it off, then!" said Leopold. This also the leech could not do, durst not, and would not, so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires, put his thigh upon a block, the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh: "Squire first, hold that axe; steady! Squire second, smite you on it with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough!" Squire second struck heavy

<sup>7</sup> Rentsch, p. 288.

enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflammation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted. That is a fact to be found in current authors (quite exact or not quite), that surgical operation:<sup>1</sup> such a man can not have his flag trailed through the gutters by any Cœur de Lion. But we return to the beach at Acre, and the poor Crusaders dying as of murrain there. It is the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, nor these quarrels got to a height.

"The very Templars, Hospitalers, neglect us," murmured the dying Germans; "they have perhaps enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them? For us, it would appear, there is no help." Not altogether none. A company of pious souls—compassionate Lübeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead—formed themselves into a union for succor of the sick and dying; "set up canvas tents," medicinal assuagements from the Lübeck ship-stores, and did what utmost was in them, silently in the name of Mercy and Heaven. "This Walpot was not by birth a nobleman," says one of the old Chroniclers, "but his deeds were noble." This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing. Finding its work prosper here and gain favor, the little union took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent. "Knights Hospitalers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion," that or something equivalent was their first title, under Walpot their first Grand-Master, which soon grew to be "German Order of St. Mary" (*Teutsche Ritter of the Marie-Orden*), or, for shortness, *Teutsches Ritterthum*, under which name it played a great part in the world for above three centuries to come, and eclipsed in importance both the Templars and Hospitalers of St. John.

This was the era of Chivalry Orders and *Gelübde*; time for Bodies of Men uniting themselves by a Sacred Vow, "*Gelübde*," which word and thing have passed over to us in a singularly dwindled condition: "*Club*" we now call it, and the vow, if sacred, does not aim very high! Templars and Hospitalers

<sup>1</sup> Mentzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen* (Stuttgard and Tübingen, 1837), p. 309.

were already famous bodies, the latter now almost a century old. Walpot's new *Gelübde* was of similar intent, only German in kind—the protection, defense, and solacement of Pilgrims, with whatever that might involve.

*Head of Teutsch Order moves to Venice.*

The Teutsch Ritters earned character in Palestine, and began to get bequests and recognition, but did not long continue there, like their two rival Orders. It was not in Palestine, whether the Orders might be aware of it or not, that their work could now lie. Pious Pilgrims certainly there still are in great numbers; to these you shall do the sacred rites; but these, under a Saladin bound by his word, need little protection by the sword; and as for Crusading in the armed fashion, that has fallen visibly into the decline. After Barbarossa, Cœur de Lion and Philippe Auguste have tried it with such failure, what wise man will be in haste to try it again? Zealous Popes continue to stir up Crusades, but the Secular Powers are not in earnest as formerly: Secular Powers, when they do go, "take Constantinople," "conquer Sicily," never take or conquer any thing in Palestine. The Teutsch Order helps valiantly in Palestine, or would help; but what is the use of helping? The Teutsch Order has already possessions in Europe, by pious bequest and otherwise; all its main interests lie there; in fine, after less than thirty years, Hermann von der Salza, a new sagacious *Teutschmeister* or *Hochmeister* (so they call the head of the Order), fourth in the series, a far-seeing, negotiating man, finds that Venice will be a fitter place of lodging for him than Acre, and accordingly, during his long Mastership (A.D. 1210-'39), he is mostly to be found there, and not at Acre or Jerusalem.

He is very great with the busy Kaiser, Friedrich II., Barbarossa's grandson, who has the usual quarrels with the Pope, and is glad of such a negotiator, statesman as well as armed monk. The usual quarrels this great Kaiser had all along, and some unusual: Normans ousted from Sicily, who used to be so Papal; a Kaiser *not* gone on the Crusade, as he had vowed; Kaiser at last suspected of freethinking even—in which matters Hermann much serves the Kaiser. Sometimes he is appointed arbiter be-

tween the Pope and Kaiser; does not give it in the Kaiser's favor, but against him, where he thinks the Kaiser is wrong. He is reckoned the first great Hochmeister, this Hermann von der Salza, a Thüringer by birth, who is fourth in the series of Masters; perhaps the greatest to be found there at all, though many were considerable. It is evident that no man of his time was busier in important public affairs, or with better acceptance, than Hermann. His Order, both Pope and Emperor so favoring the Master of it, was in a vigorous state of growth all this while, Hermann well proving that he could help it better at Venice than at Acre.

But if the Crusades are ended—as indeed it turned out, only one other worth speaking of, St. Louis's, having in earnest come to effect, or rather to miserable non-effect, and that not yet for fifty years—if the Crusades are ended, and the Teutsch Order increases always in possessions, and finds less and less work, what probably will become of the Teutsch Order? Grow fat, become luxurious, incredulous, dissolute, insolent, and need to be burned out of the way? That was the course of the Templars, and their sad end. They began poorest of the poor, “two Knights to one Horse,” as their Seal bore; and they at last took *fire* on very opposite accounts. “To carouse like a Templar,” that had become a proverb among men; that was the way to produce combustion, “spontaneous” or other; whereas their fellow Hospitalers of St. John, chancing upon new work (anti-Turk garrison-duty, so we may call it, successively in Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, for a series of ages), and doing it well, managed to escape the like, as did the Teutsch Order in a still more conspicuous manner.

*Teutsch Order itself goes to Preussen.*

Ever since St. Adalbert fell massacred in Prussia, stamping himself as a Crucifix on that Heathen soil, there have been attempts at conversion going on by the Christian neighbors, Dukes of Poland and others; intermittent fits of fighting and preaching for the last two hundred years, with extremely small result. Body of St. Adalbert was got at light weight, and the poor man canonized; there is even a Titular Bishop of Prussia; and pilgrimages wander to the Shrine of Adalbert in Poland, reminding

you of Prussia in a tragic manner; but what avails it? Missionaries, when they set foot in the country, are killed or flung out again. The Bishop of Prussia is titular merely; lives in Liefland (*Livonia*), properly Bishop of *Riga*, among the Bremen trading-settlers and converted Lieflanders there, which is the only safe place—if even that were safe without aid of armed men, such as he has there even now. He keeps his *Schwertbrüder* (Brothers of the Sword), a small Order of Knights, recently got up by him, for express behoof of Liefland itself; and these, fighting their best, are sometimes troublesome to the Bishop, and do not much prosper upon Heathendom, or gain popularity and resources in the Christian world. No hope in the *Schwertbrüder* for Prussia; and in massacred missionaries what hope? The Prussian population continues Heathen, untamable to Gospel and Law; and after two centuries of effort, little or no real progress has been made.

But now, in these circumstances, in the year 1226, the Titular Bishop of Prussia, having well considered the matter and arranged it with the Polish Authorities, opens a communication with Hermann von der Salza at Venice on the subject; “Crusading is over in the East, illustrious Hochmeister; no duty for a Teutsch Order there at present: what is the use of crusading far off in the East, when Heathenism and the Kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand, in the North? Let the Teutsch Order come to Preussen; head a Crusade there. The land is fruitful; flows really with milk and honey, not to speak of amber, and was once called the *Terrestrial Paradise*”—by I forget whom.<sup>2</sup> In fact, it is clear the land should belong to Christ; and if the Christian Teutsch Ritterdom could conquer it from Satan for themselves, it would be well for all parties. Hermann, a man of a sagacious, clear head, listened attentively. The notion is perhaps not quite new to him; at all events, he takes up the notion, negotiating upon it with Titular Bishop, with Pope, Kaiser, Duke of Poland, Teutsch Order; and, in brief, about two years afterward (A.D. 1228), having done the negotiations to the last item, he produces his actual Teutsch Ritters, ready, on Prussian ground.

<sup>2</sup> Voigt (if he had an Index!) knows.

Year 1228, thinks Dryasdust, after a struggle. Place where, proves also at length discoverable in Dryasdust: not too far across the north Polish frontier, always with "Masovia" (the now Warsaw region) to fall back upon. But in what number, how—nay, almost when, to a year, do not ask poor Dryasdust, who overwhelms himself with idle details, and by reason of the trees is unable to see the wood.<sup>3</sup> The Teutsch Ritters straightway build a *Burg* for head-quarters, spread themselves on this hand and that, and begin their great task—in the name of Heaven, we may still say in a true sense, as they, every Ritter of them to the heart, felt it to be in all manner of senses.

The Prussians were a fierce fighting people, fanatically anti-Christian; the Teutsch Ritters had a perilous, never-resting time of it, especially for the first fifty years. They built and burned innumerable stockades for and against; built wooden Forts which are now stone Towns. They fought much and prevalently; galloped desperately to and fro, ever on the alert. In peaceabler ulterior times, they fenced in the Nogat and the Weichsel with dams, whereby unlimited quagmire might become grassy meadow, as it continues to this day. Marienburg (*Mary's Burg*), still a town of importance in that same grassy region, with its grand stone Schloss still visible and even habitable: this was at length their Head-quarter. But how many burgs of wood and stone they built in different parts; what revolts, surprisals, furious fights in woody boggy places they had, no man has counted. Their life, read in Dryasdust's newest chaotic Books (which are of endless length, among other ill qualities), is like a dim nightmare of unintelligible marching and fighting; one feels as if the mere amount of galloping they had would have carried the Order several times round the globe. What multiple of the Equator was it then, O Dryasdust? The Herr Professor, little studious of abridgment, does not say.

But always some preaching, by zealous monks, accompanied the chivalrous fighting, and colonists came in from Germany, trickling in, or at times streaming. Victorious Ritterdom offers terms to the beaten Heathen; terms not of tolerant nature, but which will be punctually kept by Ritterdom. When the flame

<sup>3</sup> Voigt, ii., 177, 184, 192.

of revolt or general conspiracy burned up again too extensively, there was a new Crusade proclaimed in Germany and Christendom; and the Hochmeister, at Marburg or elsewhere, and all his marshals and ministers, were busy, generally with effect. High personages came on crusade to them. Ottocar, King of Bohemia, Duke of Austria, and much else, the great man of his day, came once (A.D. 1255); Johann, King of Bohemia, in the next century, once and again. The mighty Ottocar,<sup>4</sup> with his extensive far-shining chivalry, "conquered Samland in a month," tore up the Romova where Adalbert had been massacred, and burned it from the face of the Earth. A certain Fortress was founded at that time in Ottocar's presence, and in honor of him they named it *King's Fortress*, "Königsberg:" it is now grown a big-domed metropolitan City, where we of this Narrative lately saw a Coronation going on, and Sophie Charlotte furtively taking a pinch of snuff. Among King Ottocar's esquires or subaltern junior officials on this occasion is one *Rudolf*, heir of a poor Swiss Lordship and gray Hill-Castle, called *Hapsburg*, rather in reduced circumstances, whom Ottocar likes for his prudent, hardy ways; a stout, modest, wise young man, who may chance to redeem Hapsburg a little, if he live. How the shuttles fly, and the life-threads, always, in this "loud-roaring loom of Time!"

Along with Ottocar, too, as an ally in the Crusade, was Otto III., Ascanier Markgraf and Elector of Brandenburg, great-grandson of Albert the Bear, named Otto *the Pious* in consequence. He too founded a Town in Prussia on this occasion, and called it *Brandenburg*, which is still extant there, a small Brandenburg the Second: for these procedures he is called Otto *the Pious* in History. His Wife, withal, was a Sister of Ottocar's,<sup>5</sup> which, except in the way of domestic felicity, did not, in the end, amount to much for him, this Ottocar having flown too high, and melted his wings in the sun in a sad way, as we shall see elsewhere.

None of the Orders rose so high as the Teutonic in favor with mankind. It had, by degrees, landed possessions far and wide over Germany and beyond—I know not how many dozens of

<sup>4</sup> Voigt, iii., 80–87.

<sup>5</sup> Michaelis, i., 270; Hübner, t. 174.

*Balleys* (rich Bailiwicks, each again with its dozens of *Comthureis*, Commanderies, or subordinate groups of estates), and Bailies and Commanders to match—and it was thought to deserve favor from above. Valiant servants these, to whom Heaven had vouchsafed great labors and unspeakable blessings. In some fifty or fifty-three years they had got Prussian Heathenism brought to the ground, and they endeavored to tie it well down there by bargain and arrangement. But it would not yet lie quiet, nor for a century to come; being still secretly Heathen; revolting, conspiring ever again, ever on weaker terms, till the Satanic element had burned itself out, and conversion and composure could ensue.

Conversion and complete conquest once come, there was a happy time for Prussia: plowshare instead of sword; busy seahavens, German towns getting built; churches every where rising; grass growing, and peaceable cows, where formerly had been quagmire and snakes. And for the Order a happy time? A rich, not a happy. The Order was victorious; Livonian "Sword-Brothers," "Knights of Dobryn," minor Orders and Authorities all round were long since subordinated to it or incorporated with it; Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, are all got tamed under its influence, or tied down and evidently tamable. But it was in these times that the Order got into its wider troubles, outward and inward; quarrels, jealousies with Christian neighbors, Poland, Pommern, who did not love it, and for cause—wider troubles, and by no means so evidently useful to mankind. The Order's wages, in this world, flowed higher than ever, only perhaps its work was beginning to run low. But we will not anticipate.

On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon, and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things in those Northern Countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say) if the night chanced to overtake it and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon. Better than

the career of stump-oratory, I should fancy, and *its* Hesperides Apples, golden and of gilt horse-dung; better than puddling away one's poor spiritual gift of God (*loan*, not gift), such as it may be, in building the lofty rhyme, the lofty Review article, for a discerning public that has sixpence to spare. Times alter greatly. Will the reader take a glimpse of Conrad von Thüringen's biography as a sample of the old ways of proceeding? Conrad succeeded Hermann von der Salza as Grand-Master, and his history is memorable as a Teutonic Knight.

*The stuff Teutsch Ritters were made of. Conrad of Thüringen; Saint Elizabeth; Town of Marburg.*

Conrad, younger brother of the Landgraf of Thüringen—which Prince lived chiefly in the Wartburg, romantic old Hill-Castle, now a Weimar-Eisenach property and show-place, then an abode of very earnest people—was probably a child-in-arms in that same Wartburg while Richard Cœur de Lion was getting home from Palestine and into troubles by the road: this will date Conrad for us. His worthy elder brother was Husband of the lady since called *Saint Elizabeth*, a very pious but also very fanciful young woman; and I always guess his going on the Crusade, where he died straightway, was partly the fruit of the life she led him—lodging beggars, sometimes in his very bed; continually breaking his night's rest for prayer and devotional exercise of undue length; “weeping one moment, then smiling in joy the next;” meandering about, capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly. However, that does not concern us.<sup>6</sup> Sure enough, her poor Landgraf went crusading, Year 1227 (Kaiser Friedrich II.'s Crusade, who could not put it off longer); poor Landgraf fell ill by the road at Brindisi, and died—not to be driven farther by any cause.

Conrad, left guardian to his deceased Brother's children, had

<sup>6</sup> Many *Lives of the Saint*. See, in particular, *Libellus de Dictis Quatuor Ancillarum*, &c. (that is, Report of the evidence got from Elizabeth's Four Maids, by an Official Person, Devil's Advocate or whatever he was, missioned by the Pope to question them, when her Canonization came to be talked of: a curious piece); in Menckenii *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum* (Lipsiæ, 1728-'30), ii., dd; where also are other details.

at first much quarrel with Saint Elizabeth, though he afterward took far other thoughts. Meanwhile he had his own appanage, "Landgraf" by rank he too, and had troubles enough with that of itself. For instance, once the Archbishop of Maintz, being in debt, laid a heavy tax on all Abbeys under him—on Reichartsbronn, an Abbey of Conrad's, among others. "Don't pay it!" said Conrad to the Abbot. Abbot refused accordingly, but was put under ban by the Pope, obliged to comply, and even to be "whipped thrice" before the money could be accepted. Two whippings at Erfurt from the Archbishop there had been, and a third was just going on there one morning, when Conrad, traveling that way, accidentally stepped in to matins. Conrad flames into a blazing whirlwind at the phenomenon disclosed. "Whip my Abbot? And he *is* to pay, then, Archbishop of Beelzebub?" and took the poor Archbishop by the rochets, and spun him hither and thither—nay, was for cutting him in two, had not friends hysterically busied themselves, and got the sword detained in its scabbard and the Archbishop away. Here is a fine coil like to be for Conrad.

Another soon follows from a quarrel he had with Fritzlar, an Imperial Free-Town in those parts, perhaps a little stiff upon its privileges, and high toward a Landgraf. Conrad marches one morning (Year 1232) upon insolent Fritzlar, burns the environs, but, on looking practically at the ramparts of the place, thinks they are too high, and turns to go home again; whereupon the idle women of Fritzlar, who are upon the ramparts gazing in fear and hope, burst into shrill jubilation of voice, and even into gestures and liberties with their dress which are not describable in History. Conrad, suddenly once more all flame, whirls round, storms the ramparts, slays what he meets, plunders Fritzlar with a will, and leaves it blazing in general fire, which had broken out in the business. Here is a pair of coils for Conrad, the like of which can issue only in Papal ban or worse.

Conrad is grim and obstinate under these aspects, but secretly feels himself very wicked; knows not well what will come of it. Sauntering one day in his outer courts, he notices a certain female beggar—necessitous female, of loose life, who tremulously solicits charity of him. Necessitous female gets some

fraction of coin, but along with it bullying rebuke in very liberal measure, and goes away weeping bitterly, and murmuring about "want that drove me to those courses." Conrad retires into himself: "What is her real sin, perhaps, to mine?" Conrad "lies awake all that night;" mopes about in intricate darkness days and nights; rises one morning an altered man. He makes "pilgrimage to Gladbach" barefoot; kneels down at the church-door of Fritzlar with bare back, and a bundle of rods beside him: "Whip me, good injured Christians, for the love of Jesus!"—in brief, reconciles himself to Christian mankind, the Pope included; takes the Teutsch-Ritter vows upon him,<sup>7</sup> and hastens off to Preussen, there to spend himself, life and life's resources thenceforth, faithfully, till he die. The one course left for Conrad, which he follows with a great strong step—with a thought still audible to me. It was of such stuff that Teutsch Ritters were then made—Ritters evidently capable of something.

Saint Elizabeth, who went to live at Marburg, in Hessen-Cassel, after her Husband's death, and soon died there, in a most melodiously pious sort,<sup>8</sup> made the Teutsch Order guardian of her Son. It was from her and the Grand-Mastership of Conrad that Marburg became such a metropolis of the Order; the Grand-Masters often residing there, many of them coveting burial there, and much business bearing date of the place—a place still notable to the ingenuous Tourist who knows his whereabouts. Philip the Magnanimous, Luther's friend, memorable to some as Philip with the Two Wives, lived there, in that old Castle—which is now a kind of Correction-House and Garrison, idle blue uniforms strolling about, and unlovely physiognomies with a jingle of iron at their ankles—where Luther has debated with the Zwinglian Sacramenters and others, and much has happened in its time. Saint Elizabeth and her miracles (considerable, surely, of their kind) were the first origin of Marburg as a Town: a mere Castle, with adjoining Hamlet, before that.

Strange gray old silent Town, rich in so many memories, it stands there, straggling up its rocky hill-edge toward its old

<sup>7</sup> A.D. 1234 (Voigt, ii., 375-423).

<sup>8</sup> A.D. 1231; age 24.

Castles and edifices on the top in a not unpicturesque manner, flanked by the River Lahn and its fertile plains—very silent except for the delirious screech, at rare intervals, of a railway train passing that way from Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn to Cassel. “Church of St. Elizabeth”—high, grand Church, built by Conrad, our Hochmeister, in reverence of his once terrestrial Sister-in-law—stands conspicuous in the plain below, where the Town is just ending. St. Elizabeth’s Shrine was once there, and pilgrims wending to it from all lands. Conrad himself is buried there, as are many Hochmeisters; their names and shields of arms, Hermann’s foremost, though Hermann’s dust is not there, are carved, carefully kept legible, on the shafts of the Gothic arches—from floor to groin, long rows of them—and produce, with the other tombs, tomb-paintings by Dürer and the like, thoughts impressive almost to pain. St. Elizabeth’s *loculus* was put into its Shrine here by Kaiser Friedrich II., and all manner of princes and grandees of the Empire, “one million two hundred thousand people looking on,” say the old records, perhaps not quite exact in their arithmetic. Philip the Magnanimous, wishing to stop “pilgrimages no whither,” buried the *loculus* away, it was never known where—under the floor of that Church somewhere, as is likeliest. Enough now of Marburg and of its Deutsch Ritters too.

They had one or two memorable Hochmeisters and Teutschmeisters whom we have not named here, nor shall.<sup>9</sup> There is one Hochmeister, somewhere about the fiftieth on the list, and properly the last *real* Hochmeister, Albert of Hohenzollern-Culmbach by name, who will be very memorable to us by-and-by.

Or will the reader care to know how Culmbach came into the possession of the Hohenzollerns, Burggraves of Nürnberg? The story may be illustrative, and will not occupy us long.

<sup>9</sup> In our excellent Köhler’s *Müntzbelustigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729, et seqq., ii., 382; v., 102; viii., 380, &c.) are valuable glimpses into the Teutonic Order, as into hundreds of other things. The special Book upon it is Voigt’s, often cited here: Nine heavy Volumes; grounded on faithful reading, but with a fatal defect of almost every other quality.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MARGRAVIATE OF CULMBACH: BAIREUTH, ANSPACH.

IN the Year 1248, in his Castle of Plassenburg—which is now a Correction-House, looking down upon the junction of the Red and White Mayn—Otto, Duke of Meran, a very great potentate, more like a King than a Duke, was suddenly clutched hold of by a certain wedded gentleman, name not given, “one of his domestics or dependents,” whom he had enraged beyond forgiveness (signally violating the Seventh Commandment at his expense), and was by the said wedded gentleman there and then cut down, and done to death—“Lamentably killed, *jämmerlich erstochen*,” says old Rentsch.<sup>1</sup> Others give a different color to the homicide, and even a different place—a controversy not interesting to us. Slain at any rate he is; still a young man; the last male of his line; whereby the renowned Dukes of Meran fall extinct, and immense properties come to be divided among connections and claimants.

Meran, we remark, is still a Town, old Castle now abolished, in the Tyrol, toward the sources of the Etsch (called *Adige* by Italian neighbors). The Merans had been lords not only of most of the Tyrol, but Dukes of “the Voigtland”—Voigtland, that is, *Baillie-land*, wide country between Nürnberg and the Fichtelwald; why specially so called, Dryasdust dimly explains, deducing it from certain Counts von Reuss, those strange Reusses who always call themselves *Henry*, and now amount to *Henry the Eightieth and Odd*, with side-branches likewise called Henry, whose nomenclature is the despair of mankind, and worse than that of the Naples Lazzaroni, who candidly have no names—Dukes of Voigtland I say, likewise of Dalmatia; then also Markgraves of Austria; also Counts of Andechs, in which latter fine country (north of München a day’s ride), and not at Plassen-

<sup>1</sup> P. 293. Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 245. Holle: *Alte Geschichte der Stadt Baireuth* (Baireuth, 1833), p. 34–37.

burg, some say, the man was slain. These immense possessions, which now (A.D. 1248) all fall asunder by the stroke of that sword, come to be divided among the slain man's connections, or to be snatched up by active neighbors, and otherwise disposed of.

Active Würzburg, active Bamberg, without much connection, snatched up a good deal; Count of Orlamünde, married to the eldest Sister of the slain Duke, got Plassenburg and most of the Voigtland; a Tyrolese magnate, whose Wife was an Aunt of the Duke's, laid hold of the Tyrol, and transmitted it to daughters and their spouses, the finish of which Line we shall see by-and-by: in short, there was much property in a disposable condition. The Hohenzollern Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had married a younger Sister of the Duke's two years before this accident, managed to get at least *Baireuth* and some adjacencies; big Orlamünde, who had not much better right, taking the lion's share. This of Baireuth proved a notable possession to the Hohenzollern family: it was Conrad the first Burggraf's great-grandson, Friedrich, counted "Friedrich III." among the Burggraves, who made the acquisition in this manner, A.D. 1248.

Onolzbach (On'z-*bach* or "-brook," now called *Anspach*) they got, some fourscore years after, by purchase and hard money down ("24,000 pounds of farthings," whatever that may be),<sup>2</sup> which proved a notable twin possession of the family; and then, in some seven years more (A.D. 1338), the big Orlamünde people having at length, as was too usual, fallen considerably insolvent, sold Plassenburg Castle itself, the Plassenburg with its Town of Culmbach and dependencies, to the Hohenzollern Burggraves,<sup>3</sup> who had always ready-money about them, who in this way got most of the Voigtland, with a fine Fortress, into hand, and had, independently of Nürnberg and its Imperial properties, an important Princely Territory of their own—Margraviate or Principality of *Culmbach* (Plassenburg being only the Castle) was the general title; but more frequently in later times, being oftenest split in two between brothers unacquainted with primogeniture, there were two Margraviates made of it: one of Baireuth, called

<sup>2</sup> A.D. 1331: *Stadt Anspach*, by J. B. Fischer (Anspach, 1786), p. 196.

<sup>3</sup> Rentsch, p. 157.

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also "Margraviate On the Hill," and one of Anspach, "Margraviate Under the Hill," of which, in their modern designations, we shall by-and-by hear more than enough.

Thus are the Hohenzollerns growing, and never declining: by these few instances judge of many. Of their hard labors, and the storms they had to keep under control, we could also say something: How the two young Sons of the Burggraf once riding out with their Tutor, a big hound of theirs, in one of the streets of Nürnberg, accidentally tore a child; and there arose wild mother's wail; and "all the Seythe-smiths turned out," fire-breathing, deaf to a poor Tutor's pleadings and explainings; and how the Tutor, who had ridden forth in calm humor with two Princes, came galloping home with only one, the Smiths having driven another into boggy ground, and there caught and killed him;<sup>4</sup> with the Burggraf's commentary on that sad proceeding (the same Friedrich III. who had married Meran's Sister), and the amends exacted by him, strict and severe, not passionate or inhuman. Or, again, how the Nürnbergers once, in the Burggraf's absence, built a ring-wall round his Castle—entrance and exit now to depend on the Nürnbergers withal; and how the Burggraf did not fly out into battle in consequence, but remedied it by imperturbable countenance and power of driving, with enough of the like sort, which readers can conceive.

*Burggraf Friedrich III., and the Anarchy of Nineteen Years.*

This same Friedrich III., Great-Grandson of Conrad the first Burggraf, was he that got the Burggraviate made hereditary in his family (A.D. 1273), which thereby rose to the fixed rank of Princes, among other advantages it was gaining. Nor did this acquisition come gratis at all, but as the fruit of good service adroitly done—service of endless importance, as it proved. Friedrich's life had fallen in times of huge anarchy; the Hohenstaufen line gone miserably out—Boy Conradin, its last representative, perishing on the scaffold even (by a desperate Pope and a desperate Duke of Anjou);<sup>5</sup> Germans, Sicilian Normans, Pope

<sup>4</sup> Rentsch, p. 306 (date not given, guess about 1270).

<sup>5</sup> At Naples, 25th October, 1268.

and Reich, all at daggers-drawn with one another; no Kaiser, nay, as many as Three at once! which lasted from 1254 onward, and is called "the Interregnum," or Anarchy "of Nineteen Years," in German History.

Let us at least name the Three Kaisers, or Triple-elixir of No-Kaiser; though, except as chronological landmarks, we have not much to do with them. First Kaiser is William, Count of Holland, a rough fellow, Pope's protégé, Pope even raising cash for him, till William perished in the Dutch peat-bogs (horse and man, furiously pursuing, in some fight there, and getting swallowed up in that manner), which happily reduces our false Kaisers to two, Second and Third, who are both foreign to Germany.

Second Kaiser is Alphonso, King of Castile, Alphonso the Wise, whose saying about Ptolemy's Astronomy, "That it seemed a crank machine: that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice!" is still remembered by mankind; this, and no other of his many sayings and doings. He was wise enough to stay at home, and, except wearing the title, which cost nothing, to concern himself very little about the Holy Roman Empire: some clerk or two, dating "*Toleti* (At Toledo)," did languidly a bit of official writing now and then, and that was all. Confused crank machine this of the German Empire too, your Majesty? Better stay at home and date "*Toleti*."

The Third false Kaiser—futile call him rather, wanting clear majority—was the English Richard of Cornwall, younger son of John Lackland, and little wiser than his Father, to judge by those symptoms. He had plenty of money, and was liberal with it; no other call to Germany, you would say, except to get rid of his money, in which he succeeded. He lived actually in Germany twice over, for a year or two. Alphonso and he were alike shy of the Pope as Umpire; and Richard, so far as his money went, found some gleams of authority and comfortable flattery in the Rhenish provinces. At length, in 1263, money and patience being both probably out, he quitted Germany for the second and last time; came home to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire here,<sup>6</sup> more fool than he went. Till his death (A.D. 1271) he continued to call himself, and was by many persons called, Kaiser of the

<sup>6</sup> Gough's *Camden*, i., 339.

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Holy Roman Empire; needed a German clerk or two at Berkhamstead, we can suppose, but never went back; preferring pleasant Berkhamstead, with troubles of Simon de Montfort, or whatever troubles there might be, to any thing Germany had to offer him. These were the Three futile Kaisers; and the *late* Kaiser Conrad's young Boy, who one day might have swept the ground clear of them, perished—bright young Conradin, bright and brave, but only sixteen, and Pope's captive by ill luck—perished on the scaffold, "throwing out his glove" (in symbolical protest) amid the dark, mute Neapolitan multitudes that wintry morning. It was October 25th, 1268: Dante Alighieri, then a little boy at Florence, not three years old, gazing with strange eyes as the elders talked of such a performance by Christ's Vicar on Earth. A very tragic performance indeed, which brought on the Sicilian Vespers by-and-by; for the Heavens never fail to pay debts, your Holiness!

Germany was rocking down toward one saw not what—an Anarchic Republic of Princes, perhaps, and of Free Barons fast verging toward robbery? Sovereignty of multiplex Princes, with a Peerage of intermediate Robber Barons? Things are verging that way. Such Princes, big and little, each wrenching off for himself what lay loosest and handiest to him, found it a stirring game, and not so much amiss. On the other hand, some voice of the People, in feeble whimperings of a strange intensity, to the opposite effect, are audible to this day. Here are Three old Minstrels (*Minnesänger*) picked from Manesse's Collection by an obliging hand, who are of this date, and shall speak each a word:

No. 1 *loquitur* (in cramp doggerel, done into speech): "To thee, O Lord, we poor folk make moan; the Devil has sown his seeds in this land! Law thy hand created for protection of thy children; but where now is Law? Widows and Orphans weep that the Princes do not unite to have a Kaiser."

No. 2: "The princes grind in the Kaiser's mill; to the Reich they fling the siftings, and keep to themselves the meal. Not much in haste, they, to give us a Kaiser."

No. 3: "Like the Plague of Frogs, there they are come out, defiling the Reich's honor. Stork, when wilt thou appear, then," and with thy mandibles act upon them a little?"

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<sup>7</sup> Mentzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 345.

It was in such circumstances that Friedrich III., Burggraf of Nürnberg, who had long moaned and striven over these woes of his country, came to pay that visit, late in the night (1st or 2d of October, 1273), to his Cousin Rudolf, Lord of Hapsburg, under the walls of Basel—a notable scene in History. Rudolf was besieging Basel, being in some feud with the Bishop there, of which Friedrich and another had been proposed as umpires; and Friedrich now waited on his Cousin in this hasty manner, not about the Basel feud, but on a far higher, quite unexpected errand—to say that he, Rudolf, was elected Kaiser, and that better times for the Holy Roman Empire were now probable, with Heaven's help.<sup>8</sup> We call him Cousin, though what the kindred accurately was—a kindred by mothers—remains, except the general fact of it, disputable by Dryasdust. The actual visit under the walls of Basel is by some considered romantic; but that Rudolf, tough steel-gray man, besieging Basel on his own quarrel, on the terms just stated, was altogether unexpectedly apprised of this great news, and that Cousin Friedrich of Nürnberg had mainly contributed to such issue, is beyond question.<sup>9</sup> The event was salutary, like life instead of death, to anarchic Germany, and did eminent honor to Friedrich's judgment in men.

Richard of Cornwall having at last died, and his futile German clerks having quitted Berkhamstead forever, Alphonso of Castile, not now urged by rivalry, and seeing long since what a crank machine the thing was, had no objection to give it up; said so to the Pope, who was himself anxious for a settled Kaiser, the supplies of Papal German cash having run almost dry during these troubles; whereupon ensued earnest consultations among leading German men; Diet of the Empire sternly practical (we may well perceive), and with a minimum of talk, the Pope too being held rather well at a distance: the result of which was what we see.<sup>10</sup> Mainly due to Friedrich of Nürnberg, say all Historians; conjoining with him the then Archbishop of Maintz, who is officially President Elector (literally *Convener* of Electors): they two did it. Archbishop of Maintz had himself a pleasant accidental acquaintance with Rudolf—a night's lodging

<sup>8</sup> Rentsch, p. 299, 285, 298.

<sup>9</sup> Köhler, p. 249, 251.

<sup>10</sup> 24th September, 1273.

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once at Hapsburg, with escort over the Hills in dangerous circumstances—and might the more readily be made to understand what qualities the man now had, and how, in justness of insight, toughness of character, and general strength of bridle-hand, this actually might be the adequate man.

*Kaiser Rudolf and Burggraf Friedrich III.*

Last time we saw Rudolf, near thirty years ago, he was some equerry or subaltern dignitary among the Ritters of King Ottocar, doing a crusade against the Prussian Heathen, and seeing his master found Königsberg in that country. Changed times now! Ottocar, King of Bohemia, who (by the strong hand mainly, and money to Richard of Cornwall in the late troubles) has become Duke of Austria and much else, had himself expected the Kaisership, and of all astonished men, King Ottocar was probably the most astonished at the choice made. A dread sovereign, fierce, and terribly opulent, and every way resplendent to such degree; and this threadbare Swiss gentleman-at-arms, once “my domestic” (as Ottocar loved to term it), preferred to me! Flat insanity, King Ottocar thought; refused to acknowledge such a Kaiser; would not in the least give up his unjust properties, or even do homage for them or the others.

But there also Rudolf contrived to be ready for him. Rudolf invaded his rich Austrian territories, smote down Vienna, and all resistance that there was;<sup>11</sup> forced Ottocar to beg pardon and peace. “No pardon, nor any speech of peace, till you first do homage for all those lands of yours, whatever we may find them to be!” Ottocar was very loth, but could not help himself. Ottocar quitted Prag with a resplendent retinue, to come into the Danube country, and do homage to “my domestic” that once was. He bargained that the sad ceremony should be at least private; on an Island in the Danube, between the two retinues or armies; and in a tent, so that only official select persons might see it. The Island is called *Camberg* (near Vienna, I conclude), in the middle of the Donau River: there Ottocar accordingly knelt—he in great pomp of tailorage, Rudolf in mere buff jerkin, practical leather and iron: hide it, charitable canvas, from all but a few!

<sup>11</sup> 1276 (Köhler, p. 253).

Alas! precisely at this moment the treacherous canvas rushes down—hung so on purpose, thinks Ottocar—and it is a tent indeed, but a tent without walls, and all the world sees me in this scandalous plight!

Ottocar rode home in deep gloom; his poor Wife, too, upbraided him. He straightway rallied into War again, Rudolf again very ready to meet him. Rudolf met him, Friedrich of Nürnberg there among the rest under the Reichs-Banner, on the Marchfeld by the Donau (modern *Wagram* near by), and entirely beat, and even slew and ruined Ottocar;<sup>12</sup> whereby Austria fell now to Rudolf, who made his sons Dukes of it, which, or even Archdukes, they are to this day. Bohemia, Moravia, of these also Rudolf would have been glad; but of these there is an heir of Ottocar's left: these will require time and luck.

Prosperous, though toilsome days for Rudolf, who proved an excellent bit of stuff for a Kaiser, and found no rest, proving what stuff he was; in which prosperities, as indeed he continued to do in the perils and toils, Burggraf Friedrich III. of Nürnberg naturally partook: hence, and not gratis at all, the Hereditary Burggrafdom, and many other favors and accessions he got, for he continued Rudolf's steady helper, friend, and first man in all things to the very end—evidently one of the most important men in Germany, and candor will lead us to guess one of the worthiest, during those bad years of Interregnum and the better ones of Kaisership. After Conrad, his great-grandfather, he is the second notable architect of the Family House—founded by Conrad, conspicuously built up by this Friedrich III., and the first *story* of it finished, so to speak. Then come two Friedrichs as Burggrafs, his son and his grandson's grandson, "Friedrich IV." and "Friedrich VI.," by whom it was raised to the second story and the third—thenceforth one of the high Houses of the world.

That is the glimpse we can give of Friedrich, first Hereditary Burggraf, and of his Cousin Rudolf, first Hapsburg Kaiser. The latest Austrian Kaisers, the latest Kings of Prussia, they are sons of these two men.

<sup>12</sup> 26th August, 1278 (Köhler, p. 253).

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ASCANIER MARKGRAVES IN BRANDENBURG.

WE have said nothing of the Ascanier Markgraves, Electors of Brandenburg, all this while, nor in these limits can we now or henceforth say almost any thing—a proud enough, valiant, and diligent line of Markgraves, who had much fighting and other struggle in the world, steadily enlarging their border upon the Wends to the north, and adjusting it, with mixed success, against the *Wettin* gentlemen, who are Markgraves farther east (in the *Lausitz* now), who bound us to the south too (*Meissen*, Misnia), and who, in fact, came in for the whole of modern Saxony in the end. Much fighting, too, there was with the Archbishops of Magdeburg, now that the Wends are down: standing quarrel there, on the small scale, like that of Kaiser and Pope on the great; such quarrel as is to be seen in all places, and on all manner of scales, in that era of the Christian World.

None of our Markgraves rose to the height of their Progenitor, Albert the Bear; nor, indeed, except massed up, as “Albert’s Line,” and with a History ever more condensing itself almost to the form of *label*, can they pretend to memorability with us. What can Dryasdust himself do with them? That wholesome Dutch cabbages continued to be more and more planted, and peat-mire, blending itself with waste sand, became available for Christian mankind—intrusive Chaos, and especially divine *Triglyph* and his ferocities being well held aloof—this, after all, is the real History of our Markgraves; and of this, by the nature of the case, Dryasdust can say nothing. “New Mark,” which once meant Brandenburg at large, is getting subdivided into Mid-Mark, into *Uckermark* (closest to the Wends); and in Old Mark and New much is spreading, much getting planted and founded. In the course of centuries there will grow gradually to be “seven cities; and as many towns,” says one old jubilant Topographer, “as there are days in the year,” struggling to count up 365 of them.

*Of Berlin City.*

In the year (guessed to be) 1240, one Ascanier Markgraf "fortifies Berlin;" that is, first makes Berlin a German *Burg* and inhabited outpost in those parts: the very name, some think, means "Little Rampart" (*Wehrlin*), built there, on the banks of the Spree, against the Wends, and peopled with Dutch; of which latter fact, it seems, the old dialect of the place yields traces.<sup>1</sup> How it rose afterward to be chosen for Metropolis one can not say, except that it had a central situation for the now widened principalities of Brandenburg: the place otherwise is sandy by nature, sand and swamp the constituents of it, and stands on a sluggish river the color of oil. Wendish fishermen had founded some first nucleus of it long before, and called their fishing-hamlet *Cöln*, which is said to be the general Wendish title for places *founded on piles*, a needful method where your basis is swamp. At all events, "Cöln" still designates the oldest quarter of Berlin; and "Cöln on the Spree" (Cologne, or Cöln on the Rhine, being very different) continued, almost to modern times, to be the Official name of the Capital.

How the Dutch and Wends agreed together within their rampart, inclusive of both, is not said. The river lay between; they had two languages; peace was necessary; it is probable they were long rather on a taciturn footing. But in the oily river you do catch various fish; Cöln, amid its quagmires and straggling sluggish waters, can be rendered very strong. Some husbandry, wet or dry, is possible to diligent Dutchmen. There is room for trade also; Spree Havel Elbe is a direct water-road to Hamburg and the Ocean; by the Oder, which is not very far, you communicate with the Baltic on this hand, and with Poland and the uttermost parts of Silesia on that. Enough, Berlin grows; becomes, in about three hundred years, for one reason

<sup>1</sup> Nicolai: *Beschreibung der Königlichen Residenzstädte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i., p. 16, 17 of "Einleitung." Nicolai rejects the *Wehrlin* etymology; admits that the name was evidently appellative, not proper, "The Berlin," "To the Berlin;" finds in the world two objects, one of them at Halle, still called "The Berlin;" and thinks it must have meant (in some language of extinct mortals) "Wild Pasture-ground"—"The Scrubs," as we should call it. Possible; perhaps likely.

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and another, Capital City of the country—of these many countries. The Markgraves or Electors, after quitting Brandenburg, did not come immediately to Berlin; their next Residence was Tangermünde (*Mouth of the Tanger*, where little Tanger issues into Elbe), a much grassier place than Berlin, and which stands on a Hill, clay-and-sand Hill, likewise advantageous for strength. That Berlin should have grown after it once became Capital is not a mystery: it has quadrupled itself, and more, within the last hundred years, and I think doubled itself within the last thirty.

*Markgraf Otto IV., or Otto with the Arrow.*

One Ascanier Markgraf, and one only, Otto IV. by title, was a Poet withal; had an actual habit of doing verse. There are certain so-called Poems of his still extant, read by Dryasdust, with such enthusiasm as he can get up, in the old *Collection of Minne-singers*, made by Manesse, the Zürich Bürgermeister, while the matter was much fresher than it now is.<sup>2</sup> Madrigals all; *Minne-Songs*, describing the passion of love; now Otto felt under it—well and also ill; with little peculiarity of symptom, as appears. One of his lines is,

“*Ich wünsch ich were tot*, I wish that I were dead:”

the others still remain safe in Manesse's *Collection*.

This same Markgraf, Otto IV., Year 1278, had a dreadful quarrel with the See of Magdeburg about electing a Brother of his. The Chapter had chosen another than Otto's Brother. Otto makes war upon the Chapter; comes storming along; “will stable my horses in your Cathedral” on such and such a day! But the Archbishop chosen, who had been a fighter formerly, stirs up the Magdeburgers by preaching (“Horses to be stabled here, my Christian brethren”), by relics and quasi-miracles, to a furious condition; leads them out against Otto, beats Otto utterly; brings him in captive, amid hooting jubilations of

<sup>2</sup> Rüdiger von Manesse, who fought the Austrians too, made his *Sammlung* (Collection) in the latter half of the fourteenth century; it was printed, after many narrow risks of destruction in the interim, in 1758—Bodmer and Breitinger editing—at Zürich, 2 vols. 4to.

the conceivable kind: "Stable ready, but where are the horses? Serene child of Satanas!" Archbishop makes a Wooden Cage for Otto (big beams, spars stout enough, mere straw to lie on), and locks him up there, in a public situation in the City of Magdeburg, visible to mankind so, during certain months of that year 1278. It was in the very time while Ottocar was getting finished in the Marchfeld; much mutiny still abroad, and the new Kaiser Rudolf very busy.

Otto's Wife, all streaming in tears and flaming in zeal, what shall she do? "Sell your jewels," so advises a certain old Johann von Buch, discarded Ex-official: "sell your jewels, Madam; bribe the Canons of Magdeburg with extreme secrecy, none knowing of his neighbor; they will consent to ransom on terms possible." Poor Wife bribed as was bidden; Canons voted as they undertook; unanimous for ransom—high, but humanly possible. Markgraf Otto gets out on parole. But now, How raise such a ransom, our very jewels being sold? Old Johann von Buch again indicates ways and means—miraculous old gentleman: Markgraf Otto returns, money in hand, pays, and is solemnly discharged. The title of the sum I could give exact, but as none will in the least tell me what the value is, I humbly forbear.

"We are clear, then, at this date?" said Markgraf Otto from his horse, just taking leave of the Magdeburg Canonry. "Yes," answered they. "Pshaw! you don't know the value of a Markgraf," said Otto. "What is it, then?" "Rain gold ducats on his war-horse and him," said Otto, looking up with a satirical grin, "till horse and Markgraf are buried in them, and you can not see the point of his spear atop!" That would be a cone of gold coins equal to the article, thinks our Markgraf, and rides grinning away.<sup>3</sup> The poor Archbishop, a valiant pious man, finding out that late strangely unanimous vote of his Chapter for ransoming the Markgraf, took it so ill that he soon died of a broken heart, say the old Books. Die he did before long, and still Otto's Brother was refused as successor. Brother, however, again survived; behaved always wisely, and Otto at last had his way. "Makes an excellent Archbishop, after all!" said the Magdeburgers. Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole.

<sup>3</sup> Michaelis, i., 271; Pauli, i., 316; Kloss, &c.

The same Otto, besieging some stronghold of his Magdeburg or other enemies, got an arrow shot into the skull of him—into, not through, which no surgery could extract, not for a year to come. Otto went about, sieging much the same, with the iron in his head, and is called *Otto mit dem Pfeile*, *Otto Sagittarius*, or Otto with the Arrow, in consequence. A Markgraf who writes Madrigals; who does sieges with an arrow in his head; who lies in a wooden cage, jeered by the Magdeburgers, and proposes such a cone of ducats, I thought him the memorablest of those forgotten Markgraves, and that his jolting Life-pilgrimage might stand as the general sample. Multiply a year of Otto by 200, you have, on easy conditions, some imagination of a History of the Ascanier Markgraves—forgettable otherwise; or it can be read in the gross, darkened with endless details, and thrice-dreary, half-intelligible traditions, in Pauli's fatal Quartos and elsewhere, if any one needs. The year of that Magdeburg speech about the cone of ducats is 1278: King Edward the First, in this country, was walking about, a prosperous man of forty, with very *Long Shanks*, and also with a head of good length.

Otto, as had been the case in the former Line, was a frequent name among those Markgraves: "Otto the Pious" (whom we saw crusading once in Preussen with King Ottocar, his Brother-in-law), "Otto the Tall," "Otto the Short (*Parvus*)"—I know not how many Ottos besides him "with the Arrow." Half a century after this one of the *Arrow* (under his Grand-Nephew it was), the Ascanier Markgraves ended, their Line also dying out.

Not the successfulest of Markgraves, especially in later times. Brandenburg was indeed steadily an electorate, its Markgraf a *Kurfürst* or Elector of the Empire, and always rather on the increase than otherwise. But the Territories were apt to be much split up to younger sons—two or more Markgraves at once, the eldest for Elector, with other arrangements, which seldom answer. They had also fallen into the habit of borrowing money, pawning, redeeming a good deal, with Teutsch Ritters and others. Then they puddled considerably—and to their loss, seldom choosing the side that proved winner—in the general broils of the Reich, which at that time, as we have seen, was unusual-

ly anarchic. None of the successfulest of Markgraves latterly, but they were regretted beyond measure in comparison with the next set that came, as we shall see.

## CHAPTER IX.

### BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH IV.

BRANDENBURG and the Hohenzollern Family of Nürnberg have hitherto no mutual acquaintanceship whatever: they go, each its own course, wide enough apart in the world, little dreaming that they are to meet by-and-by, and coalesce, wed for better and worse, and become one flesh, as is the way in all romance. "Marriages" among men, and other entities of importance, "are evidently made in Heaven."

Friedrich IV. of Nürnberg, Son of that Friedrich III., Kaiser Rudolf's successful friend, was again a notable increaser of his House, which finally, under his Great-grandson, named Friedrich VI., attained the Electoral height, of which there was already some hint. Well, under the first of these two Friedrichs some slight approximation, and under his Son a transient express introduction (so to speak) of Brandenburg to Hohenzollern took place, without immediate result of consequence; but under the second of them occurred the wedding, as we may call it, or union "for better or worse, till death do us part." How it came about? Easy to ask, How? The reader will have to cast some glances into the confused *Reichs*-History of the time—timid glances, for the element is of the dangerous, extensive sort, mostly jungle and shaking bog—and we must travel through this corner of it as on shoes of swiftness, treading lightly.

*Contested Elections in the Reich: Kaiser Albert I., after whom Six Non-Hapsburg Kaisers.*

The Line of Rudolf of Hapsburg did not at once succeed continuously to the Empire, as the wont had been in such cases, where the sons were willing and of good likelihood. After such a spell of anarchy, parties still ran higher than usual in the Holy Roman Empire, and wide-yawning splits would not yet

coalesce to the old pitch. It appears, too, the posterity of Rudolf, stiff, inarticulate, proud men, and of a turn for engrossing and amassing, were not always lovely to the public. Albert, Rudolf's eldest son, for instance, Kaiser Albert I.—who did succeed, though not at once, or till after killing Rudolf's immediate successor<sup>1</sup>—Albert was by no means a prepossessing man, though a tough and hungry one. It must be owned, he had a harsh, ugly character, and face to match: big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of an eye—not kaiser-like at all to an Electoral Body. “*Est homo monoculus, et vultu rustico; non potest esse Imperator!*” (A one-eyed fellow, and looks like a clown; he can not be Emperor!)” said Pope Boniface VIII., when consulted about him.<sup>2</sup>

Enough; from the death of Rudolf, A.D. 1281, there intervened a hundred and fifty years, and eight successive Kaisers, singly or in line, only one of whom (this same Albert of the unlovely countenance) was a Hapsburger, before the Family, often trying it all along, could get a third time into the Imperial saddle, where, after that, it did sit steady. Once in for the third time, the Hapsburgers got themselves “elected” (as they still called it) time after time—always elected, with but one poor exception, which will much concern my readers by-and-by—to the very end of the matter, and saw the Holy Roman Empire itself expire, and both saddle and horse vanish out of Nature, before they would dismount; nay, they still ride there on the shadow of a saddle, so to speak, and are “Kaisers of Austria” at this hour, steady enough of seat at last, after many vain trials.

For during those Hundred and fifty years—among those six intercalary Kaisers, too, who followed Albert—they were always trying, always thinking they had a kind of quasi-right to it, whereby the Empire often fell into trouble at Election-time; for they were proud, stout men, our Hapsburgers, though of taciturn, unconciliatory ways; and Rudolf had so fitted them out with fruitful Austrian Dukedoms, which they much increased by marriages and otherwise—Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, by degrees, not to speak of their native *Hapsburg* much enlarged,

<sup>1</sup> Adolf of Nassau, slain by Albert's own hand; “Battle” of Hasenbühl, “near Worms, 2d July, 1298” (Köhler, p. 265).

<sup>2</sup> Köhler, p. 267–73; and *Münzbelustigungen*, xix., 156–60.

and claims on Switzerland all round it—they had excellent means of battling for their pretensions and disputable elections. None of them succeeded, however, for a hundred and fifty years, except that same one-eyed, loose-lipped, unbeautiful Albert I., a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods too, who indeed grasped all round him, at property half his, or wholly not his: Rhine-tolls, Crown of Bohemia, Landgraviate of Thuringen, Swiss Forest Cantons, Crown of Hungary, Crown of France even—getting endless quarrels on his hands, and much defeat mixed with any victory there was. Poor soul! he had six-and-twenty children by one wife, and felt that there was need of appanages. He is understood (guessed, not proved) to have instigated two assassinations in pursuit of these objects, and he very clearly underwent *one* in his own person. Assassination first was of Dietzman the Thuringian Landgraf, an Anti-Albert champion, who refused to be robbed by Albert, for whom the great Dante is (with almost palpable absurdity) fabled to have written an Epitaph still legible in the Church at Leipzig.<sup>3</sup> Assassination second was of Wentzel, the poor young Bohemian King, Ottocar's Grandson and last heir. Sure enough, this important young gentleman "was murdered by some one at Olmütz next year" (1306, a promising event for Albert then), "but none yet knows who it was."<sup>4</sup>

Neither of which suspicious transactions came to any result for Albert, as indeed most of his unjust graspings proved failures. He at one time had thoughts of the Crown of France: "Yours, I solemnly declare!" said the Pope. But that came to nothing, only to France's shifting of the Popes to Avignon, more under the thumb of France. What his ultimate success with Tell and the Forest Cantons was we all know. A most clutching, strong-fisted, dreadfully hungry, tough, and unbeautiful man, whom his own Nephew, at last, had to assassinate at the Ford of the Reuss (near Windisch Village, meeting of the Reuss and Aar, 1st May, 1308): "Scandalous Jew pawnbroker of an Uncle, wilt thou flatly keep from me my Father's heritage, then, intrusted to thee in his hour of death, regardless of God and man, and of the last

<sup>3</sup> Menckenii *Scriptores*, i., § *Fredericus Admorsus* (by Tentzel).

<sup>4</sup> Köhler, p. 270.

1308.

look of a dying Brother? Uncle worse than pawnbroker, for it is a heritage with *no* pawn on it—with much the reverse,” thought the Nephew, and stabbed said Uncle down dead, having gone across with him in the boat; attendants looking on in distraction from the other side of the river; was called Johannes *Parricida* in consequence; fled out of human sight that day, he and his henchmen, never to turn up again till Doomsday; for the pursuit was transcendent, regardless of expense; the cry for legal vengeance very great (on the part of Albert’s daughters chiefly), though in vain, or nearly so, in this world.<sup>5</sup>

*Of Kaiser Henry VII. and the Luxemburg Kaisers.*

Of the other six Kaisers not Hapsburgers we are bound to mention one, and dwell a little on his fortunes and those of the Family he founded, both Brandenburg and our Hohenzollerns coming to be much connected therewith as time went on. This is Albert’s next successor, Henry, Count of Luxemburg, called among Kaisers Henry VII. He is founder, he alone among these Non-Hapsburgers, of a small intercalary *line* of Kaisers, “the Luxemburg Line,” who amount, indeed, only to Four, himself included, and are not otherwise of much memorability, if we except himself; though straggling about, like well-rooted briars, in that favorable ground, they have accidentally hooked themselves upon World-History in one or two points. By accident a somewhat noteworthy line, those Luxemburg Kaisers—a celebrated place too, or name of a place, that “*Luxembourg*” of theirs, with its French Marshals, grand Parisian Edifices, lending it new lustre. What, thinks the reader, is the meaning of Lützenburg, Luxemburg, Luxembourg? Merely *Lützelburg* wrong pronounced, and that, again, is nothing but *Littleborough*: such is the luck of names.

Heinrich Graf von Luxemburg was, after some pause on the parricide of Albert, chosen Kaiser, “on account of his renowned valor,” say the old Books, and also, add the shrewder of them, because his Brother, Archbishop of Trier, was one of the Electors,

<sup>5</sup> Köhler, p. 272. Hormayr: (*Esterreichischer Plutarch, oder Leben und Bildnisse*, &c. (12 Bändchen; Wien, 1807: a superior book), i., 65.

and the Pope did not like either the Austrian or the French candidate then in the field. Chosen, at all events, he was, 27th November, 1308;<sup>6</sup> clearly and by much the best Kaiser that could be had: a puissant soul, who might have done great things had he lived. He settled feuds, cut off oppressions from the *Reichstädte* (Free Towns), had a will of just sort, and found or made a way for it. Bohemia lapsed to him, the old race of Kings having perished out, the last of them far too suddenly "at Olmütz," as we saw lately. Some opposition there was, but much more favor, especially by the Bohemian People; and the point, after some small "Siege of Prag" and the like, was definitely carried by the Kaiser. The now Burggraf of Nürnberg, Frederick IV., son of Rudolf's friend, was present at this Siege of Prag,<sup>7</sup> a Burggraf much attached to Kaiser Henry, as all good Germans were. But the Kaiser did not live.

He went to Italy, our Burggraf of Nürnberg, and many more along with him, to pull the crooked Guelf-Ghibelline Facts and Avignon Pope a little straight, if possible, and was vigorously doing it, when he died on a sudden, "poisoned in sacramental wine," say the Germans: one of the crowning summits of human scoundrelism, which painfully stick in the mind. It is certain he arrived well at Buonconvento, near Sienna, on the 24th September, 1313, in full march toward the rebellious King of Naples, whom the Pope much countenanced. At Buonconvento Kaiser Henry wished to enjoy the communion, and a Dominican monk, whose dark, rat-eyed look men afterward bethought them of, administered it to him in both species (Council of Trent not yet prohibiting the liquid species): that is certain, and also that on the morrow Henry was dead. The Dominicans endeavored afterward to deny, which, for the credit of human nature, one wishes they had done with effect;<sup>8</sup> but there was never any trial had, the denial was considered lame, and German History continues to shudder in that passage, and assert—Poisoned in the wine of his sacrament: the Florentines, it is said, were at the bottom of it, and had hired the rat-eyed Dominican—"O Italia,

<sup>6</sup> Köhler, p. 274.

<sup>7</sup> 1310 (Rentsch, p. 311).

<sup>8</sup> Köhler, p. 281 (Ptolomy of Lucca, himself a Dominican, is one of the accusing spirits: Muratori, l. xi., § *Ptolomæus Lucensis*, A.D. 1313).

*O Firenze !*" That is not the way to achieve Italian Liberty, or Obedience to God ; that is the way to confirm, as by a frightful Stygian oath, Italian Slavery, or continual Obedience, under varying forms, to the Other Party. The voice of Dante, then alive among men, proclaims, sad and loving as a mother's voice, and implacable as a voice of Doom, that you are wandering, and have wandered, in a terrible manner.

Peter, the then Archbishop of Maintz, says there had not for hundreds of years such a death befallen the German Empire ; to which Köhler, one of the wisest moderns, gives his assent : "It could not enough be lamented," says he, "that so vigilant a Kaiser, in the flower of his years, should have been torn from the world in so devilish a manner, who, if he had lived longer, might have done Teutschland unspeakable benefit."<sup>9</sup>

*Henry's Son Johann is King of Bohemia ; and Ludwig the Bavarian, with a Contested Election, is Kaiser.*

Henry VII. having thus perished suddenly, his son Johann, scarcely yet come of age, could not follow him as Kaiser, according to the Father's thought, though in due time he prosecuted his advancement otherwise to good purpose, and proved a very stirring man in the world. By his Father's appointment, to whom, as Kaiser, the chance had fallen, he was already King of Bohemia, strong in his right and in the favor of the natives, though a titular Competitor, Henry of Tyrol, beaten off by the late Kaiser, was still extant ; whom, however, and all other perils, Johann contrived to weather ; growing up to be a far-sighted, stout-hearted man, and potent Bohemian King, widely renowned in his day. He had a Son, and then two Grandsons, who were successively Kaisers, after a sort, making up the "Luxemburg Four" we spoke of. He did Crusades, one or more, for the Teutsch Ritters, in a shining manner, unhappily with loss of an eye—nay, ultimately, by the aid of quack oculists, with loss of both eyes ; an ambitious man, not to be quelled by blindness ; man with much negotiation in him ; with a heavy stroke of fight too, and temper nothing loth at it, of which we shall see some glimpse by-and-by.

<sup>9</sup> Köhler, p. 282-5.

The pity was, for the Reich if not for him, he could not himself become Kaiser. Perhaps we had not then seen Henry VII.'s fine enterprises, like a fleet of half-built ships, go mostly to planks again on the waste sea, had his son followed him. But there was, on the contrary, a contested election; Austria in again, as usual, and again unsuccessful. The late Kaiser's Austrian competitor, "Friedrich the Fair, Duke of Austria," the parricided Albert's Son, was again one of the parties, against whom, with real but not quite indisputable majority, stood Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria, "Ludwig IV.," "*Ludwig der Baier* (the Bavarian)," as they call him among Kaisers. Contest attended with the usual election expenses; war-wrestle, namely, between the parties till one threw the other. There was much confused wrestling and throttling for seven years or more (1315–1322). Our Nürnberg Burggraf, Friedrich IV., held with Ludwig, as did the real majority, though in a languid manner, and was busy he as few were; the Austrian Hapsburgs also doing their best, now under, now above. Johann, King of Bohemia, was on Ludwig's side as yet. Ludwig's own Brother, Kur-Pfalz (ancestor of all the Electors and their numerous branches since known there), an *elder* Brother, was, "out of spite" as men thought, decidedly against Ludwig.

In the eighth year came a Fight that proved decisive. Fight at Mühldorf on the Inn, 28th September, 1322, far down in those Danube Countries, beyond where Marlborough ever was, where there has been much fighting first and last: Burggraf Friedrich was conspicuously there. A very great Battle, say the old Books—says Hormayr in a new readable Book,<sup>10</sup> giving minute account of it. Ludwig rather held aloof rearward; committed his business to the Hohenzollern Burggraf and to one Schweppermann, aided by a noble lord called Rindsmaul ("Cowmouth," no less), and by others experienced in such work. Friedrich the Hapsburger, *der Schöne*, Duke of Austria, and self-styled Kaiser, a gallant, handsome man, breathed mere martial fury, they say: he knew that his Brother Leopold was on march with a re-enforcement to him from the Strasburg quarter, and might arrive any moment; but he could not wait—perhaps afraid Ludwig might run; he rashly determined to beat Ludwig without re-en-

<sup>10</sup> Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, ii., 31–37.

forcement. Our rugged, fervid Hormayr (though imitating Tacitus and Johannes von Müller overmuch) will instruct fully any modern that is curious about this big Battle; what furious charging, worrying; how it "lasted ten hours;" how the blazing Handsome Friedrich stormed about and "slew above fifty with his own hand." To us this is the interesting point: At one turn of the Battle, tenth hour of it now ending, and the tug of war still desperate, there arose a cry of joy over all the Austrian ranks: "Help coming! Help!" and Friedrich noticed a body of Horse, "in Austrian cognizance" (such the cunning of a certain man), coming in upon his rear. Austrians and Friedrich never doubted but it was Brother Leopold just getting on the ground, and rushed forward doubly fierce—doubly fierce, and were doubly astonished when it plunged in upon them, sharp-edged, as Burggraf Friedrich of Nürnberg, and quite ruined Austrian Friedrich! Austrian Friedrich fought personally like a lion at bay, but it availed nothing. Rindsmaul (not lovely of lip, *Cow-mouth* so-called) disarmed him: "I will not surrender except to a Prince!" So Burggraf Friedrich was got to take surrender of him, and the Fight, and whole Controversy with it, was completely won.<sup>11</sup>

Poor Leopold, the Austrian Brother, did not arrive till the morrow, and saw a sad sight before flying off again. Friedrich the Fair sat prisoner in the old Castle of Trausnitz (*Ober Pfalz*, Upper Palatinate, or Nürnberg country) for three years, whittling sticks; Tourists, if curious, can still procure specimens of them at the place, for a consideration. There sat Friedrich, Brother Leopold moving Heaven and Earth—and, in fact, they said, the very Devil, by art magic<sup>12</sup>—to no purpose, to deliver him. And his poor Spanish Wife cried her eyes, too literally, out—sight gone, in sad fact.

Ludwig the Bavarian reigned thenceforth, though never on

<sup>11</sup> *Jeden Mann ein Ey* (One egg to every man),  
*Dem frommen Schweppermann Zwey* (Two to the  
excellent Schweppermann):

Tradition still repeats this old rhyme, as the Kaiser's Address to his Army, or his Head Captains, at supper, after such a day's work, in a country already eaten to the bone.

<sup>12</sup> Kähler, p. 288.

easy terms. How grateful to Friedrich of Nürnberg we need not say. For one thing, he gave him all the Austrian Prisoners, whom Friedrich, judiciously generous, dismissed without ransom except that they should be feudally subject to him henceforth. This is the third Hohenzollern whom we mark as a conspicuous acquirer in the Hohenzollern family, this Friedrich IV., builder of the second story of the House. If Conrad, original Burggraf, founded the House, then (figuratively speaking) the able Friedrich III., who was Rudolf of Hapsburg's friend, built it one story high; and here is a new Friedrich, his Son, who has added a second story. It is astonishing, says Dryasdust, how many feudal superiorities the Anspach and Baireuth people still have in Austria: they maintain their own *Lehnprobst*, or Official Manager for fief-casualties in that country, all which proceed from this Battle of Mühldorf.<sup>13</sup> Battle fought on the 28th of September, 1322, eight years after *Bannockburn*, while our poor Edward II. and England with him were in such a welter with their Spencers and their Gavestons; eight years after *Bannockburn*, and four-and-twenty before Crecy. That will date it for English readers.

Kaiser Ludwig reigned some twenty-five years more, in a busy and even strenuous, but not a successful way. He had good windfalls, too; for example, Brandenburg, as we shall see. He made friends; reconciled himself to his Brother Kur-Pfalz and junior Cousinry there, settling handsomely, and with finality, the debatable points between them. Enemies, too, he made, especially Johann the Luxemburger, King of Bohemia—on what ground will be seen shortly—who became at last inveterate to a high degree. But there was one supremely sore element in his lot: a Pope at Avignon, to whom he could by no method make himself agreeable; Pope who put him under ban, not long after that Mühldorf victory, and kept him so; inexorable, let poor Ludwig turn as he might. Ludwig's German Princes stood true to him; declared, in solemn Diet, the Pope's ban to be mere spent shot, of no avail in Imperial Politics. Ludwig went vigorously to Italy; tried setting up a Pope of his own; but that would not answer, nor, of course, tend to mollify the Holiness at Avignon.

<sup>13</sup> Rentsch, p. 313; Pauli, &c.

In fine, Ludwig had to carry this cross on his back, in a sorrowful manner, all his days. The Pope at last, finding Johann of Bohemia in a duly irritated state, persuaded him into setting up an Anti-Kaiser—Johann's second Son as Anti-Kaiser—who, though of little account, and called *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons' Kaiser) by the public, might have brought farther troubles, had that lasted. We shall see some ultimate glimpses of it farther on.

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## CHAPTER X.

### BRANDENBURG LAPSES TO THE KAISER.

Two years before the victory at Mühldorf a bad chance befell in Brandenburg—the *Ascanier* Line of Markgraves or Electors ended. Magniloquent Otto with the Arrow, Otto the Short, Hermann the Tall, all the Ottos, Hermanns, and others, died by course of nature; nephew Waldemar himself, a stirring man, died prematurely (A.D. 1319), and left only a young cousin for successor, who died few months after:<sup>1</sup> the Line of Albert the Bear went out in Brandenburg. They had lasted there about Two hundred years. They had not been, in late times, the successfulest Markgraves; territories much split up among younger sons, joint Markgraves reigning, which seldom answers; yet to the last they always made stout fight for themselves, walked the stage in a high manner, and surely might be said to quit it creditably, leaving such a Brandenburg behind them, chiefly of their making, during the Two Centuries that had been given them before the Night came.

There were plenty of Ascanier Cousins still extant in those parts, Saxon dignitaries, Anhalt dignitaries, lineal descendants of Albert the Bear, to some of whom, in usual times, Albert's inheritance would naturally have been granted; but the times were of battle, uncertainty, contested election; and the Ascaniers, I perceive, had rather taken Friedrich of Austria's side, which proved the losing one. Kaiser Ludwig *der Baier* would appoint none of these; Anti-Kaiser Friedrich's appointments, if

<sup>1</sup> September, 1320 (Pauli, i., 391). Michaelis, i., 260-277.

he made any, could be only nominal in those distant Northern parts. Ludwig, after his victory of Mühldorf, preferred to consider the Electorate of Brandenburg as lapsed, lying vacant, ungoverned these three years, and now become the Kaiser's again. Kaiser, in consequence, gave it to his Son, whose name also is Ludwig: the date of the Investiture is 1323 (year after that victory of Mühldorf), a date unfortunate to Brandenburg. We come now into a Line of *Bavarian* Markgraves, and then of *Luxemburg* ones, both of which are of fatal significance to Brandenburg.

The Ascanier Cousins, high Saxon dignitaries some of them, gloomed mere disappointment, and protested hard, but could not mend the matter now or afterward. Their Line went out in Saxony, too, in course of time; gave place to the *Wettins*, who are still there. The Ascanier had to be content with the more pristine state of acquisitions—high pedigrees, old castles of Ascanien and Ballenstädt, territories of Anhalt, or what else they had, and never rose again to the lost height, though the race still lives, and has qualities besides its pedigree. We said the “Old Dessauer,” Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was the head of it in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, and to this day he has descendants. Catharine II. of Russia was of Anhalt-Zerbst, a junior branch. Albert the Bear, if that is of any use to him, has still occasionally notable representatives.

Ludwig junior, Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian's eldest son, was still under age when appointed Kurfürst of Brandenburg in 1323: of course, he had a “*Stateholder*” (Vice-regent, *Statthalter*); then, and afterward in occasional absences of his, a series of such. Kaiser's Councilors, Burggraf Friedrich IV. among them, had to take some thought of Brandenburg in its new posture. Who these Brandenburg Statthalters were is heartily indifferent even to Dryasdust, except that one of them for some time was a Hohenzollern, which circumstance Dryasdust marks with the due note of admiration. “What he did there,” Dryasdust admits, “is not written any where”—good, we will hope, and not evil—but only the Diploma nominating him (of date 1346, not in Ludwig's minority, but many years after that had ended<sup>2</sup>) now ex-

<sup>2</sup> Rentsch, p. 323.

ists by way of record; a difficult problem he, like the other regents and vice-regents, must have had, little dreaming that it was intrinsically for a grandson of his own, and long line of grandsons. The name of this temporary Statthalter, the first Hohenzollern who had ever the least concern with Brandenburg, is Burggraf Johann II., eldest Son of our distinguished Mühlendorf friend Friedrich IV., and Grandfather (through another Friedrich) of Burggraf Friedrich VI., which last gentleman, as will be seen, did doubtless reap the sowings, good and bad, of all manner of men in Brandenburg. The same Johann II. it was who purchased Plassenburg Castle and Territory (cheap, for money down), where the Family afterward had its chief residence. Hof, Town and Territory, had fallen to his Father in those parts, a gift of gratitude from Kaiser Ludwig: most of the Voigtland is now Hohenzollern.

Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian left his sons Electors of Brandenburg — “Electors, *Kurfürsts*,” now becomes the commoner term for so important a Country—Electors not in easy circumstances. But no son of his succeeded Ludwig as Kaiser—successor in the Reich was that Pfaffen-Kaiser, Johann of Bohemia’s son, a Luxemburger once more—no son of Ludwig’s, nor did any descendant, except, after four hundred years, that unfortunate Kaiser, Karl VII., in Maria Theresa’s time. He was a descendant, of whom we shall hear more than enough. The unluckiest of all Kaisers that Karl VII. ; less a Sovereign Kaiser than a bone thrown into the ring for certain royal dogs, Louis XV., George II., and others, to worry about—watch-dogs of the gods, apt sometimes to run into hunting instead of warding. We will say nothing more of Ludwig the Baier or his posterity at present; we will glance across to Preussen, and see, for one moment, what the Teutsch Ritters are doing in their new Century. It is the year 1330; Johann II. at Nürnberg, as yet only coming to be Burggraf, by no means yet administering in Brandenburg, and Ludwig junior seven years old in his new dignity there.

The Teutsch Ritters, after infinite travail, have subdued heathen Preussen; colonized the country with industrious German

immigrants; banked the Weichsel and the Nogat, subduing their quagmires into meadows, and their waste streams into deep ship-courses. Towns are built, Königsberg (*King Ottocar's town*), Thoren (Thorn, *City of the Gates*), with many others; so that the wild population and the tame now lived tolerably together, under Gospel and Lübeck Law; and all was plowing and trading, and a rich country, which had made the Teutsch Ritters rich, and victoriously at their ease in comparison. But along with riches and the ease of victory, the common bad consequences had ensued. Ritters given up to luxuries, to secular ambitions; ritters no longer clad in austere mail and prayer; ritters given up to wantonness of mind and conduct; solemnly vowing, and quietly not doing; without remorse or consciousness of wrong, daily eating forbidden fruit; ritters swelling more and more into the fatted-ox condition, for whom there is but one doom. How far they had carried it, here is one symptom that may teach us.

In the year 1330, one Werner von Orseln was Grand-master of these Ritters. The Grand-master, who is still usually the best man they can get, and who, by theory, is sacred to them as a Grand-Lama or Pope among Cardinal-Lamas, or as an Abbot to his Monks—Grand-master Werner, we say, had lain down in Marienburg one afternoon of this year 1330, to take his siesta, and was dreaming peaceably after a moderate repast, when a certain devil-ridden mortal, Johann von Endorf, one of his Ritters, long grumbling about severity, want of promotion, and the like, rushed in upon the good old man, ran him through, dead for a ducat,<sup>3</sup> and consummated a *parricide* at which the very cross on one's white cloak shudders—parricide worse, a great deal, than that at the ford of Reuss upon one-eyed Albert.

We leave the shuddering Ritters to settle it, sternly vengeful, whom for a moment it has struck broad-awake to some sense of the very questionable condition they are getting into.

<sup>3</sup> Voigt, iv., 474, 482.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BAVARIAN KURFÜRSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

YOUNG Ludwig, Kurfürst of Brandenburg, Kaiser Ludwig's eldest son, having come of years, the Tutors or Statthalters went home—not wanted, except in cases of occasional absence henceforth—and the young man endeavored to manage on his own strength. His success was but indifferent; he held on, however, for a space of twenty years, better or worse. “He helped King Edward III. at the Siege of Cambray (A.D. 1339),”<sup>1</sup> whose French politics were often connected with the Kaiser's: it is certain Kurfürst Ludwig “served personally with 600 horse” (on good payment, I conclude) “at that Siege of Cambray,” and probably saw the actual Black Prince, and sometimes dined with him, as English readers can imagine. In Brandenburg he had many checks and difficult passages, but was never quite beaten out, which it was easy to have been.

A man of some ability, as we can gather, though not of enough: he played his game with resolution, not without skill; but from the first the cards were against him. His Father's affairs going mostly ill were no help to his, which of themselves went not well. The Brandenburgers, mindful of their old Ascanier sovereigns, were ill-affected to Ludwig and the new Bavarian sort. The Anhalt Cousinry gloomed irreconcilable; were never idle, digging pitfalls, raising troubles. From them and others Kurfürst Ludwig had troubles enough, which were fronted by him really not amiss, which we wholly omit in this place.

*A resuscitated Ascanier; the False Waldemar.*

The wickedest and worst trouble of their raising was that of the resuscitated Waldemar (A.D. 1345); “False Waldemar,” as he is now called in Brandenburg Books. Waldemar was the last, or as good as the last, of the Ascanier Markgraves, and he,

<sup>1</sup> Michaelis, i., 279.

two years before Ludwig ever saw those countries, died in his bed, twenty-five good years ago, and was buried, and seemingly ended. But no; after twenty-five years Waldemar reappears: "Not buried or dead, only sham-buried, sham-dead; have been in the Holy Land all this while, doing pilgrimage and penance, and am come to claim my own again, which strangers are much misusing!"<sup>2</sup>

Perkin Warbeck, *Post-mortem* Richard II., Dimitri of Russia, Martin Guerre of the *Causes Célèbres*: it is a common story in the world, and needs no commentary now. *Post-mortem* Waldemar, it is said, was a Miller's Man, "of the name of Jakob Rehback," who used to be about the real Waldemar in a menial capacity, and had some resemblance to him. He showed signets, recounted experiences which had belonged to the real Waldemar. Many believed in his pretension, and took arms to assert it, the Reich being in much internal battle at the time; poor Kaiser Ludwig, with his Avignon Popes and angry Kings Johann, wading in deep waters. Especially the disaffected Cousinry, or Princes of Anhalt, believed and battled for *Post-mortem* Waldemar, who were thought to have got him up from the first. Kurfürst Ludwig had four or five most sad years with him—all the worse when the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (King Johann's son) came on the stage in the course of them (A.D. 1346), and Kaiser Ludwig, yielding not indeed to him, but to Death, vanished from it two years after,<sup>3</sup> leaving Kurfürst Ludwig to his own shifts with the Pfaffen-Kaiser, whom he could not now hinder from succeeding to the Reich. He tried hard; set up, he and others, an Anti-Kaiser (*Günther of Schwartzburg*, temporary Anti-Kaiser, whom English readers can forget again): he hustled, battled, negotiated up and down, and ran across, at one time, to Preussen, to the Teutsch Ritters—presumably to borrow money—but it all would not do. The Pfaffen-Kaiser carried it, in the Diet and out of the Diet: Karl IV. by title; a sorry enough Kaiser, and by nature an enemy of Ludwig's.

It was in this whirl of intricate misventures that Kurfürst

<sup>2</sup> Michaelis, i., 279.

<sup>3</sup> Elected, 1314; Mühldorf, and Election complete, 1322; died, 1347, age sixty.

Ludwig had to deal with his False Waldemar, conjured from the deeps upon him, like a new goblin, where already there were plenty, in the dance round poor Ludwig, of which nearly inextricable goblin-dance, threatening Brandenburg, for one thing, with annihilation, and yet leading Brandenburg abstrusely toward new birth and higher destinies, how will it be possible (without raising new ghosts, in a sense) to give readers any intelligible notion? Here, flickering on the edge of conflagration after duty done, is a poor Note, which perhaps the reader had better, at the risk of superfluity, still in part take along with him :

“Kaiser Henry VII., who died of sacramental wine, First of the Luxemburg Kaisers, left Johann, still a Boy of fifteen, who could not become the second of them, but did in time produce the Second, who again produced the Third and Fourth.

“Johann was already King of Bohemia. The important young gentleman, Ottocar's grandson, whom we saw ‘murdered at Olmütz, none yet knows by whom,’ had left that throne vacant, and it lapsed to the Kaiser, who, the Nation also favoring, duly put in his son Johann. There was a competitor, ‘Duke of the Tyrol,’ who claimed on loose grounds : ‘My wife was Aunt of the young murdered King,’ said he ; ‘wherefore—’ Kaiser, and Johann after him, rebutted this competitor ; but he long gave some trouble, having great wealth and means. He produced a daughter, Margaret, Heiress of the Tyrol, with a terrible *mouth* to her face, and none of the gentlest hearts in her body : that was perhaps his principal feat in the world. He died in 1331 ; had styled himself ‘King of Bohemia’ for twenty years—ever since 1308—but in the last two years of his life he gave it up, and ceased from troubling, having come to a beautiful agreement with Johann.

“Johann, namely, wedded his eldest Son to this competitor's fine Daughter with the mouth (Year 1329). ‘In this manner do not Bohemia and the Tyrol come together in my blood and in yours, and both of us are made men?’ said the two contracting parties. Alas ! no ; the competitor Duke, father of the Bride, died two years after, probably with diminished hopes of it, and King Johann lived to see the hope expire dismally altogether. There came no children, there came no—in fact, Margaret, after a dozen years of wedlock, in unpleasant circumstances, broke it off as if by explosion ; took herself and her Tyrol irrevocably over to Kaiser Ludwig, quite away from King Johann, who, his hopes of the Tyrol expiring in such dismal manner, was thenceforth the bitter enemy of Ludwig and what held of him.”

Tyrol explosion was in 1342. And now, keeping these preliminary dates and outlines in mind, we shall understand the big-mouthed Lady better, and the consequences of her in the world.

*Margaret with the Pouch-mouth.*

What principally raised this dance of the devils round poor Ludwig, I perceive, was a marriage he had made three years before Waldemar emerged, of which, were it only for the sake of the Bride's name, some mention is permissible. Margaret of the Tyrol, commonly called by contemporaries and posterity *Maultasche* (Mouthpoke, Pocket-mouth), she was the bride—marriage done at Innspruck, 1342, under furtherance of Father Ludwig the Kaiser—such a mouth as we can fancy, and a character corresponding to it. This, which seemed to the two Ludwigs a very conquest of the golden fleece under conditions, proved the beginning of their worst days to both of them.

Not a lovely Bride at all, this Maultasche, who is verging now toward middle life withal, and has had enough to cross her in the world; was already married thirteen years ago, not wisely nor by any means too well—a terrible dragon of a woman; has been in nameless domestic quarrels, in wars and sieges with rebellious vassals; claps you an iron cap on her head, and takes the field when need is—furious she-bear of the Tyrol. But she has immense possessions, if wanting in female charms. She came by mothers from that Duke of Meran whom we saw get his death (for cause) in the Plassenburg a hundred years ago.<sup>4</sup> Her ancestor was Husband to a Sister of that homicided Duke; from him she inherits the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria; is herself an only child, the last of a line—hugest Heiress now going; so that, in spite of the mouth and humor, she has not wanted for wooers, especially prudent Fathers wooing her for their sons.

In her Father's lifetime, Johann, King of Bohemia, always awake to such symptoms of things, and having very peculiar interests in this case, courted and got her for his Crown-Prince (as we just saw), a youth of great outlooks—outlooks toward the Kaisership itself, perhaps—to whom she was wedded thirteen

<sup>4</sup> Antea, p. 95.

years ago, and duly brought the Tyrol for Heritage, but with the worst results. Heritage, namely, could not be had without strife with Austria, which likewise had claims. Far worse, the marriage itself went awry: Johann's Crown-prince was "a soft-natured Herr," say the Books; why bring your big she-bear into a poor deer's den? Enough; the marriage came to nothing, except to huge brawlings far enough away from us; and Margaret Pouch-mouth has now divorced her Bohemian Crown-Prince as a Nullity, and again weds, on similar terms, Kaiser Ludwig's son, our Brandenburg Kurfürst, who hopes possibly that *he* now may succeed as Kaiser, on the strength of his Father and of the Tyrol, which turned out far otherwise.

The marriage was done in the Church of Innspruck, 10th February, 1342 (for we love to be particular), "Kaiser Ludwig," happy man, "and many Princes of the Empire looking on," little thinking what a coil it would prove. "At the high altar she stripped off her veil" (symbolical of wifehood or widowhood), "and put on a *jungfernkranz* (maiden's garland)," symbolically testifying how happy Ludwig junior still was. They had a son by-and-by; but their course otherwise, and indeed this-wise too, was much checkered.

King Johann, seeing the Tyrol gone in this manner, gloomed terribly upon his Crown-Prince; flung him aside as a Nullity: "Go to Moravia, out of sight, on an appanage, you; be Crown-Prince no longer!" and took to fighting Kaiser Ludwig; col-leagued diligently with the hostile Pope, with the King of France; intrigued and col-leagued far and wide, swearing by every method everlasting enmity to Kaiser Ludwig; and set up his son Karl as Pfaffen-Kaiser. Nay, perhaps he was at the bottom of *Post-obit* Waldemar too. In brief, he raised, he mainly, this devils' dance, in which, Kaiser Ludwig having died, poor Kurfürst Ludwig, with Maultasche hanging on him, is sometimes near his wit's end.

Johann's poor Crown-Prince, finding matters take this turn, retired into *Mähren* (Moravia) as bidden—"Margrave of Mähren," and peaceably adjusted himself to his character of Nullity and to the loss of Maultasche; chose, for the rest, a new Princess in wedlock, with more moderate dimensions of mouth; and did pro-

duce sons and daughters on a fresh score—produced, among others, one Jobst, his successor in the appanage or Margrafdom, who, as *Jobst*, or Jodocus, *of Mähren*, made some noise for himself in the next generation, and will turn up again in reference to Brandenburg in this History.

As for Margaret Pouch-mouth, she, with her new Husband as with her old, continued to have troubles, pretty much as the sparks fly upward. She had fierce siegings after this, and explosive procedures—little short of Monk Schwartz, who was inventing gunpowder at the time. We can not hope she lived in Elysian harmony with Kurfurst Ludwig; the reverse in fact; and oftenest with the whole breadth of Germany between them, he in Brandenburg, she in the Tyrol. Nor did Ludwig junior ever come to be Kaiser, as his Father and she had hoped; on the contrary, King Johann of Bohemia's people—it was they that next got the Kaisership, and kept it: a new provocation to Maultasche.

Ludwig and she had a son, as we said—Prince of the Tyrol and appendages, titular Markgraf of Mähren and much else by nature; but, alas! he died about ten: a precocious boy. Fancy the wild weeping of a maternal She-bear! And the Father had already died,<sup>5</sup> a malicious world whispering that perhaps she poisoned them *both*. The proud woman, now old too, pursed her big coarse lips together at such rumor, and her big coarse soul, in a gloomy scorn appealing beyond the world, in a sorrow that the world knew not of. She solemnly settled her Tyrol and appendages upon the Austrian Archdukes, who were children of her Mother's Sister; whom she even installed into the actual government, to make matters surer. This done, she retired to Vienna on a pension from them, there to meditate and pray a little before Death came, as it did now in a short year or two. Tyrol and the appendages continue with Austria from that hour to this, Margaret's little boy having died.

Margaret of the Pouch-mouth, rugged dragoon-major of a woman, with occasional steel cap on her head, and capable of swearing terribly in Flanders or elsewhere, remains in some measure memorable to me. Compared with Pompadour, Duchess of

<sup>5</sup> In 1361 died Kurfurst Ludwig; 1363, the Boy; 1366, Maultasche herself.

Cleveland, of Kendal and other high-rouged unfortunate females, whom it is not proper to speak of without necessity, though it is often done, Maultasche rises to the rank of Historical. She brought the Tyrol and appendages permanently to Austria; was near leading Brandenburg to annihilation, raising such a goblin dance round Ludwig and it, yet did abstrusely lead Brandenburg toward a far other goal, which likewise has proved permanent for it.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### BRANDENBURG IN KAISER KARL'S TIME; END OF THE BAVARIAN KURFÜRSTS.

KAISER LUDWIG died in 1347, while the False Waldemar was still busy. We saw Karl IV., Johann of Bohemia's second son, come to the Kaisership thereupon, Johann's eldest Nullity being omitted. This Fourth Karl—other three Karls are of the Charlemagne set, Karl the Bald, the Fat, and such like, and lie under our horizon, while *Charles Fifth* is of a still other set, and known to every body—this Karl IV. is the Kaiser who discovered the Well of *Karlsbad* (Bath of Karl), known to Tourists of this day, and made the *Golden Bull*, which I forbid all Englishmen to take for an agricultural Prize Animal, the thing being far other, as is known to several.

There is little farther to be said of Karl in Reichs-History; an unesteemed creature, who strove to make his time peaceable in this world by giving from the Holy Roman Empire, with both hands, to every bull-beggar or ready-payer who applied: sad sign what the Roman Empire had come and was coming to. The Kaiser's shield, set up aloft in the Roncalic Plain in Barbarossa's time, intimated, and in earnest too, "Ho, every one that has suffered wrong!" intimates now, "Ho, every one that can bully me, or has money in his pocket!" Unadmiring posterity has confirmed the nickname of this Karl IV., and calls him *Pfaffen-Kaiser*. He kept mainly at Prag, ready for receipt of cash, and holding well out of harm's way. In younger years he had been much

about the French Court; in Italy he had suffered troubles, almost assassinations, much blown to and fro, poor light wretch, on the chaotic winds of his Time, steering toward no star.

Johann, King of Bohemia, did not live to see Karl an acknowledged Kaiser. Old Johann, blind for some time back, had perished two years before that event, bequeathing a Heraldic Symbol to the World's History and to England's, if nothing more. Poor man, he had crusaded in Preussén in a brilliant manner, being fond of fighting. He wrung Silesia gradually, by purchase and entreaty (*pretio ac prece*), from the Polish King,<sup>1</sup> joined it firmly to Bohemia and Germany, unconsciously waiting for what higher destinies Silesia might have. For Maultasche and the Tyrol, he brought sad woes on Brandenburg, and yet was unconsciously leading Brandenburg, by abstruse courses, whither it had to go: a restless, ostentatious, far-grasping, strong-handed man, who kept the world in a stir wherever he was; all which has proved voiceless in the World's memory, while the casual Shadow of a Feather he once wore has proved vocal there. World's memory is very whimsical now and then.

Being much implicated with the King of France, who, with the Pope, was his chief stay in these final anti-Ludwig operations, Johann—in 1346, Pfaffen-Kaiser Karl just set on foot—had led his chivalry into France to help against the English Edwards, who were then very intrusive there. Johann was blind, but he had good ideas in war. At the Battle of Crecy, 24th August, 1346, he advised we know not what, but he actually fought, though stone-blind; “tied his bridle to that of the Knight next him, and charged in,” like an old blind war-horse kindling madly at the sound of the trumpet, and was there by some English lance or yew laid low. They found him on that field of carnage (field of honor too, in a sort), his old blind face looking very blindly to the stars: on his shield was blazoned a Plume of three ostrich feathers, with “*Ich dien*” (I serve) written under, with which emblem every English reader is familiar ever since. This Editor himself, in very tender years, noticed it on the Britannic Majesty's war-drums, and had to inquire of children of a larger growth what the meaning might be.

<sup>1</sup> 1327-41 (Köhler, p. 302).

That is all I had to say of King Johann and his "*Ich dien.*" Of the Luxemburg Kaisers (four in number, two sons of Karl still to come), who, except him of the sacramental wine, with "*Ich dien*" for son, are good for little, and deserve no memory from mankind except as they may stick, not easily extricable, to the history of nobler men—of them also I could wish to be silent, but must not; must at least explain how they came in as "Luxemburg Kurfürsts" in Brandenburg, and how they went out, leaving Brandenburg not annihilated, but very near it.

*End of Resuscitated Waldemar; Kurfürst Ludwig sells out.*

Imaginary Waldemar being still busy in Brandenburg, it was natural for Kaiser Karl to find him genuine, and keep up that goblin dance round poor Kurfürst Ludwig, the late Kaiser's son, by no means a lover of Karl's. Considerable support was managed to be raised for Waldemar. Kaiser Karl regularly infeoffed him as real Kurfürst, so far as parchment could do it; and in case of his decease, says Karl's diploma farther, the Princes of Anhalt shall succeed: Ludwig, in any case, is to be zero henceforth. War followed, or what they called war; much confused invading, bickering, and throttling for two years to come. "Most of the towns declared for Waldemar, and their old Anhalt line of Margraves:" Ludwig and the Bavarian sort are clearly not popular here. Ludwig held out strenuously, however; would not be beaten. He had the King of Denmark for Brother-in-law, had connections in the Reich; perhaps, still better, he had the *Reichs-Insignia*, lately his Father's, still in hand. He stood obstinate siege from the Kaiser's people and the Anhalters; shouted in Denmark to help; started an anti-Kaiser, as we said—temporary Anti-Kaiser Günther of Schwartzburg, whom the reader can forget a second time; in brief, Ludwig contrived to bring Kaiser Karl and Imaginary Waldemar, with his Anhalters, to a quietus and negotiation, and to get Brandenburg cleared of them. Year 1349 they went their ways, and that devils' dance which had raged five years and more round Ludwig was fairly got laid or lulled again.

Imaginary Waldemar, after some farther ineffectual wriggings, retired altogether into private life at the Court of Dessau, and

happily died before long: died at the Court of Dessau—the Anhalt Cousins treating him to the last as Head Representative of Albert the Bear and real Prince Waldemar, for which they had their reasons. Portraits of this False Waldemar still turn up in the German Printshops,<sup>2</sup> and represent a very absurd fellow, much muffled in drapery, mouth partially open, eyes wholly and widely so—never yet recovered from his astonishment of himself and things in general. How it fared with poor Brandenburg in these chaotic throttlings and vicissitudes under the Bavarian Kurfürsts, we can too well imagine, and that is little to what lies ahead for it.

However, in that same year 1349, temporary quietus having come, Kurfürst Ludwig, weary of the matter, gave it over to his Brother: “Have not I an opulent Maultasche, Gorgon-Wife, susceptible to kindness, in the Tyrol; have not I in the Reich elsewhere resources, appliances?” thought Kurfürst Ludwig, and gave the thing over to his next Brother. Brother whose name also is *Ludwig* (as their Father’s also had been, three Ludwigs at once, for our dear Germans shine in nomenclature): “Ludwig *the Roman*” this new one; the elder Brother, our acquaintance, being Ludwig simply, distinguishable too as *Kurfürst* Ludwig, or even as Ludwig *Senior* at this stage of the affair. Kurfürst Ludwig, therefore, Year 1349, washes his hands of Brandenburg while the quietus lasts, retaining only the Electorship and Title, and goes his ways, resolving to take his ease in Bavaria and the Tyrol thenceforth. How it fared with him there, with his loving Gorgon and him, we will not ask farther. They had always separate houses to fly to in case of extremity. They held out, better or worse, twelve years more, and Ludwig left his little Boy still surviving him in 1361.

*Second, and then Third and last of the Bavarian Kurfürsts  
in Brandenburg.*

In Brandenburg, the new Markgraf Ludwig, who we say is called “*the Roman*” (*Ludwig der Römer*, having been in Rome) to distinguish him, continued warring with the Anarchies fifteen

<sup>2</sup> In Kloss (*Vaterländische Gemälde*, ii., 29), a sorry Compilation, above referred to, without value except for the old Excerpts, &c., there is a Copy of it.

years in a rather tough manner, without much victory on either side; made his peace with Kaiser Karl, however, delivering up the *Reichs-Insignia*; and tried to put down the domestic Robbers, who had got on foot, "many of them persons of quality,"<sup>3</sup> till he also died, childless, A.D. 1365, having been Kurfürst too, since his Brother's death, for some four years.

Whereupon Brandenburg, Electorship and all Titles with it, came to Otto, third son of Kaiser Ludwig, who is happily the last of these Bavarian Electors. They were an unlucky set of Sovereigns, not hitherto without desert, and the unlucky Country suffered much under them. By far the unluckiest, and by far the worst, was this Otto—a dissolute, drinking, entirely worthless Herr, under whom, for eight years, confusion went worse confounded, as if plain chaos were coming, and Brandenburg and Otto grew tired of each other to the last degree.

In which state of matters, A.D. 1373, Kaiser Karl offered Otto a trifle of ready-money to take himself away. Otto accepted greedily; sold his Electorate and big Mark of Brandenburg to Kaiser Karl for an old song—200,000 thalers (about £30,000, and only half of it ever paid);<sup>4</sup> withdrew to his Schloss of Wolfstein in Bavaria, and there, on the strength of that or other sums, "rolled deep as possible in every sort of debauchery;" and so, in few years, puddled himself to death, foully ending the Bavarian set of Kurfürsts. They had lasted fifty years, with endless trouble to the Country and to themselves, and with such mutual profit as we have seen.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LUXEMBURG KURFÜRSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

IF Brandenburg suffered much under the Bavarian Kurfürsts, for Fifty years, it was worse, and approached to the state of worst under the Luxemburgers, who lasted for some Forty more—ninety years of anarchy in all, which at length brought it to great need of help from the Fates.

Karl IV. made his eldest Boy Wenzel, still only about twelve,

<sup>3</sup> Michaelis, i., 282.

<sup>4</sup> Ib., i., 283.

Electors of Brandenburg;<sup>1</sup> Wenzel shall be Kaiser and King of Bohemia one day, thinks Karl; which accordingly came to pass, and little to Wenzel's profit, by-and-by. In the mean while, Karl accompanied him to Brandenburg, which country Karl liked much at the money, and indeed ever after, in his old days, he seemed rather to busy himself with it. He assembled some kind of *Stände* (States) twice over; got the Country "incorporated with Bohemia" by them, and made tight and handy so far. Brandenburg shall rest from its woes, and be a silent portion of Bohemia henceforth, thinks Karl—if the Heavens so please. Karl, a futile Kaiser, would fain have done something to "encourage trade" in Brandenburg, though one sees not what he did, if any thing. He built the Schloss of Tangermünde, and oftenest lived there in time coming; a quieter place than even Prag for him. In short, he appears to have fancied his cheap Purchase, and to have cheered his poor old futile life with it, as with one thing that had been successful. Poor old creature, he had been a Kaiser on false terms: "Ho! every one that dare bully me, or that has money in his pocket"—a Kaiser that could not but be futile. In five years' time he died,<sup>2</sup> and doubtless was regretted in Brandenburg, and even in the Reich, in comparison with what came next.

In Brandenburg he left, instead of one indifferent or even bad governor steadily tied to the place and in earnest to make the best of it, a fluctuating series of governors holding loose and not in earnest, which was infinitely worse. Those did not try to govern it; sent it to the Pawnbroker, to a fluctuating series of Pawnbrokers; under whom, for the next Five-and-Thirty years, Brandenburg tasted all the fruits of non-Government, that is to say, Anarchy or Government by the Pawnbroker, and sank faster and faster toward annihilation, as it seemed. That was its fate under the Luxemburg Kurfürsts, who made even the Bavarian and all others be regretted.

One thing Kaiser Karl did which ultimately proved the sav-

<sup>1</sup> 1373 (born 1361).

<sup>2</sup> King of Bohemia, 1346, on his Father's death; Kaiser (acknowledged on Ludwig the *Baier's* death), 1347; died, 1378, age 62.

ing of Brandenburg: made friendship with the Hohenzollern Burggraves. These—Johann II., temporary “*Statthalter*” Johann, and his Brother, who were Co-regents in the Family Domain when Karl first made appearance—had stood true to Kaiser Ludwig and his Son so long as that play lasted at all; nay, one of these Burggraves was talked of as Kaiser after Ludwig’s death, but had the wisdom not to try. Kaiser Ludwig being dead, they still would not recognize the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* Karl, but held gloomily out, so that Karl had to march in force into the Nürnberg country, and by great promises, by considerable gifts, and the “example of the other Princes of the Empire,”<sup>3</sup> brought them over to do homage.

After which, their progress, and that of their successor (Johann’s Son, Friedrich V.), in the grace of Karl, was something extraordinary. Karl gave his Daughter to this Friedrich V.’s eldest Son; appointed a Daughter of Friedrich’s for his own second Prince, the famed Sigismund, famed that is to be; which latter match did not take effect, owing to changed outlooks after Karl’s death. Nay, there is a Deed still extant about marrying children not yet born: Karl to produce a Princess within five years, and Burggraf Friedrich V. a Prince, for that purpose!<sup>4</sup> But the Burggraf never had another Prince; though Karl produced the due Princess, and was ready, for his share; unless, indeed, this strange, eager-looking Document, not dated in the old Books, may itself relate to the above wedding which did come to pass? Years before that, Karl had made his much-esteemed Burggraf Friedrich V. “Captain-General of the Reich;” “Imperial Vicar” (*Substitute*, if need were), and much besides; nay, had given him the Landgraviate of Elsass (*Alsace*)—so far as lay with him to give—of which valuable country this Friedrich had actual possession so long as the Kaiser lived. “Best of men,” thought the poor light Kaiser; “never saw such a man!”

Which proved a salutary thought, after all. The man had a little Boy Fritz (not the betrothed to Karl’s Princess), still chasing butterflies at Culmbach when Karl died. In this Boy lie new destinies for Brandenburg: toward him, and not toward annihi-

<sup>3</sup> “Hallow Eve, 1347, on the Field of Nürnberg,” Agreement was come to (Rentsch, p. 326).

<sup>4</sup> Rentsch, p. 336.

lation, are Karl and the Luxemburg Kurfürsts and Pawnbrokers unconsciously guiding it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH VI.

KARL left three young Sons, Wenzel, Sigismund, Johann, and also a certain Nephew much older, all of whom now more or less concern us in this unfortunate History.

Wenzel, the eldest Son, heritable Kurfürst of Brandenburg as well as King of Bohemia, was as yet only seventeen, who nevertheless got to be Kaiser,<sup>1</sup> and went widely astray, poor soul. The Nephew was no other than Margrave Jobst of Moravia (Son of Maultasche's late Nullity there), now in the vigor of his years, and a stirring man: to him, for a time, the chief management in Brandenburg fell, in these circumstances. Wenzel, still a minor, and already Kaiser and King of Bohemia, gave up Brandenburg to his two younger Brothers, most of it to Sigismund, with a cutting for Johann, to help their appanages, and applied his own powers to govern the Holy Roman Empire at that early stage of life.

To govern the Holy Roman Empire, poor soul, or rather 'to drink beer and dance with the girls,' in which, if defective in other things, Wenzel had an eminent talent. He was one of the worst Kaisers, and the least victorious on record. He would attend to nothing in the Reich; "the Prag white beer, and girls" of various complexion, being much preferable, as he was heard to say. He had to fling his poor Queen's Confessor into the River Moldau—Johann of Nepomuk, *Saint* so-called, if he is not a fable altogether, whose Statue stands on Bridges ever since in those parts. Wenzel's Bohemians revolted against him; put him in jail; and he broke prison, a boatman's daughter helping him out, with adventures. His Germans were disgusted with him; deposed him from the Kaisership;<sup>2</sup> chose Rupert of the Pfalz; and then, after Rupert's death,<sup>3</sup> chose Wenzel's own Brother Sigismund in his stead; left Wenzel to jumble about in his native

<sup>1</sup> 1378, on his Father's death.

<sup>2</sup> 25th May, 1400 (Köhler, p. 331).

<sup>3</sup> 1410 (ib., p. 336).

Bohemian element, as King there, for nineteen years longer, still breaking pots to a ruinous extent.

He ended by apoplexy, or sudden spasm of the heart; terrible Zisca, as it were, killing him at second-hand; for Zisca, stout and furious, blind of one eye and at last of both, a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad, had risen out of the ashes of murdered Huss and other bad Papistic doings in the interim, and was tearing up the world at a huge rate. Rhinoceros Zisca was on the Weissenberg, or a still nearer Hill of Prag, since called *Zisca-Berg* (Zisca Hill), and none durst whisper of it to the King. A servant waiting at dinner inadvertently let slip the word: "Zisca there? Deny it, slave!" cried Wenzel, frantic. Slave durst not deny. Wenzel drew his sword to run at him, but fell down dead: that was the last pot broken by Wenzel. The hapless royal ex-imperial Phantasm self-broken in this manner.<sup>4</sup> Poor soul, he came to the Kaisership too early; was a thin, violent creature, sensible to the charms and horrors of created objects, and had terrible rhinoceros Ziscas and unruly horned cattle to drive. He was one of the worst Kaisers ever known—could have done Opera-singing much better—and a sad sight to Bohemia. Let us leave him there: he was never actual Elector of Brandenburg, having given it up in time; never did any ill to that poor country.

*Sigismund is Kurfürst of Brandenburg, but is King of Hungary also.*

The real Kurfürst of Brandenburg all this while was Sigismund, Wenzel's next brother, under tutelage of Cousin Jobst or otherwise—real and yet imaginary, for he never himself governed, but always had Jobst of Mähren, or some other in his place there. Sigismund, as above said, was to have married a Daughter of Burgraf Friedrich V., and he was himself, as was the young lady, well inclined to this arrangement. But the old people being dead, and some offer of a King's Daughter turning up for Sigismund, Sigismund broke off and took the King's daughter—King of Hungary's—not without regret then and afterward, as is believed. At any rate, the Hungarian charmer proved a

<sup>4</sup> 30th July, 1419 (Hormayr, vii., 119).

wife of small merit, and a Hungarian successor she had was a wife of light conduct even: Hungarian charmers and Hungarian affairs were much other than a comfort to Sigismund.

As for the disappointed Princess, Burggraf Friedrich's Daughter, she said nothing that we hear; silently became a Nun, an Abbess, and through a long life looked out, with her thoughts to herself, upon the loud whirlwind of things, where Sigismund (oftenest like an imponderous rag of conspicuous color) was riding and tossing. Her two Brothers also, joint Burggraves after their Father's death, seem to have reconciled themselves without difficulty. The elder of them was already Sigismund's Brother-in-law—married to Sigismund's and Wenzel's sister by such predestination as we saw. Burggraf Johann III. was the name of this one, a stout fighter and manager for many years; much liked and looked to by Sigismund, as, indeed, were both the brothers for that matter; always, together or in succession, a kind of right hand to Sigismund. Friedrich, the younger Burggraf, and ultimately the survivor and inheritor (Johann having left no sons), is the famed Burggraf Friedrich VI., the latest and notablist of all the Burggraves: a man of distinguished importance, extrinsic and intrinsic; chief, or among the very chief of German public men in this time, and memorable to Posterity and to this History on still other grounds. But let us not anticipate.

Sigismund, if appanaged with Brandenburg alone, and wedded to his first love, not a King's Daughter, might have done tolerably well there; better than Wenzel, with the Empire and Bohemia, did. But delusive Fortune threw her golden apple at Sigismund too, and he, in the wide high world, had to play strange pranks. His Father-in-law died in Hungary—Sigismund's first wife his only child. Father-in-law bequeathed Hungary to Sigismund,<sup>5</sup> who plunged into a strange sea thereby; got troubles without number, beatings not a few, and had even to take boat, and sail for his life down to Constantinople at one time, in which sad adventure Burggraf Johann escorted him, and, as it were, tore him out by the hair of the head. These troubles and adventures lasted many years, in the course of which Sigismund,

<sup>5</sup> 1387 (Sigismund's age then twenty).

trying all manner of friends and expedients, found in the Burg-graves of Nürnberg, Johann and Friedrich, with their talents, possessions, and resources, the main or almost only sure support he got.

No end of troubles to Sigismund, and to Brandenburg through him, from this sublime Hungarian legacy: like a remote fabulous golden fleece, which you have to go and conquer first, and which is worth little when conquered. Before ever setting out (A.D. 1387), Sigismund saw too clearly that he would have cash to raise: an operation he had never done with all his life afterward. He pawned Brandenburg to Cousin Jobst of Mähren; got "20,000 Bohemian gulden"—I guess, a most slender sum, if Dryasdust would but interpret it. This was the beginning of Pawnings to Brandenburg—of which, when will the end be? Jobst thereby came into Brandenburg on his own right for the time, not as Tutor or Guardian, which he had hitherto been—into Brandenburg; and there was no chance of repayment to get him out again.

*Cousin Jobst has Brandenburg in Pawn.*

Jobst tried at first to do some governing; but, finding all very anarchic, grew unhelpful; took to making matters easy for himself—took, in fact, to turning a penny on his pawn-ticket; alienating crown-domains, winking hard at robber-barons, and the like, and, after a few years, went home to Moravia, leaving Brandenburg to shift for itself under a Statthalter (*Viceregent*, more like a hungry land-steward), whom nobody took the trouble of respecting. Robber-castles flourished, all else decayed; no highway not unsafe; many a Turpin with sixteen quarters, and styling himself *Edle Herr* (noble Gentleman), took to "living from the saddle:" what are Hamburg peddlers made for but to be robbed?

The towns suffered much, any trade they might have had going to wreck in this manner, not to speak of private feuds, which abounded *at libitum*. Neighboring potentates, Archbishop of Magdeburg and others, struck in also at discretion; as they had gradually got accustomed to do, and snapped away (*abzwacken*) some convenient bit of territory; or, more legitimately, they

came across to coerce, at their own hand, this or the other Edle Herr of the Turpin sort, whom there was no other way of getting at, when he carried matters quite too high. "Droves of six hundred swine"—I have seen (by reading in those old Books) certain noble Gentlemen, "of Putlitz," I think, driving them openly, captured by the stronger hand, and have heard the short, querulous squeak of the bristly creatures: "What is the use of being a pig at all, if I am to be stolen in this way, and surreptitiously made into ham?" Pigs do continue to be bred in Brandenburg, but it is under such discouragements. Agriculture, trade, well-being and well-doing of any kind, it is not encouragement they are meeting here. Probably few countries, not even Ireland, have a worse outlook, unless help come.<sup>6</sup>

Jobst came back in 1398, after eight years' absence; but no help came with Jobst. The *Newmark* part of Brandenburg, which was Brother Johann's portion, had fallen home to Sigismund, Brother Johann having died; but Sigismund, far from redeeming old pawn-tickets with the Newmark, pawned the Newmark too—the second Pawnage of Brandenburg—pawned the Newmark to the Teutsch Ritters "for 63,000 Hungarian gold gulden" (I think, about £30,000), and gave no part of it to Jobst; had not nearly enough for himself and his Hungarian occasions.

Seeing which, and hearing such squeak of pigs surreptitiously driven, with little but discordant sights and sounds every where, Jobst became disgusted with the matter, and resolved to wash his hands of it—at least, to have his money out of it again. Having sold what of the Domains he could to persons of quality at an uncommonly easy rate, and so pocketed what ready cash there was among them, he made over his pawn-ticket, or properly he himself repawned Brandenburg to the Saxon Potentate, a speculative moneyed man, Markgraf of Meissen, "Wilhelm the Rich" so-called—pawned it to Wilhelm the Rich—sum not named—and went home to Moravia, there to wait events. This is the third Brandenburg pawning: let us hope there may be a fourth and last.

<sup>6</sup> Pauli, i., 541-612; Michaelis, i., 283-285.

*Brandenburg in the hands of the Pawnbrokers; Rupert of the Pfalz is Kaiser.*

And so we have now reached that point in Brandenburg History when, if some help do not come, Brandenburg will not long be a country, but will either get dissipated in pieces and stuck to the edge of others where some government is, or else go waste again and fall to the bison and wild bears.

Who now is Kurfürst of Brandenburg might be a question. "I unquestionably!" Sigismund would answer, with astonishment. "Soft, your Hungarian Majesty," thinks Jobst; "till my cash is paid, may it not probably be another?" This question has its interest: the Electors just now (A.D. 1400) are about deposing Wenzel; must choose some better Kaiser. If they wanted another scion of the House of Luxemburg, a mature old gentleman of sixty, full of plans, plausibilities, pretensions, Jobst is their man. Jobst and Sigismund were of one mind as to Wenzel's going—at least Sigismund voted clearly so, and Jobst said nothing counter; but the Kurfürsts did not think of Jobst for successor. After some stumbling, they fixed upon Rupert *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine, *Ruprecht von der Pfalz*) as Kaiser.

Rupert of the Pfalz proved a highly respectable Kaiser; lasted for ten years (1400-1410), with honor to himself and the Reich; a strong heart, strong head, but short of means. He chastised petty mutiny with vigor; could not bring down the Milanese Visconti, who had perched themselves so high on money paid to Wenzel; could not heal the schism of the Church (Double or Triple Pope, Rome-Avignon affair), or awaken the Reich to a sense of its old dignity and present loose condition. In the late loose times, as Antiquaries remark,<sup>7</sup> most Members of the Empire, Petty Princes even and Imperial Towns, had been struggling to set up for themselves, and were now concerned chiefly to become Sovereign in their own Territories; and Schilter informs us it was about this period that most of them attained such rather unblessed consummation, Rupert of himself not able to help it with all his willingness. The People called him "Ru-

<sup>7</sup> Köhler, p. 334, who quotes Schilter.

pert *Klemm* (Rupert *Smith's-vice*)" from his resolute ways, which nickname—given him not in hatred, but partly in satirical goodwill—is itself a kind of history. From Historians of the *Reich* he deserves honorable, regretful mention.

He had for Empress a Sister of Burggraf Friedrich's, which high lady, unknown to us otherwise except by her Tomb at Heidelberg, we remember for her Brother's sake. Kaiser Rupert—great-grandson of that Kur-Pfalz who was Kaiser Ludwig's elder brother—is the culminating point of the Electors Palatine, the Highest that Heidelberg produced; ancestor of those famed Protestant "Palatines," of all the Palatines or *Pfalzes* that reign in these late centuries; ancestor of the present Bavarian Majesty, Kaiser Ludwig's race having died out; ancestor of the unfortunate *Winterkönig*, Friedrich, King of Bohemia, who is too well known in English History; ancestor also of Charles XII. of Sweden, a highly creditable fact of the kind to him. Fact indisputable: a cadet of Pfalz Zweibrück (*Deux Ponts*, as the French call it), direct from Rupert, went to serve in Sweden in his soldier business; distinguished himself in soldiering; had a Sister of the great Gustaf Adolf to wife; and from her a renowned Son, Karl Gustaf (Christina's Cousin), who succeeded as King; who again had a Grandson made in his own likeness, only still more of *iron* in his composition. Enough now of Rupert *Smith's-vice*, who died in 1410, and left the *Reich* again vacant.

Rupert's funeral is hardly done, when, over in Preussen, far off in the Memel region, place called Tannenberg, where there is still "a church-yard to be seen," if little more, the Teutsch Ritters had, unexpectedly, a terrible Defeat: consummation of their Polish Miscellaneous quarrels of long standing, and the *end* of their high courses in this world; a ruined Teutsch Ritterdom, as good as ruined ever henceforth. Kaiser Rupert died 18th May; and on the 15th July, within two months, was fought that dreadful "Battle of Tannenberg"—Poland and Polish King, with miscellany of savage Tartars and revolted Prussians *versus* Teutsch Ritterdom, all in a very high mood of mutual rage, the very elements, "wild thunder, tempest, and rain-del-

uges" playing chorus to them on the occasion.<sup>8</sup> Ritterdom fought lion-like, but with insufficient strategic and other wisdom, and was driven nearly distracted to see its pride tripped into the ditch by such a set. Vacant Reich could not in the least attend to it, nor can we farther at present.

*Sigismund, with a struggle, becomes Kaiser.*

Jobst and Sigismund were competitors for the Kaisership; Wenzel, too, striking in with claims for reinstatement: the house of Luxemburg divided against itself. Wenzel, finding reinstatement not to be thought of, threw his weight, such as it was, into the scale of Cousin Jobst, remembering angrily how Brother Sigismund voted in the Deposition case ten years ago. The contest was vehement, and like to be lengthy. Jobst, though he had made over his pawn-ticket, claimed to be Elector of Brandenburg, and voted for himself. The like, with still more emphasis, did Sigismund, or Burggraf Friedrich acting for him: "Sigismund, sure, is Kur-Brandenburg, though under pawn!" argued Friedrich; and I almost guess, though that is not said, produced from his own purse, at some stage of the business, the actual money for Jobst to close his Brandenburg pretension.

Both were elected (majority contested in this manner); and old Jobst, then above seventy, was like to have given much trouble; but happily in three months he died,<sup>9</sup> and Sigismund became indisputable. Jobst was the Son of Maultasche's Nullity; him, too, in an involuntary sort, she was the cause of. In his day Jobst made much noise in the world, but did little or no good in it. "He was thought a great man," says one satirical old Chronieler; "and there was nothing great about him but the beard."

"The cause of Sigismund's success with the Electors," says Köhler, "or of his having any party among them, was the faithful and unwearied diligence which had been used for him by the above-named Burggraf Friedrich VI. of Nürnberg, who took extreme pains to forward Sigismund to the Empire; pleading that Sigismund and Wenzel would be sure to agree well henceforth, and that Sigismund, having already such extensive territories

<sup>8</sup> Voigt, vii., 82. Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung* (Hamburg, 1770), ii., 1038.

<sup>9</sup> "Jodocus *Barbatus*," 21st July, 1411.

(Hungary, Brandenburg, and so forth), by inheritance, would not be so exact about the *Reichs*-Tolls and other Imperial Incomes. This same Friedrich also, when the Election fell out doubtful, was Sigismund's best support in Germany, nay, almost his right hand, through whom he did whatever was done."<sup>10</sup>

Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been. King of Bohemia, too, he at last became, having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon in this world is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, high-pacing, flimsy nature, and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled!

This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance, and "blushed visibly" when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safeconduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion.<sup>11</sup> Sigismund blushed, but could not conveniently mend the matter, so many matters pressing on him just now, as they perpetually did, and had done—an always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain, and empty Kaiser; specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts: always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently; aiming high, and generally missing; how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his, but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready-money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes, and of much else. He finds the problem difficult—finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it can not); all which requires mon-

<sup>10</sup> Köhler, p. 337.

<sup>11</sup> 15th June, 1415.

ey, money. At opening of the Council he "officiated as deacon," actually doing some kind of litanying "with a surplice over him,"<sup>12</sup> though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: "Right reverend Fathers, *date operam, ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with, which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, "*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius* (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty)," Sigismund loftily replies, "*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam!*" (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar!)"<sup>13</sup> for which reason I call him in my Note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.

*Brandenburg is pawned for the last time.*

How Jobst's pawn-ticket was settled I never clearly heard, but can guess that it was by Burggraf Friedrich's advancing the money in the pinch above indicated, or paying it afterward to Jobst's heirs, whoever they were. Thus much is certain: Burggraf Friedrich these three years and more (ever since 8th July, 1411) holds Sigismund's Deed of acknowledgment "for 100,000 gulden lent at various times," and has likewise got the Electorate of Brandenburg in pledge for that sum, and does himself administer the said Electorate till he be paid. This is the important news, but this is not all.

The new journey into Spain requires new moneys; this Council itself, with such pomp as suited Sigismund, has cost him endless moneys. Brandenburg, torn to ruins in the way we saw, is a sorrowful matter, and, except the title of it as a feather in one's cap, is worth nothing to Sigismund. And he is still short of money, and will forever be. Why could not he give up Brandenburg altogether, since, instead of paying, he is still making new loans from Burggraf Friedrich, and the hope of ever paying were mere lunacy! Sigismund revolves these sad thoughts too amid his world-wide diplomacies and efforts to

<sup>12</sup> 25th December, 1414 (Köhler, p. 340).

<sup>13</sup> Wolfgang Mentzel: *Geschichte der Deutschen*, i., 477.

heal the Church. "Pledged for 100,000 gulden," sadly ruminates Sigismund, "and 50,000 more borrowed since, by little and little, and more ever needed, especially for this grand Spanish journey"—these were Sigismund's sad thoughts. "Advance me, in a round sum, 250,000 gulden more," said he to Burggraf Friedrich, "250,000 more for my manifold occasions in this time—that will be 400,000 in whole<sup>14</sup>—and take the Electorate of Brandenburg to yourself, Land, Titles, Sovereign Electorship and all, and make me rid of it!" That was the settlement adopted in Sigismund's apartment at Constance on the 30th of April, 1415, signed, sealed, and ratified, and the money paid: a very notable event in World-History, virtually completed on the day we mention.

The ceremony of Investiture did not take place till two years afterward, when the Spanish Journey had proved fruitless, when much else of fruitless had come and gone, and Kaiser and Council were probably more at leisure for such a thing. Done at length it was by Kaiser Sigismund in utmost gala, with the Grandees of the Empire assisting, and august members of the Council and world in general looking on, in the big Square or Market-place of Constance, 17th April, 1417—is to be found described in Rentsch, from Naclerus and the old Newsmongers of the time. Very grand indeed; much processioning on horseback, under powerful trumpet peals and flourishes; much stately kneeling, stately rising, stepping backward (done well, *zierlich*, on the Kurfürst's part); liberal expenditure of cloth and pomp; in short, "above 100,000 people looking on from roofs and windows,"<sup>15</sup> and Kaiser Sigismund in all his glory. Sigismund was on a high Platform in the Market-place, with stairs to it and from it—the illustrious Kaiser, red as a flamingo, "with scarlet mantle and crown of gold"—a treat to the eyes of simple mankind.

What sum of modern money, in real purchasing power, this "400,000 Hungarian Gold Gulden" is, I have inquired in the likely quarters without result, and it is probable no man exactly

<sup>14</sup> Rentsch, p. 75, 357.

<sup>15</sup> Pauli: *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, ii., 74. Rentsch, p. 76-78.

knows. The latest existing representative of the ancient Gold Gulden is the *Ducat*, worth generally about a Half-sovereign in English. Taking the sum at that latest rate, it amounts to £200,000, and the reader can use that as a note of memory for the sale-price of Brandenburg, with all its lands and honors, multiplying it perhaps by four or six to bring out its effective amount in current coin. Dog cheap, it must be owned, for size and capability, but in the most waste condition, full of mutiny, injustice, anarchy, and highway robbery; a purchase that might have proved dear enough to another man than Burggraf Friedrich.

But so, at any rate, moribund Brandenburg has got its Hohenzollern Kurfirst, and started on a new career it little dreamed of, and we can now right willingly quit Sigismund and the Reichs-History, leave Kaiser Sigismund to sink or swim at his own will henceforth. His great feat in life, the wonder of his generation, was this same Council of Constance, which proved entirely a failure, one of the largest *wind-eggs* ever dropped with noise and travail in this world. Two hundred thousand human creatures, reckoned and reckoning themselves the elixir of the Intellect and Dignity of Europe; Two hundred thousand—nay, some, counting the lower menials and numerous unfortunate females, say Four hundred thousand—were got congregated into that little Swiss Town, and there, as an Ecumenic Council, or solemnly-distilled elixir of what pious Intellect and Valor could be scraped together in the world, they labored with all their select might for four years' space: that was the Council of Constance; and except this transfer of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, resulting from said Council in the quite reverse and involuntary way, one sees not what good result it had.

They did indeed burn Huss, but that could not be called a beneficial incident; that seemed to Sigismund and the Council a most small and insignificant one. And it kindled Bohemia, and kindled rhinoceros Zisca into never-imagined flame of vengeance; brought mere disaster, disgrace, and defeat on defeat to Sigismund, and kept his hands full for the rest of his life, however small he had thought it. As for the sublime four-years'

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deliberations and debates of this Sanhedrim of the Universe—eloquent debates, conducted, we may say, under such an extent of *wig* as was never seen before or since—they have fallen wholly to the domain of Dryasdust, and amount, for mankind at this time, to zero *plus* the Burning of Huss. On the whole, Burggraf Friedrich's Electorship, and the first Hohenzollern to Brandenburg, is the one good result.

Adieu, then, to Sigismund. Let us leave him at this his culminating point, in the Market-place of Constance, red as a flamingo, doing one act of importance, though unconsciously and against his will. I subjoin here, for refreshment of the reader's memory, a Synopsis, or bare arithmetical List, of those Intercalary Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, which, now that its original small duty is done, may as well be printed as burned:

*The Seven Intercalary or Non-Hapsburg Kaisers.*

Rudolf of Hapsburg died A.D. 1291, after a reign of eighteen vigorous years, very useful to the Empire after its Anarchic *Interregnum*. He was succeeded, not by any of his own sons or kindred, but by

1°. Adolf of Nassau, 1291–1298. A stalwart but necessitous Herr, much concerned in the French projects of our Edward Longshanks: *miles stipendiarius Eduardi*, as the Opposition party scornfully termed him. Slain in battle by the Anti-Kaiser, Albrecht or Albert, eldest son of Rudolf, who thereupon became Kaiser.

Albert I. (of Hapsburg, he), 1298–1308. Parricided, in that latter year, at the Ford of the Reuss.

2° (a). Henry VII. of Luxemburg, 1308–1313, poisoned (1313) in sacramental wine. The first of the Luxemburgers, who are marked here in their order by the addition of an alphabetic letter.

3°. Ludwig der Baier, 1314–1347 (Duke of *Ober-Baiern*, Upper Bavaria, progenitor of the subsequent Kurfürsts of Baiern, who are *Cousins* of the Pfalz Family).

4° (b). Karl IV., 1347–1378, Son of Johann of Bohemia (Johann *Ich-dien*), and Grandson of Henry VII.—nicknamed the *Pfaffen-Kaiser* (Parsons'-Kaiser). Karlsbad, the Golden Bull, Castle of Tannegmünde.

5° (c). Wenzel (or Wenceslaus), 1378–1400, Karl's eldest Son. Elected 1378, still very young; deposed in 1400, Kaiser Rupert succeeding; continued King of Bohemia till his death (by Zisca *at second-hand*) nineteen years after. Had been Kaiser for twenty-two years.

6°. Rupert of the Pfalz, 1400–1410 ; called Rupert *Klemm* (Pincers, Smith's vice), Brother-in-law to Burggraf Friedrich VI. (afterward Kurfürst Friedrich I.), who marched with him to Italy and often elsewhere, Burggraf Johann the elder Brother-in-law being then oftenest in Hungary with Sigismund, Karl IV.'s second son.

7° (*d*). Sigismund, 1410–1437, Wenzel's younger Brother, the fourth and last of the Luxemburgers, seventh and last of the Intercalary Kaisers. Sold Brandenburg after thrice or oftener pawning it. Sigismund *super Grammaticam*.

Super-Grammaticam died 9th December, 1437 ; left only a Daughter, wedded to the then Albert, Duke of Austria ; which Albert, on the strength of this, came to the Kingship of Bohemia and of Hungary as his Wife's inheritance, and to the Empire by election. Died thereupon in few months : "three crowns, Bohemia, Hungary, the Reich, in that one year, 1438," say the old Historians ; "and then next year he quitted them all for a fourth and more lasting crown, as is hoped." Kaiser Albert II., 1438–1439 : after whom all are Hapsburgers, excepting, if that is an exception, the unlucky Karl VII. alone (1742–1745), who descends from Ludwig the Baier.



# BOOK III.

## THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.

### 1412-1713.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### KURFURST FRIEDRICH I.

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH, on his first coming to Brandenburg, found but a cool reception as Statthalter.<sup>1</sup> He came as the representative of law and rule, and there had been many helping themselves by a ruleless life of late. Industry was at a low ebb, violence was rife; plunder, disorder every where; too much the habit for baronial gentlemen to "live by the saddle," as they termed it—that is, by highway robbery in modern phrase.

The Towns, harried and plundered to skin and bone, were glad to see a Statthalter, and did homage to him with all their heart. But the Baronage or Squirearchy of the country were of another mind. These, in the late anarchies, had set up for a kind of kings in their own right: they had their feuds, made war, made peace, levied tolls, transit-dues; lived much at their own discretion in these solitary countries; rushing out from their stone towers ("walls fourteen feet thick") to seize any herd of "six hundred swine," any convoy of Lübeck or Hamburg merchant-goods that had not contented them in passing. What were peddlers and mechanic fellows made for if not to be plundered when needful? Arbitrary rule on the part of these Noble Robber-Lords! And then much of the Crown Domains had gone to the chief of them—pawned (and the pawn-ticket lost, so to speak), or sold for what trifle of ready-money was to be had

<sup>1</sup> "*Johannistage*" (24th June), "1412," he first set foot in Brandenburg, with due escort, in due state, only Statthalter (Vice-regent) as yet; Pauli, i., 594, ii., 58; Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1830-1851), i., 167-169.

in Jobst and Company's time. To these gentlemen, a Statthalter coming to inquire into matters was no welcome phenomenon. Your *Edle Herr* (Noble Lord) of Putlitz, Noble Lords of Quitzow, Rochow, Maltitz, and others, supreme in their grassy solitudes this long while, and accustomed to nothing greater than themselves in Brandenburg, how should they obey a Statthalter?

Such was more or less the universal humor in the Squirearchy of Brandenburg—not of good omen to Burggraf Friedrich. But the chief seat of contumacy seemed to be among the Quitzows, Putlitzes, above spoken of—big Squires in the district they call the Priegnitz, in the Country of the sluggish Havel River, northwest from Berlin a fifty or forty miles—these refused homage, very many of them; said they were “incorporated with Böhmen;” said this and that; much disinclined to homage, and would not do it; stiff, surly fellows, much deficient in discernment of what is above them and what is not: a thick-skinned set; bodies clad in buff leather; minds also cased in ill habits of long continuance.

Friedrich was very patient with them—hoped to prevail by gentle methods. He “invited them to dinner”—“had them often at dinner for a year or more,” but could make no progress in that way. “Who is this we have got for a Governor?” said the noble lords privately to each other. “A *Nürnberger Tand* (Nürnberg Plaything—wooden image, such as they make at Nürnberg),” said they, grinning, in a thick-skinned way: “If it rained Burggraves all the year round, none of them would come to luck in this Country,” and continued their feuds, toll-levyings, plunderings, and other contumacies.

Seeing matters come to this pass after waiting above a year, Burggraf Friedrich gathered his Frankish men-at-arms; quietly made league with the neighboring Potentates, Thüringen and others; got some munitions, some artillery together, especially one huge gun, the biggest ever seen—“a twenty-four pounder,” no less—to which the peasants, dragging her with difficulty through the clayey roads, gave the name of *Faule Grete* (Lazy, or Heavy Peg)—a remarkable piece of ordnance. Lazy Peg he had got from the Landgraf of Thüringen on loan merely, but he turned her to excellent account of his own. I have often inquired after

Lazy Peg's fate in subsequent times, but could never learn any thing distinct: the German Dryasdust is a dull dog, and seldom carries any thing human in those big wallets of his.

Equipped in this way, Burggraf Friedrich (he was not yet Kurfürst, only coming to be) marches for the Havel Country (early days of 1414);<sup>2</sup> makes his appearance before Quitzow's strong-house of Friesack, walls fourteen feet thick: "You Dietrich von Quitzow, are you prepared to live as a peaceable subject henceforth—to do homage to the Laws and me?" "Never!" answered Quitzow, and pulled up his drawbridge. Whereupon Heavy Peg opened upon him, Heavy Peg and other guns, and in some eight-and-forty hours shook Quitzow's impregnable Friesack about his ears. This was in the month of February, 1414, day not given: Friesack was the name of the impregnable Castle (still discoverable in our time), and it ought to be memorable and venerable to every Prussian man. Burggraf Friedrich VI., not yet quite become Kurfürst Friedrich I., but in a year's space to become so, he, in person, was the beneficent operator; Heavy Peg and steady Human Insight, these were clearly the chief implements.

Quitzow being settled—for the country is in military occupation of Friedrich and his allies, and, except in some stone castle, a man has no chance—straightway Putlitz or another mutineer with his drawbridge up was battered to pieces, and his drawbridge brought slamming down. After this manner, in an incredibly short period, mutiny was quenched, and it became apparent to Noble Lords and to all men that here, at length, was a man come who would have the Laws obeyed again, and could and would keep mutiny down.

Friedrich showed no cruelty—far the contrary. Your mutiny once ended and a little repented of, he is ready to be your gracious Prince again; Fair play and the social wine-cup, or inexorable war and Lazy Peg, it is at your discretion which. Brandenburg submitted, hardly ever rebelled more. Brandenburg, under the wise Kurfürst it has got, begins in a small degree to

<sup>2</sup> Michaelis, i., 287; Stenzel, i., 168 (where, contrary to wont, is an insignificant error or two). Pauli (ii., 58) is, as usual, lost in water.

be cosmic again, or of the domain of the gods; ceases to be chaotic and a mere cockpit of the devils.

There is no doubt but this Friedrich also, like his ancestor Friedrich III., the First Hereditary Burggraf, was an excellent citizen of his country; a man conspicuously important in all German business in his time; a man setting up for no particular magnanimity, ability, or heroism, but unconsciously exhibiting a good deal, which, by degrees, gained universal recognition. He did not shine much as Reichs-Generalissimo, under Kaiser Sigismund, in his expeditions against Zisca; on the contrary, he presided over huge defeat and rout, once and again, in that capacity, and, indeed, had represented in vain that with such a species of militia victory was impossible. He represented and again represented to no purpose, whereupon he declined the office farther, in which others fared no better.<sup>3</sup>

The offer to be Kaiser was made to him in his old days, but he wisely declined that too. It was in Brandenburg, by what he silently founded there, that he did his chief benefit to Germany and mankind. He understood the noble art of governing men; had in him the justice, clearness, valor, and patience needed for that: a man of sterling probity for one thing, which, indeed, is the first requisite in said art—if you will have your Laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's Law, otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.

Friedrich "traveled much over Brandenburg," looking into every thing with his own eyes; making, I can well fancy, innumerable crooked things straight, reducing more and more that famishing dog-kennel of a Brandenburg into a fruitful arable field. His Portraits represent a square-headed, mild-looking solid gentleman, with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Except in those Hussite wars for Kaiser Sigismund and the Reich, in which no man could prosper, he may be defined as constantly prosperous. To Brandenburg he was, very literally, the blessing of blessings, redemption out of death into life. In the ruins of that old Friesack Castle, battered down by Heavy Peg, Antiquarian Science (if it had any eyes) might look for the tap-

<sup>3</sup> Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, vii., 109–158, § *Zisca*.

1440.  
root of the Prussian Nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun.

Friedrich, in one capacity or another, presided over Brandenburg near thirty years. He came thither first of all in 1412; was not completely Kurfürst in his own right till 1415, nor publicly installed, "with 100,000 looking on from the roofs and windows" in Constance yonder, till 1417, age then some forty-five. His Brandenburg residence, when he happened to have time for residing or sitting still, was Tangermünde, the Castle built by Kaiser Karl IV. He died there, 21st September, 1440, laden tolerably with years, and, still better, with memories of hard work done. Rentsch guesses, by good inference, he was born about 1372. As I count, he is seventh in descent from that Conrad, Burggraf Conrad I., Cadet of Hohenzollern, who came down from the Rauhe Alp, seeking service with Kaiser Redbeard, above two centuries ago: Conrad's generation and six others had vanished successively from the world-theatre in that ever mysterious manner, and left the stage clear, when Burggraf Friedrich the Sixth came to be First Elector. Let three centuries, let twelve generations farther come and pass, and there will be another still more notable Friedrich, our little Fritz, destined to be Third King of Prussia, officially named Friedrich II., and popularly Frederick the Great. This First Elector is his lineal ancestor, twelve times removed.<sup>4</sup>

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## CHAPTER II.

### MATINÉES DU ROI DE PRUSSE.

ELEVEN successive Kurfürsts followed Friedrich in Brandenburg, of whom and their births, deaths, wars, marriages, negotiations, and continual multitudinous stream of smaller or greater adventures, much has been written, of a dreary confused nature, next to nothing of which ought to be repeated here. Some list of their Names, with what rememberable human feature or event (if any) still speaks to us in them, we must try to give. Their Names, well dated, with any actions, incidents, or

<sup>4</sup> Rentsch, p. 349-372; Hübner, t. 176.

phases of life, which may in this way get to adhere to them in the reader's memory, the reader can insert, each at its right place, in the grand Tide of European Events, or in such Picture as the reader may have of that; thereby with diligence he may produce for himself some faint twilight notion of the Flight of Time in remote Brandenburg—convince himself that remote Brandenburg was present all along, alive after its sort, and assisting, dumbly or otherwise, in the great World-Drama as that went on.

We have to say in general, the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollerns has very little in it to excite a vulgar curiosity, though perhaps a great deal to interest an intelligent one. Had it found treatment duly intelligent—which, however, how could it, lucky beyond its neighbors, hope to do! Common-place Dryasdust, and voluminous Stupidity, not worse here than elsewhere, play their part.

It is the history of a State or Social Vitality growing from small to great—steadily growing henceforth under guidance; and the contrast between guidance and no-guidance, or misguidance in such matters, is again impressively illustrated there. This we see well to be the fact, and the details of this would be of moment were they given us, but they are not; how could voluminous Dryasdust give them? Then, on the other hand, the Phenomenon is, for a long while, on so small a scale, wholly without importance in European politics and affairs, the common-place Historian, writing of it on a large scale, becomes unreadable and intolerable. Witness grandiloquent Pauli, our fatal friend, with his Eight watery Quartos, which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid!<sup>1</sup> The Phenomenon of Brandenburg is small, remote; and the essential particulars, too delicate for the eye of Dryasdust, are mostly wanting, drowned deep in details of the unessential; so that we are well content, my readers and I, to keep remote from it on this occasion.

On one other point I must give the reader warning—a rock of offense on which, if he needlessly strike, I reckon he will split;

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Carl Friedrich Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, often enough cited here.

at least no help of mine can benefit him till he be got off again. Alas! offenses must come, and must stand, like rocks of offense, to the shipwreck of many. Modern Dryasdust, interpreting the mysterious ways of Divine Providence in this Universe, or what he calls writing History, has done uncountable havoc upon the best interests of mankind. Hapless, godless dullard that he is, driven and driving on courses that lead only downward, for him as for us! But one could forgive him all things compared with this doctrine of devils which he has contrived to get established, pretty generally, among his unfortunate fellow-creatures, for the time! I must insert the following quotation, readers guess from what Author:

“In an impudent pamphlet, forged by I know not whom, and published in 1766, under the title of *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, purporting to be ‘Morning Conversations’ of Frederick the Great with his Nephew the Heir Apparent, every line of which betrays itself as false and spurious to a reader who has made any direct or effectual study of Frederick, or his manners or affairs, it is set forth, in the way of exordium to these pretended royal confessions, that ‘*notre maison*,’ our Family of Hohenzollern, ever since the first origin of it among the Swabian mountains, or its first descent therefrom into the Castle and Imperial Wardenship of Nürnberg, some six hundred years ago or more, has consistently traveled one road, and this a very notable one. ‘We, as I myself, the royal Frederick, still do, have all along proceeded,’ namely, ‘in the way of adroit Machiavelism, as skillful gamblers in this world’s business, ardent gatherers of this world’s goods; and, in brief, as devout worshippers of Beelzebub, the grand regulator and rewarder of mortals here below, which creed we, the Hohenzollerns, have found, and I still find to be the true one; learn it you, my prudent Nephew, and let all men learn it. By holding steadily to that, and working late and early in such spirit, we are come to what you see, and shall advance still farther, if it please Beelzebub, who is generally kind to those that serve him well.’ Such is the doctrine of this impudent Pamphlet, ‘original Manuscripts’ of which are still purchased by simple persons, and have then been nobly offered me, thrice over, gratis or nearly so, as a priceless curiosity. A new printed edition of which, probably the fifth, has appeared within few years. Simple persons consider it a curious and interesting Document; rather ambiguous in origin perhaps, but probably authentic in substance, and throwing unexpected light on the character of Frederick whom men call the Great, in which new light they are willing a meritorious Editor should share.

„Who wrote that Pamphlet I know not, and am in no condition to guess. A certain snappish vivacity (very unlike the style of Frederick, whom it personates); a wearisome grimacing, gesticulating malice and smartness, approaching or reaching the sad dignity of what is called ‘wit’ in modern times; in general, the rottenness of matter, and the epigrammatic unquiet graciousness of manner in this thing, and its elaborately inhuman turn both of expression and of thought, are visible characteristics of it—thought, we said, if thought it can be called—thought all hamstrung, shriveled by inveterate rheumatism, on the part of the poor ill-thriven thinker; nay, *tied* (so to speak, for he is of epigrammatic turn withal), as by cross-ropes, right shoulder to left foot, and forced to advance, hobbling and jerking along in that sad guise; not in the way of walk, but of saltation and dance; and this toward a false, not a true aim, rather nowhither than somewhither. Here were features leading one to think of an illustrious Prince de Ligne as perhaps concerned in the affair? The Bibliographical Dictionaries, producing no evidence, name quite another person, or series of persons,<sup>2</sup> highly unmemorable otherwise, whereupon you proceed to said other person’s acknowledged *Works* (as they are called), and find there a style bearing no resemblance whatever, and are left in a dubious state, if it were of any moment. In the absence of proof, I am unwilling to charge his Highness de Ligne with such an action, and, indeed, am little careful to be acquainted with the individual who did it, who could and would do it—a Prince of Coxcombs I can discern him to have been; capable of shining in the eyes of insincere foolish persons, and of doing detriment to them, not benefit; a man without reverence for truth or human excellence; not knowing, in fact, what is true from what is false, what is excellent from what is sham-excellent and at the top of the mode; an apparently polite and knowing man, but intrinsically an impudent, dark, and merely modish-insolent man, who, if he fell in with Rhadamanthus on his travels, would not escape a horsewhipping. Him we will willingly leave to that beneficial chance, which indeed seems a certain one sooner or later, and address ourselves to consider the theory itself, and the facts it pretends to be grounded on.

“As to the theory, I must needs say, nothing can be falsier, more heretical, or more damnable. My own poor opinion and deep conviction on that subject is well known this long while; and, in fact, the summary of all I have believed, and have been trying as I could to teach man-

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<sup>2</sup> A certain “N. de Bonneville” (afterward a Revolutionary spiritual-mountebank for some time) is now the favorite name—proves, on investigation, to be an impossible one. Barbier (*Dictionnaire des Anonymes*), in a helpless, doubting manner, gives still others.

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kind to believe again, is even that same opinion and conviction applied to all provinces of things. Alas! in this sad theory about the world, our poor impudent Pamphleteer is by no means singular at present; nay, rather, he has in a manner the whole practical part of mankind on his side just now, the more is the pity for us all!

"It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are right; but if God made this world, and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly-muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot Lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last, then our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are wrong.

"More I will not say, being indeed quite tired of *speaking* on the subject; not a subject which it concerns me to speak of, much as it concerns me, and all men, to know the truth of it, and silently, in every hour and moment, to do said truth, as, indeed, the sacred voice of their own soul, if they listen, will conclusively admonish them; and truly, if *it* do not, there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own share, I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of that fact. If I am in their premises, and discover such a thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine, I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. Ingenious gentlemen who believe that Beelzebub, made this world are not a class of gentlemen I can get profit from; let them keep at a distance, lest mischief fall out between us. They are of the set deserving to be called—and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say, of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation—the damned set; for, in very deed, they are doomed and damned by Nature's oldest Act of Parliament—they, and whatsoever they do, or say, or think, unless they can escape from that devil-element, which I still hope they may.

"But with regard to the facts themselves, '*de notre maison*,' I take leave to say, they too are without basis of truth. They are not so false as the theory, because nothing can in falsity quite equal that. '*Notre maison*,' this Pamphleteer may learn, if he please to make study and inquiry before speaking, did *not* rise by worship of Beelzebub at all in this world, but by a quite opposite line of conduct. It rose, in fact, by the course which all except fools, stockjobber stags, cheating gamblers, forging Pamphleteers, and other temporary creatures of the damned sort, have found from of old to be the one way of permanently rising; by steady service, namely, of the Opposite of Beelzebub; by conforming to the Laws of this Universe, instead of trying, by pettifoggery, to evade and profitably contradict them. The Hohenzollerns, too, have a

History still articulate to the human mind, if you search sufficiently, and this is what, even with some emphasis, it will teach us concerning their adventures, and achievements of success in the field of life. Resist the Devil, good reader, and he will flee from you."

So ends our indignant friend.

How the Hohenzollerns got their big Territories, and came to what they are in the world, will be seen. Probably they were not, any of them, paragons of virtue. They did not walk in altogether speckless Sunday pumps, or much clear-starched into consciousness of the moral sublime, but in rugged practical boots, and by such roads as there were. Concerning their moralities, and conformities to the Laws of the Road and of the Universe, there will much remain to be argued by pamphleteers and others. Men will have their opinion, Men of more wisdom and of less; Apes by the Dead Sea also will have theirs; but what man that believed in such a Universe as that of this Dead-Sea Pamphleteer could consent to live in it at all? Who that believed in such a Universe, and did not design to live like a Papin's-Digester or *Porcus Epicuri* in an extremely ugly manner in it, could avoid one of two things—going rapidly into Bedlam, or else blowing his brains out? "It will not do for me, at any rate, this infinite Dog-house; not for me, ye Dryasdusts, and omnipotent Dog-monsters and Mud-gods, whoever you are. One honorable thing I can do: take leave of you and your Dog-establishment. Enough!"

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## CHAPTER III.

### KURFURST FRIEDRICH II.

THE First Friedrich's successor was a younger son, Friedrich II., who lasted till 1471 above thirty years, and proved likewise a notable manager and governor—very capable to assert himself and his just rights in this world. He was but twenty-seven at his accession; but the Berlin Burghers, attempting to take some liberties with him, found he was old enough. He got the name *Ironteeth*, Friedrich *Ferratis Dentibus*, from his decisive ways then and afterward. He had his share of brabbling with

intricate litigant neighbors; quarrels now and then, not to be settled without strokes. His worst war was with Pommern: just claims disputed there, and much confused bickering, sieging, and harassing in consequence, of which quarrel we must speak anon. It was he who first built the conspicuous Schloss or Palace at Berlin, having got the ground for it (same ground still covered by the actual fine Edifice, which is a second edition of Friedrich's) from the repentant Burghers, and took up his chief residence there.<sup>1</sup>

But his principal achievement in Brandenburg History is his recovery of the Province called the Neumark to that Electorate. In the thriftless Sigismund times, the Neumark had been pledged—had been sold; Teutsch Ritterdom, to whose dominions it lay contiguous, had purchased it with money down. The Teutsch Ritters were fallen moneyless enough since then; they offered to pledge the Neumark to Friedrich, who accepted, and advanced the sum. After a while the Teutsch Ritters, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell Neumark,<sup>2</sup> into which Transaction, with its dates and circumstances, let us cast one glance for our behoof afterward. The Teutsch Ritters were an opulent, domineering Body in Sigismund's early time, but they are now come well down in Friedrich II.'s, and are coming ever lower; sinking steadily, or with desperate attempts to rise, which only increase the speed downward, ever since that fatal Tannenberg Business, 15th July, 1410. Here is the sad progress of their descent to the bottom, divided into three stages or periods:

"*Period First* is of Thirty years: 1410–1440. A peace with Poland soon followed that Defeat of Tannenberg; humiliating peace, with mulct in money, and slightly in territory, attached to it; which again was soon followed by war, and ever again each new peace more humiliating than its foregoer. Teutsch Order is steadily sinking—into debt, among other things; driven into severe finance-measures (ultimately even to 'debase its coin'), which produce irritation enough. Poland is gradually edging itself into the territories and the interior troubles of Prussen, prefatory to greater operations that lie ahead there.

"*Period Second*, of Fourteen years. So it had gone on, from bad to worse, till 1440, when the general population, through its Heads, the

<sup>1</sup> 1442–1451 (Nicolai, i., 81).

<sup>2</sup> Michaelis, i., 301.

Landed Gentry and the Towns, wearied out with fiscal and other oppressions from its domineering Ritterdom, brought now to such a pitch, began every where to stir themselves into vocal complaint—complaint emphatic enough: ‘Where will you find a man that has not suffered injury in his rights, perhaps in his person? Our friends they have invited as guests, and under show of hospitality have murdered them. Men, for the sake of their beautiful wives, have been thrown into the river like dogs,’ and enough of the like sort.<sup>3</sup> No want of complaint nor of complainants. Town of Thorn, Town of Dantzic, Kulm, all manner of Towns and Baronages, proceeded now to form a *Bund*, or general Covenant for complaining; to repugn, in hotter and hotter form, against a domineering Ritterdom with back so broken; in fine, to colleague with Poland, what was most ominous of all. Baronage, Burgherage, they were German mostly by blood, and by culture were wholly German, but preferred Poland to a Teutsch Ritterdom of that nature. Nothing but brabbings, scufflings, oburgations; a great outbreak ripening itself. Teutsch Ritterdom has to hire soldiers; no money to pay them. It was in these sad years that the Teutsch Ritterdom, fallen moneyless, offered to pledge the Neumark to our Kurfürst; 1444, that operation was consummated.\* All this goes on, in hotter and hotter form, for ten years longer.

“*Period Third* begins, early in 1454, with an important special catastrophe, and ends, in the Thirteenth year after, with a still more important universal one of the same nature. Prussian *Bund*, or Anti-Oppression Covenant of the Towns and Landed Gentry, rising in temperature for fourteen years at this rate, reached at last the igniting point, and burst into fire. February 4th, 1454, the Town of Thorn, darling first child of Teutsch Ritterdom—child 223 years old at this time,<sup>5</sup> and grown very big, and now very angry—suddenly took its old parent by the throat, so to speak, and hurled him out to the dogs, to the extraneous Polacks first of all. Town of Thorn, namely, sent that day its ‘Letter of Renunciation’ to the Hochmeister over at Marienburg; seized, in

<sup>3</sup> Voigt, vii., 747; quoting, evidently, not an express manifesto, but one manufactured by the old Chroniclers.

<sup>4</sup> Pauli, ii., 187, does not name the sum.

<sup>5</sup> “Founded, 1231, as a wooden Burg, just across the river, on the Heathen side, mainly round the stem of an immense old Oak that grew handy there—Seven Barges always on the river (Weichsel) to fly to our own side if quite overwhelmed.” *Oak and Seven Barges* is still the Town’s Arms of Thorn. See Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxii., 107, quoting Dusbürg (a Priest of the Order) and his old *Chronica Terræ Prusciæ*, written in 1326.

1455.

a day or two more, the Hochmeister's Official Envoys, Dignitaries of the Order; led them through the streets, amid universal storm of execrations, hootings, and unclean projectiles, straight to jail; and besieged the Hochmeister's Burg (*Bastille* of Thorn, with a few Ritters in it), all the artillery and all the throats and hearts of the place raging deliriously upon it; so that the poor Ritters, who had no chance in resisting, were in a few days obliged to surrender;<sup>6</sup> had to come out in bare jerkin; and Thorn ignominiously dismissed them into space forevermore—with actual 'kicks,' I have read in some Books, though others veil that sad feature. Thorn threw out its old parent in this manner; swore fealty to the King of Poland, and invited other Towns and Knight-ages to follow the example, to which all were willing, wherever able.

"War hereupon, which blazed up over Preussen at large—Prussian Covenant and King of Poland *versus* Teutsch Ritterdom—and lasted into the thirteenth year before it could go out again—out by lack of fuel mainly. One of the fellest wars on record, especially for burning and ruining; above '300,000 fighting men' are calculated to have perished in it; and of towns, villages, farmsteads, a cipher which makes the fancy, as it were, black and ashy altogether. Ritterdom showed no lack of fighting energy, but that could not save it in the pass things were got to. Enormous lack of wisdom, of reality and human veracity there had long been, and the hour was now come. Finance went out to the last coin. Large mercenary armies all along, and in the end not the color of money to pay them with: mercenaries became desperate; 'besieged the Hochmeister and his Ritters in Marienburg;' finally sold the Country they held; formally made it over to the King of Poland to get their pay out of it. Hochmeister had to see such things, and say little. Peace, or extinction for want of fuel, came in the year 1466. Poland got to itself the whole of that fine German Country, henceforth called 'West Preussen' to distinguish it, which goes from the left bank of the Weichsel to the borders of Brandenburg and Neumark; would have got Neumark too, had not Kurfürst Friedrich been there to save it. The Teutsch Order had to go across the Weichsel, ignominiously driven; to content itself with 'East Preussen,' the Königsberg-Memel country, and even to do homage to Poland for that, which latter was the bitterest clause of all; but it could not be helped, more than the others. In this manner did its revolted children fling out Teutsch Ritterdom ignominiously to the dogs, to the Polacks first of all—Thorn, the eldest child, leading off or setting the example."

And so the Teutsch Ritters are sunk beyond retrieval; and

<sup>6</sup> 8th February, 1454, says Voigt (viii., 361); 16th, says Köhler (*Münz-belustigungen*, xxii., 110).

West Preussen, called subsequently "Royal Preussen," *not* having homage to pay as the "Ducal" or East Preussen had, is German no longer, but Polish, Sclavic; not prospering by the change.<sup>7</sup> And all that fine German Country, reduced to rebel against its unwise parent, was cut away by the Polish sword, and remained with Poland, which did not prove very wise either, till—till, in the Year 1773, it was cut back by the German sword. All readers have heard of the Partition of Poland, but of the Partition of Preussen, 307 years before, all have not heard.

It was in the second year of that final tribulation, marked above as Period Third, that the Teutsch Ritters, famishing for money, completed the Neumark transaction with Kurfürst Friedrich; Neumark, already pawned to him ten years before, they, in 1455, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell; and he, long carefully steering toward such an issue, and dexterously keeping out of the main broil, failed not to buy. Friedrich could thenceforth, on his own score, protect the Neumark; keep up an invisible but impregnable wall between it and the neighboring anarchic conflagrations of thirteen years; and the Neumark has ever since remained with Brandenburg, its original owner.

As to Friedrich's Pomeranian quarrel, this is the figure of it. Here is a scene from Rentsch, which falls out in Friedrich's time, and which brought much battling and broiling to him and his. Symbolical, withal, of much that befell in Brandenburg from first to last. Under the Hohenzollerns as before, Brandenburg grew by aggregation, by assimilation, and we see here how difficult the process often was.

Pommern (*Pomerania*), long Wendish, but peaceably so since the time of Albert the Bear, and growing ever more German, had in good part, according to Friedrich's notion, if there were force in human Treaties and Imperial Laws, fallen fairly to Bran-

<sup>7</sup> What Thorn had sunk to, out of its palmy state, see in Nanke's *Wanderungen durch Preussen* (Hamburg and Altona, 1800), ii., 177-200: a pleasant little Book, treating mainly of Natural History, but drawing you, by its innocent simplicity and geniality, to read with thanks whatever is in it.

denburg—that is to say, the half of it, Stettin-Pommern, had fairly fallen—in the year 1464, when Duke Otto of Stettin, the last Wendish Duke, died without heirs. In that case, by many bargains, some with bloody crowns, it had been settled, If the Wendish Dukes died out, the country was to fall to Brandenburg; and here they were dead. “At Duke Otto’s burial, accordingly, in the High Church of Stettin, when the coffin was lowered into its place, the Stettin Bürgermeister, Albrecht Glinde, took sword and helmet, and threw the same into the grave, in token that the Line was extinct. But Franz von Eichsted,” apparently another Burgher instructed for the nonce, “jumped into the grave and picked them out again, alleging, No, the Dukes of *Wolgast*-Pommern were of kin; these tokens we must send to his Grace at Wolgast, with offer of our homage, said Franz von Eichsted.”<sup>8</sup> And sent they were, and accepted by his Grace. And perhaps half a score of bargains, with bloody crowns to some of them; and yet other chances, and centuries, with the extinction of new Lines, had to supervene before even Stettin-Pommern, and that in no complete state, could be got.<sup>9</sup> As to Pommern at large, Pommern not denied to be due, after such extinction and re-extinction of native Ducal Lines, did not fall home for centuries more; and what struggles and inextricable armed litigations there were for it, readers of Brandenburg History too wearisomely know. The process of assimilation not the least of an easy one.

This Friedrich was second son: his Father’s outlook for him had at first been toward a Polish Princess and the crown of Poland, which was not then so elective as afterward; and with such view his early breeding had been chiefly in Poland; Johann, the eldest son and heir apparent, helping his Father at home in the mean while. But these Polish outlooks went to nothing, the young Princess having died; so that Friedrich came home possessed merely of the Polish language, and of what talents the gods had given him, which were considerable. And now, in the

<sup>8</sup> Rentsch, p. 110 (whose printer has put his date awry); Stenzel (i., 233) calls the man “*Lorenz Eikstetten*, a resolute Gentleman.”

<sup>9</sup> 1648, by Treaty of Westphalia.

mean while, Johann, who at one time promised well in practical life, had taken to Alchemy, and was busy with crucibles and speculations to a degree that seemed questionable. Father Friedrich, therefore, had to interfere, and deal with this "Johann the Alchemist" (*Johannes Alchemista*, so the Books still name him); who loyally renounced the Electorship, at his Father's bidding, in favor of Friedrich; accepted Baireuth (better half of the Culmbach Territory) for appanage, and there peacefully distilled and sublimated at discretion; the government there being an easier task, and fitter for a soft speculative Herr. A third Brother, Albert by name, got Anspach on the Father's decease; very capable to do any fighting there might be occasion for in Culmbach.

As to the Burggrafship, it was now done, all but the Title. The First Friedrich, once he was got to be Elector, wisely parted with it. The First Friedrich found his Electorship had dreadfully real duties for him, and that this of the Burggrafship had fallen mostly obsolete; so he sold it to the Nürembergers for a round sum: only the Principalities and Territories are retained in that quarter, about which, too, and their feudal duties, boundaries, and tolls, with a jealous litigious Nürnberg for a neighbor, there at length came quarreling enough. But Albert, the third Brother, over at Anspach, took charge of all that, and nothing of it fell in Johann's way.

The good Alchemist died—performed his last sublimation, poor man—six or seven years before his Brother Friedrich, age then sixty-three.<sup>10</sup> Friedrich, with his Iron Teeth and faculties, only held out till fifty-eight—10th February, 1471. The manner of his end was peculiar. In that war with Pommern, he sat besieging a Pomeranian town, Uckermünde the name of it, when, at dinner one day, a cannon ball plunged down upon the table,<sup>11</sup> with such a crash as we can fancy, which greatly confused the nerves of Friedrich, much injured his hearing, and even his memory thenceforth. In a few months afterward he resigned in favor of his Successor, retired to Plassenburg, and there died in about a year more.

<sup>10</sup> 14th November, 1464.

<sup>11</sup> Michaelis, i., 303.

## CHAPTER IV.

## KURFÜRST ALBERT ACHILLES AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

NEITHER Friedrich nor Johann left other than daughters, so that the united Heritage, Brandenburg and Culmbach both, came now to the third Brother, Albert, who has been in Culmbach these many years already—a tall, fiery, tough old gentleman, of formidable talent for fighting, who was called the “*Achilles of Germany*” in his day, being then a very blazing, far-seen character, dim as he has now grown.<sup>1</sup> This Albert Achilles was the third Elector; Ancestor he of all the Brandenburg and Culmbach Hohenzollern Princes that have since figured in the world. After him there is no break or shift in the succession down to the little Friedrich now born. Friedrich, the old Grandfather, First *King*, was the Twelfth *Kurfürst*.

We have to say, they followed generally in their Ancestors' steps, and had success of the like kind, more or less; Hohenzollerns all of them, by character and behavior as well as by descent. No lack of quiet energy, of thrift, sound sense. There was likewise solid fair-play in general; no founding of yourself on ground that will not carry; and there was instant, gentle but inexorable, crushing of mutiny if it showed itself, which, after the Second Elector, or at most the Third, it had altogether ceased to do. Young Friedrich II., upon whom those Berlin Burghers had tried to close their gates till he should sign some “Capitulation” to their mind, got from them, and not quite in ill-humor, that name *Iron-teeth*: “Not the least a Nose-of-wax, this one; no use trying here, then;” which, with the humor attached to it, is itself symbolical of Friedrich and these Hohenzollern Sovereigns. Albert, his Brother, had plenty of fighting in his time, but it was in the Nürnberg and other distant regions; no fighting, or hardly any, needed in Brandenburg henceforth.

With Nürnberg and the Ex-Burggrafship there, now when a

<sup>1</sup> Born 1414; Kurfürst 1471-'86.

new generation began to tug at the loose clauses of that Bargain with Friedrich I., and all Free Towns were going high upon their privileges, Albert had at one time much trouble, and at length actual furious war; other Free Towns countenancing and assisting Nürnberg in the affair, numerous petty Princes, feudal Lords of the vicinity, doing the like by Albert. Twenty years ago all this, and it did not last, so furious was it. "Eight victories" they count on Albert's part—furious successful skirmishes call them—in one of which, I remember, Albert plunged in alone, his Ritters being rather shy, and laid about him hugely, hanging by a standard he had taken till his life was nearly beaten out.<sup>2</sup> Eight victories, and also one defeat, wherein Albert got captured, and had to ransom himself. The captor was one Kunz of Kaufungen, the Nürnberg hired General at the time, a man known to some readers for his Stealing of the Saxon Princes (*Prinzenraub* they call it), a feat which cost Kunz his head.<sup>3</sup> Albert, however, prevailed in the end, as he was apt to do, and got his Nürnbergers fixed to clauses satisfactory to him.

In his early days he had fought against Poles, Bohemians, and others as Imperial general. He was much concerned all along in those abstruse armed litigations of the Austrian House with its dependencies, and diligently helped the Kaiser—Friedrich III., rather a weakish, but an eager and greedy Kaiser—through most of them. That inextricable Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish *Donnybrook* (so we may call it) which Austria had on hand, one of Sigismund's bequests to Austria—distressingly tumultuous *Donnybrook*, which goes on from 1440 to 1471 fighting in a fierce, confused manner; the anti-Turk Hunniades, the anti-Austrian Corvinus, the royal Majesties George Podiebrad, Ladislaus *Posthumus*, Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No-skin*), and other Ludwigs, Ladislauses, and Vladislauses, striking and getting struck at such a rate—Albert was generally what we may call chief constable in all that, giving a knock here and then one there in the Kaiser's name.<sup>4</sup> Almost from boyhood he had learned sol-

<sup>2</sup> 1449 (Rentsch, p. 399).

<sup>3</sup> Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (London, 1857), iv., § *Prinzenraub*.

<sup>4</sup> Hormayr, ii., 138, 140 (§ *Hunyady Corvin*); Rentsch, p. 389-422; Michaelis, i., 304-13.

dying, which he had never afterward leisure to forget. Great store of fighting he had—say half a century of it, off and on, during the seventy and odd years he lasted in this world—with the Donnybrook we spoke of; with the Nürnbergers; with the Dukes of Bavaria (endless bickerings with these Dukes, Ludwig *Beardj*, Ludwig *Superbus*, Ludwig *Gibbosus* or Hunchback, against them and about them, on own and the Kaiser's score); also with the French, already clutching at Lorraine; also with Charles the Rash of Burgundy; lastly with the Bishop of Bamberg, who got him excommunicated, and would not bury the dead.

Kurfürst Albert's Letter on this last emergency to his Vicegerent in Culmbach is a famed Piece still extant (date 1481),<sup>5</sup> and his plan, in such emergency, is a simple and likely one: "Carry the dead bodies to the Parson's house: let him see whether he will not bury them by-and-by. One must fence off the Devil by the Holy Cross," says Albert—appeal to Heaven with what honest mother-wit Heaven has vouchsafed one, means Albert. "These fellows" (the Priests), continues he, "would fain have the temporal sword as well as the spiritual. Had God wished there should be only one sword, he could have contrived that as well as the two. He surely did not want for intellect (*Er war gar ein weiser Mann*)"—want of intellect it clearly was not. In short, they had to bury the dead, and do reason; and Albert hustled himself well clear of this broil, as he had done of many.

Battle enough, poor man, with steel and other weapons; and we see he did it with sharp insight, good forecast, now and then in a wildly leonine or *aquiline* manner: a tall, hook-nosed man, of lean, sharp, rather taciturn aspect; nose and look are very *aquiline*, and there is a cloudy sorrow in those old eyes which seems capable of sudden effulgence to a dangerous extent. He was a considerable diplomatist too; very great with the Kaiser, old Friedrich III. (Max's father, Charles V.'s Great-Grandfather),<sup>6</sup> and managed many things for him; managed to get the

<sup>5</sup> Rentsch, p. 409.

<sup>6</sup> How admirable, not to say "almost divine," to the Kaiser's then Secretary, oily-mouthed Æneas Sylvius, afterward Pope, Rentsch can testify (p. 401, 586); quoting Æneas's eulogies and gossipries (*Historia Rerum Frederici Imperatoris*, I conclude, though no Book is named). Oily, dili-

thrice-lovely Heiress of the Netherlands and Burgundy, Daughter of that Charles the Rash, with her Seventeen Provinces, for Max,<sup>7</sup> who was thought thereupon by every body to be the luckiest man alive, though the issue contradicted it before long.

Kurfürst Albert died in 1486, March 11, age seventy-two. It was some months after Bosworth Fight, where our Crooked Richard got his quietus here in England, and brought the Wars of the Roses to their finale, a little chubby Boy, the son of poor parents at Eisleben in Saxony, Martin Luther the name of him, was looking into this abstruse Universe with those strange eyes of his, in what rough woolen or linsey-woolsey short-clothes we do not know.<sup>8</sup>

Albert's funeral was very grand, the Kaiser himself, and all the Magnates of the Diet and Reich attending him from Frankfort to his last resting-place, many miles of road; for he died at the Diet, in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn, having fallen ill there while busy—perhaps too busy for that age, in the harsh spring weather—electing Prince Maximilian (“lucky Max,” who will be Kaiser too before long, and is already deep in *ill*-luck, tragical and other) to be King of the Romans. The old Kaiser had “looked in on him at Onolzbach” (Anspach), and brought him along; such a man could not be wanting on such an occasion—a man who “perhaps did more for the German Empire than for the Electorate of Brandenburg,” hint some. The Kaiser himself, Friedrich III., was now getting old; anxious to see Max secure, and to set his house in order: a somewhat anxious, croaky, close-fisted, ineffectual old Kaiser,<sup>9</sup> distinguished by his luck in getting Max so provided for and bringing the Seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands to his House. He is the first of the Hapsburg Kaisers who had what has since been called the “Austrian lip”—protrusive under-jaw, with heavy lip disinclined to shut. He got it from his Mother, and bequeathed it in a marked manner, his posterity to this day

gent Æneas, in his own young years and in Albert's prime, had of course seen much of this “miracle” of Arms and Art—“miracle” and “almost divine,” so to speak. 7 1477.

<sup>8</sup> Born 10th November, 1483.

<sup>9</sup> See Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 393–401; ii., 89–96, &c.) for a vivid account of him.

bearing traces of it. Mother's name was Cimburgis, a Polish Princess, "Duke of Masovia's daughter;" a lady who had something of the *Maultasche* in her, in character as well as mouth. In old Albert the poor old Kaiser has lost his right hand, and no doubt muses sadly as he rides in the funeral procession.

Albert is buried at Heilsbronn in Frankenland, among his Ancestors—burial in Brandenburg not yet common for these new Kurfürsts: his skull, in an after-time, used to be shown there, laid on the lid of the tomb; skull marvelous for strength, and "for having no visible sutures," says Rentsch. Pious Brandenburg Officiality at length put an end to that profanation, and restored the skull to its place—marvelous enough, with what had once dwelt in it, whether it had sutures or not.

*Johann the Cicero is Fourth Kurfürst, and leaves Two notable Sons.*

Albert's eldest Son, the Fourth Kurfürst, was Johannes Cicero (1486–1499). Johannes was his natural name, to which the epithet "Cicero of Germany (*Cicero Germanie*)" was added by an admiring public. He had commonly administered the Electorate during his Father's absences, and done it with credit to himself. He was an active man, nowise deficient as a Governor; creditably severe on highway robbers for one thing; destroys you "fifteen baronial robber-towers" at a stroke; was also concerned in the Hungarian-Bohemian *Donnybrook*, and did that also well; but nothing struck a discerning public like the talent he had for speaking: spoke "four hours at a stretch in Kaiser Max's Diets, in elegantly-flowing Latin," with a fair share of meaning too, and had bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him that were astonishing to hear: a tall, square-headed man, of erect, cheerfully composed aspect, head flung rather back if any thing; his bursts of parliamentary eloquence, once glorious as the day, procured him the name "*Johannes Cicero*," and that is what remains of them, for they are sunk now, irretrievable he and they, into the belly of eternal Night, the final resting-place, I do perceive, of much Ciceronian ware in this world. Apparently he had, like some of his Descendants, what would now be called "distinguished literary talents"—insignificant to man-

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kind and us. I find he was likewise called *der Grosse*, "John the Great;" but, on investigation, it proves to be mere "John the Big," a name coming from his tall stature and ultimate fatness of body.

For the rest, he left his family well off, connected with high Potentates all around, and had increased his store to a fair degree in his time. Besides his eldest Son, who followed as Elector, by name Joachim I., a burly gentleman of whom much is written in Books, he left a second Son, Archbishop of Magdeburg, who in time became Archbishop of Mainz and Cardinal of Holy-Church,<sup>10</sup> and by accident got to be forever memorable in Church History, as we shall see anon. Archbishop of Mainz means withal *Kur-Mainz*, Elector of Mainz, who is Chief of the Seven Electors, and, as it were, their President or "Speaker." Albert was the name of this one; his elder Brother, the then Kur-Brandenburg, was called Joachim. Cardinal Albert Kur-Mainz, like his brother Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, figures much, and blazes widely abroad, in the busy reign of Karl V., and the inextricable Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian business it had.

But the notable point in this Albert of Mainz was that of Leo X. and the Indulgences.<sup>11</sup> Pope Leo had permitted Albert to retain his Archbishopric of Magdeburg and other dignities along with that of Mainz, which was an unusual favor. But the Pope expected to be paid for it—to have 30,000 ducats (£15,000), almost a King's ransom at that time, for the "Pallium" to Mainz—*Pallium*, or little Bit of woolen Cloth, on sale by the Pope, without which Mainz could not be held. Albert, with all his dignities, was dreadfully short of money at the time. Chapter of Mainz could or would do little or nothing, having been drained lately; Magdeburg, Halberstadt, the like. Albert tried various shifts; tried a little stroke of trade in relics; gath-

<sup>10</sup> Ulrich von Hutten's grand "Panegyric" upon this Albert on his first Entrance into Mainz (9th October, 1514)—"entrance with a retinue of 2000 horse, mainly furnished by the Brandenburg and Culmbach kindred," say the old Books—is in *Ulrichi ab Hutten Equitis Germani Opera* (Münch's edition, Berlin, 1821), i., 276-310.

<sup>11</sup> Pauli, v., 496-499; Rentsch, p. 869.

1516.

ered in the Maintz district "some hundreds of fractional sacred bones, and three whole bodies," which he sent to Halle for pious purchase; but nothing came of this branch. The £15,000 remained unpaid; and Pope Leo, building St. Peter's, "furnishing a sister's toilet," and doing worse things, was in extreme need of it. What is to be done? "I could borrow the money from the Fuggers of Augsburg," said the Archbishop, hesitatingly; "but then—" "I could help you to repay it," said his Holiness; "could repay the half of it, if only we had (but they always make such clamor about these things) an Indulgence published in Germany." "Well, it must be," answered Albert, at last, agreeing to take the clamor on himself, and to do the feat, being at his wit's-end for money. He draws out his Full Power, which, as first Spiritual Kurfurst, he could do; nominates (1516) one Tetzl for Chief Salesman, a Priest whose hardness of face, and shiftiness of head and hand were known to him; and—here is one Hohenzollern that has a place in History. Poor man, it was by accident, and from extreme tightness for money. He was by no means a violent Churchman; he had himself inclinations toward Luther, even of a practical sort, as the thing went on. But there was no help for it.

Cardinal Albert, Kur-Maintz, shows himself a copious dexterous public speaker at the Diets and elsewhere in those times; a man intent on avoiding violent methods; uncomfortably fat in his later years, to judge by the Portraits. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Maintz (the younger now officially even greater than the elder), these names are perpetually turning up in the German Histories of that Reformation Period; absent on no great occasion; and they at length, from amid the meaningless bead-roll of Names, wearisomely met with in such Books, emerge into Persons for us as above.

## CHAPTER V.

## OF THE BAIREUTH-ANSPACH BRANCH.

ALBERT ACHILLES, the Third Elector, had before his accession been Margraf of Anspach, and since his Brother the Alchemist's death, Margraf of Baireuth too, or of the whole Principality—"Margraf of Culmbach," we will call it, for brevity's sake, though the bewildering old Books have not steadily any name for it.<sup>1</sup> After his accession, Albert Achilles naturally held both Electorate and Principality during the rest of his life, which was an extremely rare predicament for the two Countries, the big and the little.

No other Elector held them both for nearly a hundred years, nor then except as it were for a moment. The two countries, Electorate and Principality, Hohenzollern both, and constituting what the Hohenzollerns had in this world, continued intimately connected, with affinity and clientship carefully kept up, and the lesser standing always under the express protection, and, as it were, *cousinship* of the greater; but they had their separate Princes, Lines of Princes, and they only twice, in the time of these Twelve Electors, came even temporarily under the same head. As to ultimate union, Brandenburg-Baireuth and Brandenburg-Anspach were not incorporated with Brandenburg-Proper and its new fortunes till almost our own day, namely, in 1791, nor then either to continue, having fallen to Bavaria,

<sup>1</sup> A certain subaltern of this express title, "Margraf of Culmbach" (a Cadet, with some temporary appanage there, who was once in the service of him they call the Winter-King, and may again be transiently heard of by us here), is the altogether mysterious Personage who prints himself "*Marquis de Lutembach*" in Bromley's *Collection of Royal Letters* (London, 1787), p. 52, &c.—one of the most curious Books on the Thirty-Years War—"edited" with a composed stupidity and a cheerful infinitude of ignorance which still farther distinguish it. The *Bromley* Originals, well worth a real editing, turn out, on inquiry, to have been "sold as Autographs, and dispersed beyond recovery, about fifty years ago."

in the grand Congress of Vienna, within the next Five-and-Twenty years; all of which, with the complexities and perplexities resulting from it here, we must, in some brief way, endeavor to elucidate for the reader.

*Two Lines in Culmbach or Baireuth-Anspach: The Gera Bond of 1598.*

Culmbach the Elector left, at his death, to his Second Son—properly to two sons, but one of them soon died, and the other became sole possessor—Friedrich by name, who, as founder of the Elder Line of Brandenburg-Culmbach Princes, must not be forgotten by us: founder of the First or Elder line, for there are two Lines, this of Friedrich's having gone out in about a hundred years, and the Anspach-Baireuth territories having fallen home again to Brandenburg, where, however, they continued only during the then Kurfürst's life. Johann George (1525-1598), Seventh Kurfürst, was he to whom Brandenburg fell home; nay, strictly speaking, it was but the sure prospect of it that fell home; the thing itself did not quite fall in his time, though the disposal of it did<sup>2</sup>—to be conjoined again with Brandenburg-Proprietary—conjoined for the short potential remainder of his life, and then to be disposed of as an appanage again; which latter operation, as Johann George had three-and-twenty children, could be no difficult one.

Johann George, accordingly (Year 1598), split the Territory in two: Brandenburg-Baireuth was for his second son, Brandenburg-Anspach for his third. Hereby again were two new progenitors of Culmbach Princes introduced, and a New Line, Second or "Younger Line" they call it (Line mostly split in two, as heretofore), which, after complex adventures in its split condition, Baireuth under one head, Anspach under another, continues active down to our little Fritz's time and farther, as will become but too apparent to us in the course of this History.

From of old these Territories had been frequently divided: each has its own little capital, Town of Anspach, Town of Baireuth,<sup>3</sup> suitable for such an arrangement—frequently divided,

<sup>2</sup> "Disposal," 1598; thing itself, 1603, in his Son's time.

<sup>3</sup> Populations about the same; 16,000 to 17,000 in our time.

though always under the closest cousinship, and ready for reuniting if possible. Generally under the Elder Line too, under Friedrich's posterity, which was rather numerous and often in need of appanages, they had been in separate hands. But the understood practice was not to divide farther: Baireuth by itself, Anspach by itself (or still luckier if one hand could get hold of both)—and especially Brandenburg by itself, uncut by any appanage: this, I observe, was the received practice. But Johann George, wise Kurfürst as he was, wished now to make it surer, and did so by a famous Deed, called the Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*), dated 1598,<sup>4</sup> the last year of Johann George's life.

Hereby, in a Family Conclave held at that Gera, a little town in Thüringen, it was settled and indissolubly fixed, That their Electorate, unlike all others in Germany, shall continue indivisible; Law of Primogeniture, here if nowhere else, is to be in full force, and only the Culmbach Territory (if otherwise unoccupied) can be split off for younger sons. Culmbach can be split off, and this again withal can be split, if need be, into two (Baireuth and Anspach), but not in any case farther, which Household Law was strictly obeyed henceforth. Date of it 1598; principal author, Johann George, Seventh Elector. This "Gera Bond" the reader can note for himself as an excellent piece of Hohenzollern thrift, and important in Brandenburg annals. On the whole, Brandenburg keeps continually growing under these twelve Hohenzollerns, we perceive, slower or faster, just as the Burggrafdom had done, and by similar methods. A lucky outlay of money (as in the case of Friedrich Irontheeth in the Neumark) brings them one Province, lucky inheritance another: good management is always there, which is the mother of good luck.

And so there goes on again, from Johann George downward, a new stream of Culmbach Princes, called the Younger or New Line—properly two contemporary Lines, of Baireuthers and Anspachers—always in close affinity to Brandenburg, and with ultimate reversion to Brandenburg, should both lines fail, but with mutual inheritance if only one. They had intricate fortunes, service in foreign armies, much wandering about, some-

<sup>4</sup> Michaelis, i., 345.

times considerable scarcity of cash, but for a hundred and fifty years to come neither Line by any means failed—rather the contrary, in fact.

Of this latter or New Culmbach Line, or split Line, especially of the Baireuth part of it, our little Wilhelmina, Fritz's Sister, who became Margravine there, has given all the world notice. From the Anspach part of it (at that time in sore scarcity of cash) came Queen Caroline, famed in our George the Second's time.<sup>5</sup> From it, too, came an unmomentous Margraf, who married a little Sister of Wilhelmina's and Fritz's, of whom we shall hear. There is lastly a still more unmomentous Margraf, only son of said Unmomentous and his said Spouse, who again combined the two Territories, Baireuth having failed of heirs, and who, himself without heirs, and with a frail Lady Craven as Margravine, died at Hammersmith, close by us, in 1806; and so ended the troublesome affair. He had already, in 1791, sold off to Prussia all temporary claims of his, and let Prussia have the Heritage at once, without waiting farther. Prussia, as we noticed, did not keep it long, and it is now part of the Bavarian Dominion. For the sake of editors and readers, long may it so continue!

Of this Younger Line, intrinsically rather insignificant to mankind, we shall have enough to write in time and place; we must at present direct our attention to the Elder Line.

*The Elder Line of Culmbach—Friedrich and his Three notable Sons there.*

Kurfürst Albert Achilles's second son, Friedrich (1460-1536),<sup>6</sup> the founder of the Elder Culmbach Line, ruled his country well for certain years, and was "a man famed for strength of body and mind," but claims little notice from us except for the sons he had: a quiet, commendable, honorable man, with a certain pathetic dignity, visible even in the eclipsed state he sank into. Poor old gentleman, after grand enough feats in war and peace, he fell melancholy, fell imbecile, blind, soon after middle life, and continued so for twenty years, till he died; during

<sup>5</sup> See a Synoptic Diagram of these Genealogies, *infra*.

<sup>6</sup> Rentsch, p. 593-602.

which dark state, say the old Books, it was a pleasure to see with what attention his Sons treated him, and how reverently the eldest one always led him out to dinner.<sup>7</sup> They live and dine at that high Castle of Plessenburg, where old Friedrich can behold the Red or White Main no more. Alas! alas! Plessenburg is now a Correction-House, where male and female scoundrels do beating of hemp, and pious Friedrich, like eloquent Johann, has become a forgotten object. He was of the German Reichs Array, who marched to the Netherlands to deliver Max from durance; Max, the King of the Romans, whom, for all his luck, the mutinous Flemings had put under lock and key at one time.<sup>8</sup> That is his one feat memorable to me at present.

He was Johann Cicero's *Half*-Brother, child by a second wife. Like his Uncle Kurfürst Friedrich II., he had married a Polish Princess, the sharp Achilles having perhaps an eye to crowns in that direction during that Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish Donnybrook; but if so, there again came nothing of a crown with it, though it was not without its good results for Friedrich's children by-and-by.

He had eight Sons that reached manhood, five or six of whom came to something considerable in the world, and Three are memorable down to this day. One of his daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia, which is among the first links I notice of a connection that grew strong with that sovereign Duchy, and is worth remarking by my readers here. Of the Three notable Sons it is necessary that we say something. Casimir, George, Albert, are the names of these Three.

Casimir, the eldest,<sup>9</sup> whose share of heritage is Baireuth, was originally intended for the Church, but, inclining rather to secular and military things, or his prospects of promotion altering, he early quitted that, and took vigorously to the career of arms and business: a truculent-looking Herr, with thoughtful eyes

<sup>7</sup> Rentsch, p. 612.

<sup>8</sup> 1482 (Pauli, ii., 389): his beautiful young Wife, "thrown from her horse," had perished in a thrice-tragic way short while before; and the Seventeen Provinces were unruly under the guardianship of Max.

<sup>9</sup> 1481-1527.

and hanging under lip; *hat* of enviable softness—loose disk of felt flung carelessly on, almost like a night-cap artificially extended, so admirably soft; and the look of the man Casimir, between his cataract of black beard and this semi-night-cap, is carelessly truculent. He had much fighting with the Nürnbergers and others; laid it right terribly on, in the way of strokes, when needful. He was especially truculent upon the Revolt of Peasants in their *Bauernkrieg* (1525). Them in their wildest rage he fronted; he, that others might rally to him: “Unhappy mortals, will you shake the world to pieces, then, because you have much to complain of?” and hanged the ringleaders of them literally by the dozen when quelled and captured. A severe, rather truculent Herr. His brother George, who had Anspach for heritage, and a right to half those prisoners, admonished and forgave his half, and pleaded with Casimir for mercy to the others in a fine Letter still extant,<sup>10</sup> which produced no effect on Casimir. For the dog’s sake, and for all sakes, “let not the dog learn to eat *leather*” (of which his indispensable leashes and muzzles are made)! That was a proverb often heard on the occasion, in Luther’s mouth among the rest.

Casimir died in 1527, age then toward fifty. For the last dozen years or so, when the Father’s malady became hopeless, he had governed Culmbach, both parts of it; the Anspach part, which belonged to his next brother George, going naturally, in almost all things, along with Baireuth, and George, who was commonly absent, not interfering, except on important occasions. Casimir left one little Boy, age then only six, name Albert, to whom George, henceforth practical sovereign of Culmbach, as his brother had been, was appointed Guardian. This youth, very full of fire, wildfire too much of it, exploded dreadfully on Germany by-and-by (Albert *Alcibiades* the name they gave him); nay, toward the end of his nonage, he had been rather sputtery upon his Uncle, the excellent Guardian who had charge of him.

*Friedrich’s Second Son, Margraf George of Anspach.*

Uncle George of Anspach, Casimir’s next Brother, had always been of a peaceabler disposition than Casimir; not indeed with-

<sup>10</sup> In Rentsch, p. 627.

out heat of temper, and sufficient vivacity of every kind. As a youth, he had aided Kaiser Max in two of his petty wars, but was always rather given "to reading Latin," to Learning, and ingenious pursuits. His Polish Mother, who, we perceive, had given "Casimir" his name, proved much more important to George. At an early age he went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia; for—Alas! after all, we shall have to cast a glance into that unbeautiful Hungarian-Bohemian scramble, comparable to an "Irish Donnybrook," where Albert Achilles long walked as Chief Constable. It behooves us, after all, to point out some of the tallest heads in it, and whitherward, bludgeon in hand, they seem to be swaying and struggling. Courage, patient reader!

George, then, at an early age, went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia; for George's Mother, as we know, was of royal kin, daughter of the Polish King, Casimir IV. (late mauler of the Teutsch Ritters), which circumstance had results for George and us. Daughter of Casimir IV. the Lady was, and therefore of the Jagellon blood by her father, which amounts to little; but by her mother she was Granddaughter of that Kaiser Albert II. who "got Three Crowns in one year, and died the next;" whose posterity have ever since—up to the lips in trouble with their confused, competitive accompaniments, Hunniades, Corvinus, George Podiebrad, and others, not to speak of dragon Turks coiling ever closer round you on the frontier—been Kings of Hungary and Bohemia, *two* of the crowns (the *heritable* two) which were got by Kaiser Albert in that memorable year. He got them, as the reader may remember, by having the daughter of Kaiser Sigismund to wife—Sigismund *Super Grammaticam*, whom we left standing, red as a flamingo, in the market-place of Constance a hundred years ago. Thus Time rolls on in its many-colored manner, edacious and feracious.

It is in this way that George's Uncle, Vladislaus, Albert's daughter's son, is now King of Hungary and Bohemia, the last King Vladislaus they had, and the last King but one of any kind, as we shall see anon. Vladislaus was heir of Poland too, could he have managed to get it; but he gave up that to his brother,

to various younger brothers in succession, having his hands full with the Hungarian and Bohemian difficulty. He was very fond of Nephew George, well recognizing the ingenuous, wise, and loyal nature of the young man. He appointed George tutor of his poor son Ludwig, whom he left at the early age of ten in an evil world and evil position there. "Born without Skin," they say—that is, born in the seventh month—called Ludwig *Ohne Haut* (Ludwig *No-Skin*) on that occasion. Born certainly, I can perceive, rather thin of skin, and he would have needed one of a rhinoceros thickness!

George did his function honestly and with success. Ludwig grew up a gallant, airy, brisk young King, in spite of difficulties, constitutional and other; got a Sister of the great Kaiser Karl V. to wife; determined (A.D. 1526) to have a stroke at the Turk dragon, which was coiling round his frontier, and spitting fire at an intolerable rate. Ludwig, a fine young man of twenty, marched away with much Hungarian chivalry right for the Rhine (Summer 1526), George meanwhile going busily to Bohemia and there with all his strength levying troops for re-enforcement. Ludwig fought and fenced for some time with the Turk, but came at last to a furious general Battle with the Turk (29th August, 1526) at a place called Mohacz, far east in the flats of the Lower Donau, and was there tragically beaten and ended. Seeing the Battle gone and his chivalry all in flight, Ludwig too had to fly; galloping for life, he came upon bog which proved bottomless, as good as bottomless, and Ludwig, horse and man, vanished in it straightway from this world. Hapless young man, like a flash of lightning suddenly going down there, and the Hungarian Sovereignty along with him; for Hungary is part of Austria ever since, having, with Bohemia, fallen to Karl V.'s Brother Ferdinand, as now the nearest convenient heir of Albert with his Three Crowns. Up to the lips in difficulties to this day!

George meanwhile, with finely-appointed re-enforcements, was in full march to join Ludwig, but the sad news of Mohacz met him: he withdrew, as soon as might be, to his own territory, and quitted Hungarian politics. This, I think, was George's third and last trial of war. He by no means delighted in that art, or had cultivated it like Casimir and some of his brothers.

George by this time had considerable property, part of it important to the readers of this History. Anspach we already know; but the Duchy of Jägerndorf—that and its pleasant valleys, fine hunting-grounds, and larch-clad heights, among the Giant Mountains of Silesia—that is to us the memorable territory. George got it in this manner:

Some ten or fifteen years ago, the late King Vladislaus, our Uncle of blessed memory, loving George, and not having royal moneys at command, permitted him to redeem with his own cash certain Hungarian Domains, pledged at a ruinously cheap rate, but unredeemable by Vladislaus. George did so; years ago, guess ten or fifteen. George did not like the Hungarian Domains, with their Turk and other inconveniences; he proposed to exchange them with King Vladislaus for the Bohemian-Silesian Duchy of Jägerndorf, which had just then, by failure of heirs, lapsed to the King. This also Vladislaus, the beneficent, cashless Uncle, liking George more and more, permitted to be done. And done it was; I see not in what year, only that the ultimate investiture (done, this part of the affair, by Ludwig *Ohne Haut*, and duly sanctioned by the Kaiser) dates 1524, two years before the fatal Mohacz business.

From the time of this purchase, and especially till Brother Casimir's death, which happened in 1527, George resided oftener at Jägerndorf than at Anspach. Anspach, by the side of Baireuth, needed no management, and in Jägerndorf much probably required the hand of a good Governor to put it straight again. The Castle of Jägerndorf, which towers up there in a rather grand manner to this day, George built—"the old Castle of the Schellenbergs" (extinct predecessor Line), now gone to ruins, "stands on a hill with larches on it, some miles off." Margraf George was much esteemed as Duke of Jägerndorf. What his actions in that region were, I know not; but it seems he was so well thought of in Silesia, two smaller neighboring Potentates, the Duke of Oppeln and the Duke of Ratibor, who had no heirs of their body, bequeathed, with the Kaiser's assent, these towns and territories to George,<sup>11</sup> in mere love to

<sup>11</sup> Rentsch, p. 623, 127-131. Kaiser is Ferdinand, Karl V.'s Brother,

their subjects (Rentsch intimates), that poor men might be governed by a wise, good Duke in the time coming. The Kaiser would have got the Duchies otherwise.

Nay, the Kaiser, in spite of his preliminary assent, proved extortionate to George in this matter, and exacted heavy sums for the actual possession of Oppeln and Ratibor. George, going so zealously ahead in Protestant affairs, grew less and less a favorite with Kaisers. But so, at any rate, on peaceable, unquestionable grounds—grounds valid as Imperial Law and ready-money—George is at last Lord of these two little Countries, in the plain of South Silesia, as of Jägerndorf among the Mountains hard by. George has and holds the Duchy of Jägerndorf, with these appendages (Jägerndorf since 1524, Ratibor and Oppeln since some years later), and lives constantly, or at the due intervals, in his own strong Mountain-Castle of Jägerndorf there, we have no doubt, to the marked benefit of good men in those parts. Hereby has Jägerndorf joined itself to the Brandenburg Territories, and the reader can note the circumstance, for it will prove memorable one day.

In the business of the Reformation, Margraf George was very noble; a simple-hearted, truth-loving, modestly-valiant man, rising unconsciously, in that great element, into the heroic figure. "George the Pious (*der Fromme*)," "George the Confessor (*Bekenner*)," were the names he got from his countrymen. Once this business had become practical, George interfered a little more in the Culmbach Government, his brother Casimir, who likewise had Reformation tendencies, rather hanging back in comparison to George.

In 1525, the Town populations in the Culmbach region, big Nürnberg in the van, had gone quite ahead in the new Doctrine, and were becoming irrepressibly impatient to clear out the old mendacities, and have the Gospel preached freely to them. This was a questionable step; feasible perhaps for a great Elector of Saxony, but for a Margraf of Anspach? George had come home from Jägerndorf, some three hundred miles away, to look as yet only *King* of Bohemia and Hungary, but supreme in regard to such points. His assent is dated "17th June, 1531," in Rentsch.

into it for himself; found it, what with darkness all round, what with precipices menacing on both hands, and zealous, inconsiderate Town populations threatening to take the bit between their teeth, a frightfully intricate thing. George mounted his horse one day this year, day not dated farther, and "with only six attendants" privately rode off another two hundred miles, a good three days' ride, to Wittenberg, and alighted at Dr. Martinus Lutherus's door;<sup>12</sup> a notable passage, worth thinking of. But such visits of high Princes to that poor house of the Doctor's were not then uncommon. Luther cleared the doubts of George; George returned with a resolution taken: "Ahead, then, ye poor Voigtland Gospel populations! I must lead you: we must on!" And perils enough there proved to be, and precipices on each hand: *Bauern-Krieg*, that is to say, Peasants' War, Anabaptistry, and Red Republic, on the one hand; *Reichs-Acht*, Ban of Empire, on the other. But George, eagerly, solemnly attentive, with ever new light rising on him, dealt with the perils as they came, and went steadily on in a simple, highly manful, and courageous manner.

He did not live to see the actual Wars that followed on Luther's preaching. He was of the same age with Luther, born a few months later, and died two years before Luther;<sup>13</sup> but in all the intermediate principal transactions George is conspicuously present: "George of Brandenburg," as the Books call him, or simply "Margraf George."

At the Diet of Augsburg (1530), and the signing of the Augsburg Confession there, he was sure to be. He rode thither with his Anspach Knightage about him, "four hundred cavaliers"—Seckendorfs, Huttens, Flanses, and other known kindreds, recognizable among the lists<sup>14</sup>—and spoke there, not bursts of parliamentary eloquence, but things that had meaning in them. One speech of his, not in the Diet, but in the Kaiser's Lodging (15th June, 1530; no doubt in Anton Fugger's house, where the Kaiser "lodged for year and day" this time, but *without* the "fires

<sup>12</sup> Rentsch, p. 625.

<sup>13</sup> 4th March, 1484—27th Dec., | 10th November, 1483—18th February, 1543, George; | ary, 1546, Luther.

<sup>14</sup> Rentsch, p. 633.

15th June, 1530.

of cinnamon" they talk of on other occasions<sup>15</sup>), is still very celebrated. It was the evening of the Kaiser Karl Fifth's arrival at the Diet, which was then already, some time since, assembled there; and great had been the Kaiser's reception that morning, the flower of Germany, all the Princes of the Empire, Protestant and Papal alike, all riding out to meet him in the open country, at the Bridge of the Lech. With high-flown speeches and benignities on both sides—only that the Kaiser willed all men, Protestant and other, should in the mean while do the Popish litanies, waxlight processionings, and idolatrous stage performances with him on the morrow, which was *Corpus Christi* Day, and the Protestants could not nor would. Imperial hints there had already been from Innspruck; benign hopes, of the nature of commands, that loyal Protestant Princes would in the interim avoid open discrepancies—perhaps be so loyal as to keep their chaplains, peculiar divine services, private in the interim? These were hints; and now this of the *Corpus Christi* a still more pregnant hint. Loyal Protestants refused it, therefore; flatly declined, though bidden and again bidden. They attended in a body, old Johann of Saxony, young Philip of Hessen, and the rest; Margraf George, as spokesman, with eloquent simplicity, stating their reasons to somewhat this effect:

Invinciblest, all-gracious Kaiser, loyal are we to your high Majesty, ready to do your bidding by night and by day, but it is your bidding under God, not against God. Ask us not, O gracious Kaiser! I can not, and we can not; and we must not, and dare not. And "before I would deny my God and his Evangel," these are George's own words, "I would rather kneel down here before your Majesty and have my head struck off," hitting his hind-head, or neck, with the edge of his hand, by way of accompaniment; a strange radiance in the eyes of him, voice risen into musical alt: "*Ehe Ich wolte meinen Gott und sein Evangelium verläugnen, ehe wolte Ich hier vor Eurer Majestät niederknien, und mir den Kopf abhauen lassen.*" "*Nüt Kop ab, löver Först, nüt Kop ab!*" answered Charles in his Flemish-German; "Not head

<sup>15</sup> See Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (ii., 294, n.). The House is at present an Inn, "*Gasthaus zu den drei Mohren*," where tourists lodge, and are still shown the room which the Kaiser occupied on such visits.

off, dear Fürst, not head off!" said the Kaiser, a faint smile enlightening those weighty gray eyes of his, and imperceptibly animating the thick Austrian under lip.<sup>16</sup>

Speaker and company attended again on the morrow, Markgraf George still more eloquent, whose Speech flew over Germany like fire over dry flax, and still exists, both Speeches now oftenest rolled into one by inaccurate editors.<sup>17</sup> And the Corpus Christi idolatries were forborne the Markgraf and his company this time, the Kaiser himself, however, walking, nearly roasted in the sun, in heavy purple-velvet cloak, with a big wax candle, very superfluous, guttering and blubbering in the right hand of him, along the streets of Augsburg. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Maintz, high Cousins of George, were at this Diet of Augsburg, Kur-Brandenburg (Elector Joachim I., Cicero's son, of whom we have spoken, and shall speak again) being very loud on the conservative side, and eloquent Kur-Maintz going on the conciliatory tack. Kur-Brandenburg, in his zeal, had ridden on to Innsbruck, to meet the Kaiser there, and have a preliminary word with him. Both these high Cousins spoke and bestirred themselves a good deal at this Diet. They had met the Kaiser on the plains of the Lech this morning, and, no doubt, gloomed unutterable things on George and his Speech. George could not help it.

Till his death in 1543, George is to be found always in the front line of this high Movement, in the line where Kur-Sachsen, John the Steadfast (*der Beständige*), and young Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen were, and where danger and difficulty were. Readers of this enlightened gold-nugget generation can form to themselves no conception of the spirit that then possessed the nobler kingly mind. "The command of God endures through Eternity, *Verbum Dei Manet In Æternum*," was the Epigraph and Life-motto which John the Steadfast had adopted for himself: "V. D. M. I. Æ.," these initials he had engraved on all the furnitures of his existence, on his standards, pictures, plate, on the very sleeves of his lackeys, and, I can perceive, on his own deep heart first of all. V. D. M. I. E.: or might it not be

<sup>16</sup> Rentsch, p. 637. Marheineke: *Geschichte der Deutschen Reformation* (Berlin, 1831), ii., 487.

<sup>17</sup> As by Rentsch, *ubi supra*.

read withal, as Philip of Hessen sometimes said (Philip, still a young fellow, capable of sport in his magnanimous scorn), "*Verbum Diaboli Manet In Episcopis*, The Devil's Word sticks fast in the Bishops?"

We must now take leave of Margraf George and his fine procedures in that crisis of World-History. He had got Jägern-dorf, which became important for his Family and others; but what was that to the Promethean conquests (such we may call them) which he had the honor to assist in making for his Family, and for his Country, and for all men, very unconscious he of "bringing fire from Heaven," good, modest, simple man! So far as I can gather, there lived, in that day, few truer specimens of the Honest Man: a rugged, rough-hewn, rather blunt-nosed physiognomy; cheek-bones high, cheeks somewhat bagged and wrinkly; eyes with a due shade of anxiety and sadness in them; affectionate simplicity, faithfulness, intelligence, veracity looking out of every feature of him; wears plentiful white beard short-cut, plentiful gold chains, ruffs, ermines; a hat not to be approved of in comparison with brother Casimir's; miserable inverted collar of a hat, hanging at an angle of forty-five degrees, with band of pearls round the top, not the bottom of it; insecure upon the fine head of George, and by no means to its embellishment.

One of his Daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz—a new link in that connection. He left one Boy, George Friedrich, who came under *Alcibiades*, his Cousin of Baireuth's tutelage, and suffered much by that connection, or, indeed, chiefly by his own conspicuously Protestant turn, to punish which the Alcibiades connection was taken as a pretext. In riper years, George Friedrich got his calamities well under, and lived to do good work, Protestant and other, in the world, to which we may perhaps allude again. The Line of Margraf George the Pious ends in this George Friedrich, who had no children; the Line of Margraf George, and the Elder Culmbach Line altogether (1603), Albert Alcibiades, Casimir's one son, having likewise died without posterity.

"Of the younger Brothers," says my Authority, "some four were in the Church, two of whom rose to be Prelates. Here are the four:

"1°. One, Wilhelm by name, was Bishop of Riga, in the remote Prussian outskirts, and became Protestant; among the first great Prelates who took that heretical course, being favored by circumstances to cast out the 'V. D. (*Verbum Diaboli*)', as Philip read it. He is a wise-looking man, with magnificent beard, with something of contemptuous patience in the meditative eyes of him. He had great troubles with his Riga people, as, indeed, was a perennial case between their Bishop and them, of whatever creed he might be.

"2°. The other Prelate held fast by the Papal Orthodoxy; he had got up the ladder of promotion toward Magdeburg, hoping to follow his Cousin *Kur-Maintz*, the eloquent conciliatory Cardinal, in that part of his pluralities, as he did, little to his comfort, poor man, having suffered a good deal in the sieges and religious troubles of his Magdeburgers, who ended by ordering him away, having openly declared themselves Protestant at length. He had to go, and occupy himself complaining, soliciting Aulic-Councils and the like for the rest of his life.

"3°. The *Probst* of Würzburg (*Provost*, kind of Head-Canon there); orthodox Papal he too, and often gave his Brother George trouble.

"4°. A still more orthodox specimen, the youngest member of the family, who is likewise in Orders: Gumbrecht ('Gumbertus, a Canon-icus' of Something or other, say the Books), who went early to Rome, and became one of his Holiness Leo Tenth's Chamberlains; stood the 'Sack of Rome' (Constable de Bourbon's), and was captured there, and ransomed, but died still young (1528). These three were Catholics, he of Würzburg a rather virulent one.

"5°. Catholic also was *Johannes*, a fifth Brother, who followed the soldiering and diplomatic professions, oftenest in Spain; did Government messages to Diets and the like for Karl V.; a high man, and well seen of his Kaiser. He had wedded the young Widow of old King Ferdinand in Spain, which proved, seemingly, a troublous scene for poor Johannes. What we know is, he was appointed Commandant of Valencia, and died there, still little turned of thirty—by poison, it is supposed—and left his young widow to marry a third time."

These are the Five minor Brothers, four of them Catholic, sons of old blind Friedrich of Plessenburg, who are not, for their own sake, memorable, but are mentionable for the sake of the three major Brothers. So many orthodox Catholics, while Brother George and others went into the heresies at such a rate! A family much split by religion; and blind old Friedrich, dim of intellect, knew nothing of it; and the excellent Polish Mother said and thought we know not what. A divided Time.

Johannes of Valencia and these Chief Priests were all men of mark, conspicuous to the able editors of their day; but the only Brother now generally known to mankind is Albert, Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritterdom, by whom Preussen came into the family. Of him we must now speak a little.

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## CHAPTER VI.

HOCHMEISTER ALBERT, THIRD NOTABLE SON OF FRIEDRICH.

ALBERT was born in 1490—George's junior by six years, Casimir's by nine. He, too, had been meant for the Church, but soon quitted that, other prospects and tendencies opening. He had always loved the ingenuous arts, but the activities too had charms for him. He early shone in his exercises spiritual and bodily; grew tall above his fellows, expert in arts, especially in arms; rode with his Father to Kaiser Max's Court; was presented by him, as the light of his eyes, to Kaiser Max, who thought him a very likely young fellow, and bore him in mind when the Mastership of the Teutsch Ritterdom fell vacant.<sup>1</sup>

The Teutsch Ritterdom, ever since it got its back broken in that Battle of Tannenberg in 1410, and was driven out of West-Preussen with such ignominious kicks, has been lying bed-ridden, eating its remaining revenues, or sprawling about in helpless efforts to rise again, which require no notice from us. Hopeless of ever recovering West-Preussen, it had quietly paid its homage to Poland for the Eastern part of that Country—quietly for some couple of generations; but in the third or fourth generation after Tannenberg there began to rise murmurs, in the Holy Roman Empire first of all. "Preussen is a piece of the Reich," said hot, inconsiderate people; "Preussen could not be alienated without consent of the Reich!" to which discourses the afflicted Ritters listened only too gladly, their dull eyes kindling into new false hopes at sound of them. The point was, To choose as Hochmeister some man of German influence, of power and connection in the Country, who might help them to their so-called

<sup>1</sup> Rentsch, p. 840-863.

right. With this view, they chose one, and then another of such sort, and did not find it very hopeful, as we shall see.

Albert was chosen Grand-Master of Preussen in February 1511, age then twenty-one; made his entry into Königsberg November next year, in grand cavalcade—"dreadful storm of rain and wind at the time"—poor Albert all in black, and full of sorrow for the loss of his Mother, the good Polish Princess, who had died since he left home. Twenty months of preparation he had held since his Election before doing any thing, for indeed the case was intricate. He, like his predecessor in office, had undertaken to refuse that Homage to Poland, the Reich generally, and Kaiser Max himself, in a loose way of talk, encouraging him: "A piece of the Reich," said they all: "Teutsch Ritters had no power to give it away in that manner;" which is a thing more easily said than made good in the way of doing.

Albert's predecessor, chosen on this principle, was a Saxon Prince, Friedrich of Meissen, cadet of Saxony, potently enough connected he too, who, in like manner, had undertaken to refuse the Homage, and zealously did refuse it, though to his cost, poor man. From the Reich, for all its big talking, he got no manner of assistance; had to stave off a Polish War as he could by fair speaking, by diplomacies and contrivances, and died at middle age, worn down by the sorrows of that sad position.

An idea prevails, in ill-informed circles, that our new Grand-Master Albert was no better than a kind of cheat; that he took this Grand-Mastership of Preussen, and then, in gayety of heart, surreptitiously pocketed Preussen for his own behoof; which is an idle idea, inconsistent with the least inquiry, or real knowledge how the matter stood.<sup>2</sup> By no means in gayety of heart did Albert pocket Preussen, nor till after as tough a struggle to do other with it as could have been expected of any man.

One thing not suspected by the Teutsch Ritters, and least of all by their young Hochmeister, was, that the Teutsch Ritters had well deserved that terrible downcome at Tannenberg, that ignominious dismissal out of West-Preussen with kicks. Their insolence, luxury, degeneracy, had gone to great lengths. Nor did that humiliation mend them at all; the reverse rather. It

<sup>2</sup> Voigt, ix., 740-749; Pauli, iv., 404-407.

was deeply hidden from the young Hochmeister as from them, that probably they were now at length got to the end of their capability, and ready to be withdrawn from the scene as soon as any good way offered. Of course, they were reluctant enough to fulfill their bargain to Poland; very loth they to do Homage now for Preussen, and own themselves sunk to the second degree; for the Ritters had still their old haughtiness of humor, their deep-seated pride of place, gone now into the unhappy *conscious* state. That is usually the last thing that deserts a sinking House, pride of place gone to the conscious state, as if, in a reverse manner, the House felt that it deserved to sink.

For the rest, Albert's position among them was what Friedrich of Sachsen's had been—worse, not better; and the main ultimate difference was, he did not die of it like Friedrich of Sachsen, but found an outlet, not open in Friedrich's time, and lived. To the Ritters, and vague Public which called itself the Reich, Albert had promised he would refuse the Homage to Poland, on which Ritters and Reich had clapped their hands, and that was pretty much all the assistance he got of them. The Reich, as a formal body, had never asserted its right to Preussen, nor, indeed, spoken definitely on the subject; it was only the vague Public that had spoken in the name of the Reich. From the Reich, or from any individual of it, Kaiser or Prince, when actually applied to, Albert could get simply nothing. From what Ritters were in Preussen he might perhaps expect promptitude to fight, if it came to that, which was not much, as things stood; but from the great body of the Ritters scattered over Germany, with their rich territories (*balleys*, bailiwicks), safe resources, and comfortable "Teutschmeister" over them, he got flat refusal:<sup>3</sup> "We

<sup>3</sup> The titles *Hochmeister* and *Teutschmeister* are defined in many Books, and in all manner of Dictionaries, as meaning the same thing. But that is not quite the case. They were at first synonymous, so far as I can see, and after Albert's time they again became so; but at the date where we now are, and for a long while back, they represent different entities, and indeed oftenest, since the Prussian *Decline* began, antagonistic ones. *Teutschmeister*, Sub-president over the *German* affairs and possessions of the Order, resides at Mergentheim in that Country: *Hochmeister* is Chief President of the whole, but resident at Marienburg in Preussen, and feels there acutely where the shoe pinches; much too acutely, thinks the *Teutsch-*

will not be concerned in the adventure at all; we wish you well through it!" Never was a spirited young fellow placed in more impossible position.

His Brother Casimir (George was then in Hungary), his Cousin Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, Friedrich Duke of Liegnitz, a Silesian connection of the family,<sup>4</sup> consulted, advised, negotiated to all lengths; Albert's own effort was incessant. "Agree with King Sigismund," said they—"Uncle Sigismund, your good Mother's Brother—a King softly inclined to us all." "How agree?" answered Albert: "He insists on the Homage, which I promised not to give." Casimir went and came, to Königsberg, to Berlin; went once himself to Cracow, to the King, on this errand; but it was a case of "Yes and No," not to be solved by Casimir.

As to King Sigismund, he was patient with it to a degree; made the friendliest paternal professions, testifying withal that the claim was undeniable, and could by him, Sigismund, never be foregone with the least shadow of honor, and of course never would: "My dear Nephew can consider whether his dissolute, vain-minded, half-heretical Ritterdom—nay, whether this Prussian fraction of it, is in a condition to take Poland by the beard in an unjust quarrel, or can hope to do Tannenberg over again in the reverse way, by Beelzebub's help."

For seven years Albert held out in this intermediate state, neither peace nor war, moving Heaven and Earth to raise supplies, that he might be able to defy Poland and begin war. The Reich answers, "We have really nothing for you." Teutschmeister answers again and again, "I tell you we have nothing." In the end, Sigismund grew impatient; made (December, 1519) some movements of a hostile nature. Albert did not yield, eager only to procrastinate till he were ready. By superhuman efforts of borrowing, bargaining, soliciting, and galloping to and fro, Albert did, about the end of next year, get up some appearance of

meister in his soft-list slippers at Mergentheim, in the safe Würzburg region.

<sup>4</sup> "Duke Friedrich II.:" comes by mothers from Kurfürst Friedrich I.; marries Margraf George's Daughter even now, 1519 (Hübner, t. 179, 100, 101).

an Army: "14,000 German mercenaries, horse and foot"—so many in theory—who, to the extent of 8000 in actual result, came marching toward him (October, 1520), "to serve for eight months." With these he will besiege Dantzic, besiege Thorn; will plunge suddenly, like a fiery javelin, into the heart of Poland, and make Poland surrender its claim. Whereupon King Sigismund bestirred himself in earnest; came out with vast clouds of Polish chivalry; overset Albert's 8000, who took to eating the country instead of fighting for it, being indeed in want of all things. One of the gladdest days Albert had yet seen was when he got the 8000 sent home again.

What, then, is to be done? "Armistice for four years:" Sigismund was still kind enough to consent to that: "Truce for four years: try every where, my poor Nephew; after that, your mind will perhaps become pliant." Albert tried the Reich again: "Four years, O Princes, and then I must do it or be eaten!" Reich, busy with Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian quarrels, merely shrugged its shoulders upon Albert; Teutschmeister did the like, every body the like. In Heaven or Earth, then, is there no hope for me? thought Albert. And his stock of ready-money—we will not speak of that.

Meanwhile Dr. Osiander of Anspach had come to him, and the pious young man was getting utterly shaken in his religion. Monkish vows, Pope, Holy Church itself, what is one to think, Herr Doctor? Albert, religious to an eminent degree, was getting deep into Protestantism. In his many journeyings, to Nürnberg, to Brandenburg, and up and down, he had been at Wittenberg too: he saw Luther in person more than once there; corresponded with Luther; in fine, believed in the truth of Luther. The Culmbach Brothers were both, at least George ardently was, inclined to Protestantism, as we have seen, but Albert was foremost of the three in this course. Osiander and flights of zealous Culmbach Preachers made many converts in Preussen. In these circumstances the Four Years came to a close.

Albert, we may believe, is greatly at a loss; and deep deliberations—Culmbach, Berlin, Liegnitz, Poland, all called in—are held: a case beyond measure intricate. You have given your word; word must be kept; and can not, without plain hurt, or ruin even,

to those that took it of you. Withdraw, therefore; fling it up. Fling it up? a valuable article to fling up; fling it up is the last resource. Nay, in fact, to whom will you fling it up? The Prussian Ritters themselves are getting greatly divided on the point, and, at last, on all manner of points, Protestantism ever more spreading among them. As for the German Brethren, they and their comfortable Teutschmeister, who refused to partake in the dangerous adventure at all, are they entitled to have much to say in the settlement of it now?

Among others, or as chief oracle of all, Luther was consulted. "What would you have me do toward reforming the Teutsch Order?" inquired Albert of his oracle. Luther's answer was, as may be guessed, emphatic. "Luther," says one reporter, "has in his Writings declared the Order to be 'a thing serviceable neither to God nor man,' and the constitution of it 'a monstrous, frightful, hermaphroditish, neither secular nor spiritual constitution.'"<sup>5</sup> We do not know what Luther's answer to Albert was, but can infer the purport of it: that such a Teutsch Ritterdom was not, at any rate, a thing long for this world; that white cloaks with red crosses on them would not, of themselves, profit any Ritterdom; that solemn vows and high supermundane professions, followed by such practice as was notorious, are an afflicting, not to say a damnable spectacle on God's Earth; that a young Herr had better marry, better have done with the wretched Babylonian Nightmare of Papistry altogether; better shake one's self awake, in God's name, and see if there are not still monitions in the eternal sky as to what it is wise to do and wise not to do. This I imagine to have been, in modern language, the purport of Dr. Luther's advice to Hochmeister Albrecht on the present interesting occasion.

It is certain Albert before long took this course, Uncle Sigismund and the resident Officials of the Ritterdom having made agreement to it as the one practicable course, the manner as follows: 1°. Instead of Elected Hochmeister, let us be Hereditary Duke of Preussen, and pay homage for it to Uncle Sigismund in that character. 2°. Such of the resident Officials of the Ritterdom as are prepared to go along with us we will in like

<sup>5</sup> C. J. Weber: *Das Ritterwesen* (Stuttgart, 1837), iii., 208.

manner constitute permanent Feudal Proprietors of what they now possess as Life-rent, and they shall be Subvassals under us as Hereditary Duke. 3°. In all of which Uncle Sigismund and the Republic of Poland engage to maintain us against the world.

That is, in sum, the Transaction entered into by King Sigismund I. of Poland, on the one part, and Hochmeister Albert and his Ritter Officials, such as went along with him (which, of course, none could do that were not Protestant), on the other part: done at Cracow, 8th April, 1525;<sup>6</sup> whereby Teutsch Ritterdom, the Prussian part of it, vanished from the world, dissolving itself and its "hermaphrodite constitution," like a kind of Male Nunnery, as so many female ones had done in those years: a Transaction giving rise to endless criticism then and afterward; transaction plainly not reconcilable with the letter of the law, and liable to have logic chopped upon it to any amount, and to all lengths of time. The Teutschmeister and his German Brethren shrieked murder; the whole world, then, and for long afterward, had much to say and argue.

To us, now that the logic-chaff is all laid long since, the question is substantial, not formal. If the Teutsch Ritterdom was actually at this time *dead*, actually stumbling about as a mere galvanized Lie beginning to be putrid, then, sure enough, it behooved that somebody should bury it, to avoid pestilential effects in the neighborhood—somebody or other, first flaying the skin off, as was natural, and taking that for his trouble. All turns, in substance, on this latter question. If, again, the Ritterdom was not dead?

And, truly, it struggled as hard as Partridge, the Almanac-maker, to rebut that fatal accusation; complained (Teutschmeister and German-Papist part of it) loudly at the Diets; got Albert and his consorts put to the Ban (*geächtet*), fiercely menaced by the

<sup>6</sup> Rentsch, p. 850. Here, certified by Rentsch, Voigt, and others, is a worn-out patch of Paper, which is, perhaps, worth printing:

1490, May 17, Albert is born.      1520, November 17, give it up.

1511, February 14, Hochmeister.      1521, April 10, Truce for Four Years.

1519, December, King Sigismund's first hostile movements.      1523, June, Albert consults Luther.

1520, October, German Mercenaries arrive.      1524, November, sees Luther.

1525, April 8, Peace of Cracow, and Albert to be Duke of Prussia.

1520, November, try Siege of Dantzig.

Kaiser Karl V.; but nothing came of all that—nothing but noise. Albert maintained his point; Kaiser Karl always found his hands full otherwise, and had nothing but stamped parchments and menaces to fire off at Albert. Teutsch Ritterdom, the Popish part of it, did enjoy its valuable bailiwicks and very considerable rents in various quarters of Germany and Europe, having lost only Preussen, and walked about for three centuries more with money in its pocket, and a solemn white gown with red cross on its back, the most opulent Social Club in existence, and an excellent place for bestowing younger sons of sixteen quarters. But it was, and continued through so many centuries, in every essential respect, a solemn Hypocrisy; a functionless merely eating Phantasm, of the nature of goblin, hungry ghost or ghoul (of which kinds there are many), till Napoleon finally ordered it to vanish, its time, even as Phantasm, being come.

Albert, I can conjecture, had his own difficulties as Regent in Preussen.<sup>7</sup> Protestant Theology, to make matters worse for him, had split itself furiously into '*doxies*'; and there was an *Osianderism* (Osiander being the Duke's chaplain) much-flamed upon by the more orthodox *ism*. "Foreigners" too, German-Anspach and other, were ill seen by the native gentlemen, yet sometimes got encouragement. One Funccius, a shining Nürnberg immigrant there, son-in-law of Osiander, who from Theology got into Politics, had at last (1514) to be beheaded, old Duke Albert himself "bitterly weeping" about him, for it was none of Albert's doing. Probably his new allodial Ritter gentlemen were not the most submissive when made hereditary? We can only hope the Duke was a Hohenzollern, and not quite unequal to his task in this respect: a man with high bald brow, magnificent spade-beard, air much-pondering, almost gaunt—gaunt kind of eyes especially, and a slight cast in them, which adds to his severity of aspect. He kept his possession well, every inch of it, and left all safe at his decease in 1568. His age was then near eighty. It was the tenth year of our Elizabeth as Queen; invincible Armada not yet built, but Alba very busy cutting off high heads in Brabant, and stirring up the Dutch to such fury as was needful for exploding Spain and him.

<sup>7</sup> 1525-1568.

This Duke Albert was a profoundly religious man, as all thoughtful men then were; much given to Theology, to Doctors of Divinity, being eager to know God's laws in this Universe, and wholesomely certain of damnation if he should not follow them; fond of the profane Sciences too, especially of Astronomy: Erasmus Reinhold and his *Tabula Prutenica* were once very celebrated; Erasmus Reinhold proclaims gratefully how these his elaborate Tables (done according to the latest discoveries, 1551 and onward) were executed upon Duke Albert's high bounty; for which reason they are dedicated to Duke Albert, and called "*Prutenica*," meaning Prussian.<sup>8</sup> The University of Königsberg was already founded several years before, in 1544.

Albert had not failed to marry, as Luther counseled: by his first Wife he had only two daughters; by his second, one son, Albert Friedrich, who, without opposition or difficulty, succeeded his Father. Thus was Preussen acquired to the Hohenzollern Family; for, before long, the Electoral branch managed to get *Mitbelehnung* (Co-infestment), that is to say, Eventual Succession, and Preussen became a Family Heritage, as Anspach and Baireuth were.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ALBERT ALCIBIADES.

ONE word must be spent on poor Albert, Casimir's son,<sup>1</sup> already mentioned. This poor Albert, whom they call *Alcibiades*, made a great noise in that epoch, being what some define as the "Failure of a Fritz;" who has really features of him we are to call "Friedrich the Great," but who burned away his splendid qualities as a mere temporary shine for the able editors, and never came to any thing.

A high and gallant young fellow, left fatherless in childhood; perhaps he came too early into power: he came, at any rate, in very volcanic times, when Germany was all in convulsion, the Old Religion and the New having at length broken out into open

<sup>8</sup> Rentsch, p. 855.

<sup>1</sup> 1522-1557.

battle, with huge results to be hoped and feared, and the largest game going on in sight of an adventurous youth. How Albert staked in it, how he played to immense heights of sudden gain, and finally to utter bankruptcy, I can not explain here: some German delineator of human destinies, "Artist" worth the name, if there were any, might find in him a fine subject.

He was ward of his Uncle George; and the probable fact is, no guardian could have been more faithful. Nevertheless, on approaching the years of majority—of majority, but not discretion—he saw good to quarrel with his Uncle; claimed this and that, which was not granted—quarrel lasting for years. Nay, matters ran so high at last, it was like to come to war between them, had not George been wiser. The young fellow actually sent a cartel to his Uncle—challenged him to mortal combat; at which George only wagged his old beard, we suppose, and said nothing. Neighbors interposed, the Diet itself interposed, and the matter was got quenched again, leaving Albert, let us hope, a repentant young man. We said he was full of fire, too much of it wildfire.

His profession was Arms; he shone much in war; went slashing and fighting through those Schmalkaldic broils, and others of his time; a distinguished captain; cutting his way toward something high, he saw not well what. He had great comradeship with Moritz of Saxony in the wars: two sworn brothers they, and comrades in arms: it is the same dexterous Moritz, who, himself a Protestant, managed to get his too Protestant Cousin's Electorate of Saxony into his hand by luck of the game; the Moritz, too, from whom Albert by-and-by got his last defeat, giving Moritz his death in return. That was the finale of their comradeship. All things end, and nothing ceases changing till it end.

He was, by position, originally on the Kaiser's side; had attained great eminence, and done high feats of arms and generalship in his service; but, being a Protestant by creed, he changed after that Schmalkaldic downfall (rout of Mühlberg, 24th April, 1547), which brought Moritz an Electorate, and nearly cost Moritz's too Protestant Cousin his life as well as lands.<sup>2</sup> The vic-

<sup>2</sup> Account of it in De Wette: *Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), p. 32-35.

torious Kaiser growing now very high in his ways, there arose complaints against him from all sides, very loud from the Protestant side; and Moritz and Albert took to arms, with loud manifestoes and the other phenomena.

This was early in 1552, five years after Mühlberg Rout or Battle. The there victorious Kaiser was now suddenly almost ruined; chased like a partridge into the Innsbruck Mountains; could have been caught, only Moritz would not; "had no cage to hold so big a bird," he said. So the Treaty of Passau was made, and the Kaiser came much down from his lofty ways—famed *Treaty of Passau* (22d August, 1552), which was the finale of these broils, and hushed them up for a Fourscore years to come. That was a memorable year in German Reformation History.

Albert, meanwhile, had been busy in the interior of the country, blazing aloft in Frankenland, his native quarter, with a success that astonished all men. For seven months he was virtually King of Germany; ransomed Bamberg, ransomed Würzburg, Nürnberg (places he had a grudge at); ransomed all manner of towns and places, especially rich Bishops and their towns, with *Verbum Diaboli* sticking in them, at enormous sums. King of the world for a brief season—must have had some strange thoughts to himself, had they been recorded for us. A pious man, too; not in the least like "Alcibiades," except in the sudden changes of fortune he underwent. His Motto, or old rhymed Prayer, which he would repeat on getting into the saddle for military work—a rough rhyme of his own composing—is still preserved. Let us give it, with an English fac simile, or roughest mechanical pencil-tracing, by way of glimpse into the heart of a vanished Time and its Man-at-Arms:<sup>3</sup>

<i>Das Walt der Herr Jesus Christ,</i>	Guide it the Lord Jesus Christ, <sup>4</sup>
<i>Mit dem Vater, der über uns ist:</i>	And the Father, who over us is:
<i>Wer stärker ist als dieser Mann,</i>	He that is stronger than that Man, <sup>5</sup>
<i>Der komm und thu' ein Leid mir an.</i>	Let him do me a hurt when he can.

He was at the Siege of Metz (end of that same 1552), and a principal figure there. Readers have heard of the Siege of Metz:

<sup>3</sup> Rentsch, p. 644.

<sup>4</sup> Read "Chris" or "Chriz," for the rhyme's sake.

<sup>5</sup> *Sic.*

how Henry II. of France fished up those "Three Bishoprics" (Metz, Toul, Verdun, constituent part of Lorraine, a covetable fraction of Teutschland) from the troubled sea of German things, by aid of Moritz, now *Kur-Sachsen*, and of Albert, and would not throw them in again, according to bargain, when Peace, the *Peace of Passau*, came; how Kaiser Karl determined to have them back before the year ended, cost what it might, and Henry II. to keep them, cost what it might; how Guise defended with all the Chivalry of France, and Kaiser Karl besieged<sup>6</sup> with an Army of 100,000 men, under Duke Alba for Chief captain—siege protracted into mid-winter, and the "sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg," which is eighty miles off, "in the winter nights."<sup>7</sup>

It had depended upon Albert, who hung in the distance with an army of his own, whether the Siege could even begin; but he joined the Kaiser, being reconciled again, and the trenches opened. By the valor of Guise and his Chivalry—still more, perhaps, by the iron frosts and by the sleety rains of Winter, and the hungers and the hardships of a hundred thousand men, digging vainly at the icebound earth, or trampling it, when sleety, into seas of mud, and themselves sinking in it of dysentery, famine, toil, and despair, as they cannonaded day and night—Metz could not be taken. "Impossible!" said the Generals, with one voice, after trying it for a couple of months. "Try it one other ten days," said the Kaiser, with a gloomy fixity; "let us all die, or else do it." They tried, with double desperation, another ten days; cannon booming through the winter midnight far and wide, fourscore miles round: "Can not be done, your Majesty; can not. The winter and the mud, and Guise and the walls—man's strength can not do it in this season. We must march away." Karl listened in silence, but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, now not so young as it once was: "Let us march, then," he said, in a low voice, after some pause.

<sup>6</sup> 19th October, 1552, and onward.

<sup>7</sup> Köhler: *Reichshistorie*, p. 453; and more especially *Münzbelustigungen* (Nürnberg, 1729-1750), ix., 121-129. The Year of this Volume, and of the Number in question, is 1737; the *Münz* or Medal "recreated upon" is of Henri II.

Alcibiades covered the retreat to Dienenhoff (*Thionville* they now call it); outmanœuvred the French, retreated with success: he had already captured a grand Duc d'Aumale, a Prince of the Guises—valuable ransom to be looked for there. It was thought he should have made his bargain better with the Kaiser before starting, but he neglected that. Albert's course was downward thenceforth, Kaiser Karl's too. The French keep these "Three Bishoprics (*Trois Evêchés*)," and Teutschland laments the loss of them to this hour. Kaiser Karl, as some write, never smiled again; abdicated not long after; retired into the Monastery of St. Just, and there soon died. That is the Siege of Metz, where Alcibiades was helpful. His own bargain with the Kaiser should have been better made beforehand.

Dissatisfied with any bargain he could now get; dissatisfied with the Treaty of Passau, with such a finale and hushing up of the Religious Controversy, and in general with himself and with the world, Albert again drew sword, went loose at a high rate upon his Bamberg-Würzburg enemies, and, having raised supplies there, upon Moritz and those Passau-Treatiers. He was beaten at last by Moritz, "Sunday, 9th July, 1553," at a place called Sievershausen, in the Hanover Country, where Moritz himself perished in the action. Albert fled thereupon to France. No hope in France. No luck in other small and desperate stakings of his: the game is done. Albert returns to a sister he had, to her Husband's Court in Baden, a broken, bare, and bankrupt man; soon dies there, childless, leaving the shadow of a name.<sup>8</sup>

His death brought huge troubles upon Baireuth and the Fam-

<sup>8</sup> Here, chiefly from Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, iii., 411-416), is the chronology of Albert's operations.

Seizure of Nürnberg, &c., 11th May to 22d June, 1552; Innspruck (with Treaty of Passau) follows. Then Siege of Metz, October to December, 1552; Bamberg, Würzburg, and Nürnberg ransomed again, April, 1553; Battle of Sievershausen, 9th July, 1553. Würzburg, &c., explode against him; Ban of the Empire, 4th May, 1554. To France thereupon; returns, hoping to negotiate, end of 1556; dies at Pforzheim, at his Sister's, 8th January, 1557. See Pauli, iii., 120-138. See also Dr. Kapp: *Erinnerungen an diejenigen Markgrafen*, &c. (a reprint from the *Archiv für Geschichte und Alterthumskunde in Ober-Franken*, Year 1841).

ily Possessions : so many neighbors, Bamberg, Würzburg, and the rest, were eager for retaliation ; a new Kaiser greedy for confiscating. Plassenburg Castle was besieged, bombarded, taken by famine, and burned ; much was burned and torn to waste ; nay, had it not been for help from Berlin, the Family had gone to utter ruin in those parts ; for this Alcibiades had, in his turn, been Guardian to Uncle George's Son, the George Friedrich we once spoke of, still a minor, but well known afterward ; and it was attempted, by an eager Kaiser Ferdinand, to involve this poor youth in his Cousin's illegalities, as if Ward and Guardian had been one person. Baireuth, which had been Alcibiades's ; Anspach, which was the young man's own ; nay, Jägerndorf, with its Appendages, were at one time all in the clutches of the hawk, had not help from Berlin been there. But, in the end, the Law had to be allowed its course ; George Friedrich got his own Territories back (all but some surreptitious nibblings in the Jägerndorf quarter, to be noticed elsewhere), and also got Baireuth, his poor Cousin's Inheritance ; sole heir, he now, in Culmbach, the Line of Casimir being out.

One owns to a kind of love for poor Albert Alcibiades. In certain sordid times even a "Failure of a Fritz" is better than some Successes that are going. A man of some real nobleness, this Albert, though not with wisdom enough, not with good fortune enough. Could he have continued to "rule the situation" (as our French friends phrase it) ; to march the fanatical Papistries and Kaiser Karl clear out of it, home to Spain and San Justo a little earlier ; to wave the coming Jesuitries away as with a flaming sword ; to forbid beforehand the doleful Thirty-Years War, and the still dolefuler spiritual atrophy (the flaccid Pedantry, ever rummaging and rearranging among learned marine stores, which thinks itself Wisdom and Insight ; the vague maunderings, flutings ; indolent, impotent day-dreaming and tobacco-smoking of poor Modern Germany) which has followed therefrom—*Ach Gott!* he might have been a "Success of a Fritz" three times over. He might have been a German Cromwell, beckoning his people to fly, eagle-like, straight toward the Sun, instead of screwing about it in that sad, uncertain,

and far too spiral manner. But it lay not in him; not in his capabilities or opportunities, after all, and we but waste time in such speculations.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### HISTORICAL MEANING OF THE REFORMATION.

THE Culmbach Brothers, we observe, play a more important part in that era than their seniors and chiefs of Brandenburg. These Culmbachers, Margraf George and Albert of Preussen at the head of them, march valiantly forward in the Reformation business, while *Kur-Brandenburg*, Joachim I., their senior Cousin, is talking loud at Diets, galloping to Innspruck and the like, zealous on the Conservative side; and Cardinal Albert, *Kur-Maintz*, his eloquent Brother, is eager to make matters smooth, and avoid violent methods.

The Reformation was the great Event of that Sixteenth Century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory or no claim in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself—was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do—the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly, we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg History, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the History of the Reformation. That has proved to be the Law of Nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation, and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow that it could do no other; and ever onward, through the times

even of our little Fritz and farther, if we will understand the word "Reformation," Brandenburg so feels, being at this day, to an honorable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine, which has been of uncountable advantage to Brandenburg: how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven; to which same "voice," at that time, all that did *not* give ear, what has become of them since? Have they not signally had the penalties to pay?

"Penalties:" quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places, and may still be heard there with a half meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the *thing* should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent Law of Heaven, which continues forever valid. The most untheological of men may still assert the thing, and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this Universe—to take it, with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the Will of the Eternal in respect of such matters—and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind; for it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant every where, "Is there any thing of nobleness in you, O Nation, or is there nothing? Are there in this Nation enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? men who prefer death, and all else, to living under Falsehood—who, once for all, will not live under Falsehood, but, having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say in pious clearness, with their whole soul, 'Come on, then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me, and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'"

Once risen into this divine white heat of temper, were it only for a season, and not again, the Nation is thenceforth consider-

able through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans making England habitable, even under the Charles-Second terms, for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages, by being thrown once into divine white heat in this manner; and no Nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time is apt to come to much.

That was now, in this epoch, the English of "adopting Protestantism," and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had, for the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this Universe. He who wants that, what else has he or can he have? If you do not, you Man or you Nation, love the Truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with Truth, instead of giving yourself wholly, soul, and body, and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you, and only Logic, "Wit" (for example, "London Wit"), Sophistry, Virtù, the *Æsthetic Arts*, and perhaps (for a short while) Book-keeping by Double Entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity and think it truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil, and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland—the offer of the Reformation was made every where, and it is curious to see what has become of the Nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal, difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants, but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-clement presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, "No; we, with our dull, obstinate, Cimbургis under lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of Habituality and indolence of Intellect, we prefer steady Darkness to uncertain new Light!" and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still ~~more~~; poor Spain going about at this time, making its "*pronunciamen-*

tos," all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to pronounce virtually this: "The Old is a lie, then; good Heavens! after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth; and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic, and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do, and are, as a people, stumbling on steep places in the darkness of midnight." They refused Truth when she came, and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars and heavenly lights have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

Italy too had its Protestants; but Italy killed them—managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds, and, shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of Fact and Performance, did Music, Painting, and the like, till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble Nation, sunk from virtue to *virtù*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it; but all the gods will depart from him, and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can, if he like, make himself a soprano, and sing for hire, and probably that is the real goal for him.

But the sharpest-cut example is France, to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity in those Protestant times, and, with its ardor of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hair's-breadth of becoming actually Protestant; but France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew, 1572. The celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak—the Genius of Fact and Veracity, had left his Writ of Summons; Writ was read, and replied to in this manner. The Genius of Fact and Veracity accordingly withdrew, was staved off, got kept away for two hundred years. But the Writ of Summons had been served; Heaven's Messenger could not stay away forever; no, he returned duly, with accounts run up, on compound

interest, to the actual hour, in 1792 ; and then, at last, there had to be a "Protestantism," and we know of what kind that was.

Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others ; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice, or will you not ?

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## CHAPTER IX.

### KURFURST JOACHIM I.

BRANDENBURG, in the matter of the Reformation, was at first—with Albert of Maintz, Tetzels friend, on the one side, and Pious George of Anspach, "*Nit Kop ab*," on the other—certainly a divided house. But, after the first act, it conspicuously ceased to be divided ; nay, Kur-Brandenburg and Kur-Maintz themselves had known tendencies to the Reformation, and were well aware that the Church could not stand as it was. Nor did the cause want partisans in Berlin, in Brandenburg—hardly to be repressed from breaking into flame, while Kurfürst Joachim was so prudent and conservative. Of this loud Kurfürst Joachim I., here and there mentioned already, let us now say a more express word.<sup>1</sup>

Joachim I., Big John's son, hesitated hither and thither for some time, trying if it would not do to follow the Kaiser Karl V.'s lead, and at length, crossed in his temper perhaps by the speed his friends were going at, declared formally against any farther Reformation, and in his own family and country was strict upon the point. He is a man, as I judge, by no means without a temper of his own ; very loud occasionally in the Diets and elsewhere ; reminds me a little of a certain King Friedrich Wilhelm, whom my readers shall know by-and-by ; a big, surly, rather bottle-nosed man, with thick lips, abstruse, wearied eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of : not a beautiful man, when you cross him overmuch.

<sup>1</sup> 1484, 1499, 1535 : birth, accession, death of Joachim.

*Of Joachim's Wife and Brother-in-law.*

His wife was a Danish Princess, Sister of poor Christian II., King of that Country—dissolute Christian, who took up with a huxter-woman's daughter—"mother sold gingerbread," it would appear, "at Bergen in Norway," where Christian was Viceroy. Christian made acceptable love to the daughter, "*Divike* (Dovekin, *Columbina*)," as he called her; nay, he made the gingerbread mother a kind of prime minister, said the angry public, justly scandalized at this of the "Dovekin." He was married, meanwhile, to Karl V.'s own Sister, but continued that other connection.<sup>2</sup> He had rash notions, now for the Reformation, now against it, when he got to be King; a very rash, unwise, explosive man. He made a "Stockholm *Blutbad*," still famed in History (kind of open, ordered or permitted, Massacre of eighty or a hundred of his chief enemies there)—"Bloodbath," so they name it in Stockholm, where, indeed, he was lawful King, and not without unlawful enemies, had a bloodbath been the way to deal with them. Gustavus Vasa was a young fellow there, who dexterously escaped this Bloodbath, and afterward came to something.

In Denmark and Sweden rash Christian made ever more enemies; at length he was forced to run, and they chose another King or successive pair of Kings. Christian fled to Kaiser Karl at Brussels; complained to Kaiser Karl, his Brother-in-law, whose Sister he had not used well. Kaiser Karl listened to his complaints with hanging under lip, with heavy, deep, undecipherable eyes: evidently no help from Karl.

Christian, after that, wandered about with inexecutable speculations and projects to recover his crown or crowns, sheltering often with Kurfürst Joachim, who took a great deal of trouble about him first and last, or with the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich the Wise, or, after him, with Johann the Steadfast ("V. D. M. I. Æ.," whom we saw at Augsburg), who were his Mother's Brothers, and beneficent men. He was in Saxony, on

<sup>2</sup> Here are the dates of this poor Christian in a lump. Born, 1481; King, 1513 (Dovekin before); married, 1515; turned off, 1523; invades, taken prisoner, 1532; dies, 1559. Cousin, and then Cousin's Son, succeeded.

such terms, coming and going, when a certain other Flight thither took place, soon to be spoken of, which is the cause of our mentioning him here. In the end (A.D. 1532) he did get some force together, and made sail to Norway, but could do no execution whatever there; on the contrary, was frozen in on the coast during winter; seized, carried to Copenhagen, and packed into the "Castle of Sonderburg," a grim sea-lodging on the shore of Schleswig, prisoner for the rest of his life, which lasted long enough. Six-and-twenty years of prison: the first seventeen years of it strict and hard, almost of the dungeon sort; the remainder, on his fairly abdicating, was in another Castle, that of Callundborg, in the Island of Zealand, "with fine apartments and conveniences," and even "a good bowse of liquor now and then," at discretion of the old soul. That was the end of headlong Christian II.: he lasted in this manner to the age of seventy-eight.<sup>3</sup>

His Sister Elizabeth at Brandenburg is, perhaps, in regard to natural character, recognizably of the same kin as Christian, but her behavior is far different from his. She, too, is zealous for the Reformation; but she has a right to be so, and her notions that way are steady; and she has hitherto, though in a difficult position, done honor to her creed. Surly Joachim is difficult to deal with; is very positive now that he has declared himself: "In my house, at least, shall be nothing farther of that unblest stuff." Poor Lady, I see domestic difficulties very thick upon her; nothing but division, the very children ranging themselves in parties. She can pray to Heaven; she must do her wisest.

She partook once, by some secret opportunity, of the "communion under both kinds:" one of her Daughters noticed and knew; told Father of it. Father knits up his thick lips; rolls his abstruse, dissatisfied eyes in an ominous manner: the poor Lady, probably possessed of an excitable imagination too, trembles for herself. "It is thought His *Durchlaucht* will wall you

<sup>3</sup> Köhler's *Münzbelustigungen*, xi., 47, 48; Holberg, *Dänemærkische Staats- und Reichs-Historie* (Copenhagen, 1731, not the big Book by Holberg), p. 241; Buddäus: *Allgemeines Historisches Lexicon* (Leipzig, 1709), § Christianus II.

up for life, my Serene Lady ; dark prison for life, which probably may not be long." These surmises were of no credibility ; but there and then the poor Lady, in a shiver of terror, decides that she must run ; goes off actually one night ("Monday after the *Lutare*," which we find is 24th March) in the year 1528,<sup>4</sup> in a mean vehicle under cloud of darkness, with only one maid and groom, driving for life. That is very certain ; she, too, is on flight toward Saxony, to shelter with her Uncle Kurfürst Johann—unless, for reasons of state, he scruple ? On the dark road her vehicle broke down, a spoke given way : "Not a bit of rope to splice it," said the improvident groom. "Take my lace veil here," said the poor Princess ; and in this guise she got to Torgau (I could guess, her poor Brother's lodging), and thence, in short time, to the fine Schloss of Lichtenberg hard by, Uncle Johann, to whom she had zealously left an option of refusal, having as zealously permitted and invited her to continue there, which she did for many years.

Nor did she get the least molestation from Husband Joachim, who, I conjecture, had intended, though a man of a certain temper, and strict in his own house, something short of walling up for life : poor Joachim withal ! "However, since you are gone, Madam, go !" Nor did he concern himself with Christian II. farther, but let him lie in prison at his leisure. As for the Lady, he even let his children visit her at Lichtenberg—Crypto-Prot-estants all, and among them the repentant Daughter who had peached upon her.

<sup>4</sup> Pauli (ii., 584), who cites Seckendorf, and this fraction of a Letter of Luther's, to one "*Linckus*" or Lincke, written on the Friday following (28th March, 1528) :

"The Electress" (*Margravine* he calls her) "has fled from Berlin, by help of her Brother the King of Denmark" (poor Christian II.), "to our Prince" (Johann the Steadfast), "because her Elector had determined to wall her up, as is reported, on account of the Eucharist under both species. Pray for our Prince ; *the pious man and affectionate soul gets a great deal of trouble with his kindred.*" Or thus in the Original :

"*Marchionissa aufugit a Berlin, auxilio fratris, Regis Daniae, ad nostrum Principem, quod Marchio statuerat eam immurare (ut dicitur) propter Eucharistiam utriusque speciei. Ora pro nostro Principe ; der fromme Mann und herzliche Mensch ist doch ja wohl geplaget*" (Seckendorf: *Historia Lutheranismi*, ii., § 62, No. 8, p. 122).

1535.

Poor Joachim, he makes a pious speech on his death-bed, solemnly warning his Son against these new-fangled heresies, the Son being already possessed of them in his heart.<sup>5</sup> What could Father do more? Both Father and Son, I suppose, were weeping. This was in 1535, this last scene, things looking now more ominous than ever. Of Kurfurst Joachim I will remember nothing farther, except that once, twenty-three years before, he "held a Tourney in Neu-Ruppin," year 1512; Tourney on the most magnificent scale, and in New-Ruppin,<sup>6</sup> a place we shall know by-and-by.

As to the Lady, she lived eighteen years in that fine Schloss of Lichtenberg; saw her children, as we said, and, silently or otherwise, rejoiced in the creed they were getting. She saw Luther's self sometimes; "had him several times to dinner;" he would call at her Mansion when his journeys lay that way. She corresponded with him diligently; nay, once, for a three months, she herself went across and lodged with Dr. Luther and his Kate, as a royal Lady might with a heroic Sage, though the Sage's income was only Twenty-four pounds sterling annually. There is no doubt about that visit of three months; one thinks of it as of something human, something homely, ingenuous, and pretty. Nothing in surly Joachim's history is half so memorable to me, or indeed memorable at all in the stage we are now come to.

The Lady survived Joachim twenty years; of these she spent eleven still at Lichtenberg, in no over-haste to return. However, her Son, the new Elector, declaring for Protestantism, she at length yielded to his invitations, came back (1546), and ended her days at Berlin in a peaceable and venerable manner. Luckless Brother Christian is lying under lock and key all this while, smuggling out messages and so on, like a voice from the land of Dreams or of Nightmares, painful, impracticable, coming now and then.

<sup>5</sup> Speech given in Rentsch, p. 434-439.

<sup>6</sup> Pauli, ii., 466.

## CHAPTER X.

## KURFURST JOACHIM II.

JOACHIM II., Sixth Elector, no doubt after painful study, and intricate silent consideration ever since his twelfth year, when Luther was first heard of over the world, came gradually, and before his Father's death had already come, to the conclusion of adopting the Confession of Augsburg as the true Interpretation of this Universe, so far as we had yet got, and did so publicly in the year 1539,<sup>1</sup> to the great joy of Berlin and the Brandenburg populations generally, who had been of a Protestant humor, hardly restrainable by Law, for some years past. By this decision Joachim held fast with a stout, weighty grasp; nothing spasmodic in his way of handling the matter, and yet a heartiness which is agreeable to see. He could not join in the Schmalkaldic War, seeing, it is probable, small chance for such a War, of many chiefs and little counsel; nor was he willing yet to part from the Kaiser Karl V., who was otherwise very good to him.

He had fought personally for this Kaiser, twice over, against the Turks; first as Brandenburg Captain, learning his art, and afterward as Kaiser's Generalissimo in 1542. He did no good upon the Turks on that latter occasion; as, indeed, what good was to be done in such a quagmire of futilities as Joachim's element there was? "Too sumptuous in his dinners, too much wine withal," hint some, calumniously.<sup>2</sup> "Hector of Germany," say others. He tried some small prefatory Siege or scalade of Pesth; could not do it, and came his ways home again as the best course. Pedant Chroniclers give him the name *Hector*, "Joachim Hector," to match that of *Cicero* and that of *Achilles*. A man of solid structure, this our Hector, in body and mind; extensive cheeks, very large, heavy-laden face, capable of terrible bursts of anger, as his kind generally were.

The Schmalkaldic War went to water, as the Germans phrase it. Kur-Sachsen—that is, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous,

<sup>1</sup> Rentsch, p. 452.<sup>2</sup> Paulus Jovius, &c. See Pauli, iii., 70-73.

Son of Johann "V. D. M. I. Æ.," and Nephew of Friedrich the Wise—had his sorrowfully valid reasons for the War; large force too, plenty of zealous copartners, Philip of Hessen and others, but no generalship, or not enough for such a business. Big army, as is apt enough to happen, fell short of food; Kaiser Karl hung on the outskirts, waiting confidently till it came to famine. Johann Friedrich would attempt nothing decisive while provender lasted; and having in the end, strangely enough, and somewhat deaf to advice, divided his big Army into three separate parts, Johann Friedrich was himself, with one of those parts, surprised at Mühlberg, on a Sunday when at church (24th April, 1547), and was there beaten to sudden ruin, and even taken captive, like to have his head cut off by the triumphant angry Kaiser. Philip of Hessen, somewhat wiser, was home to Marburg, safe with *his* part, in the interim. Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg had good reason to rejoice in his own cautious reluctances on this occasion. However, he did now come valiantly up, hearing what severities were in the wind.

He pleaded earnestly, passionately, he and Cousin or already "Elector" Moritz,<sup>3</sup> who was just getting Johann Friedrich's Electorship fished away from him out of these troubles,<sup>4</sup> for Johann Friedrich of Saxony's life, first of all. For Johann's life *first*; this is a thing not to be dispensed with, your Majesty, on any terms whatever; a *sine quâ non*, this life, to Protestant Germany at large. To which the Kaiser indicated, "He would see; not immediate death, at any rate; we will see." A life that could not and must not be taken in this manner: this was the *first* point. Then, *secondly*, that Philip of Hessen, now home again at Marburg—not a bad or disloyal man, though headlong, and with two wives—might not be forfeited, but that peace and pardon might be granted him on his entire submission. To which second point the Kaiser answered, "Yes, then, on his submission." These were the two points. These pleadings went on at Halle, where the Kaiser now lies, in triumphantly victorious humor, in the early days of June, Year 1547. Johann Friedrich of Saxony had been, by some Imperial Court-Council or other—Spanish merely, I suppose—doomed to die. Sentence was signified to

<sup>3</sup> Pauli, iii., 102.

<sup>4</sup> Kurfürst, 4th June, 1547.

20th June, 1547.

him while he sat at chess: "Can wait till we end the game," thought Johann; "*Pergamus*," said he to his comrade, "let us go on, then!" Sentence not to be executed till one see.

With Philip of Hessen things had a more conclusive aspect. Philip had accepted the terms procured for him, which had been laboriously negotiated, brought to paper, and now wanted only the sign-manual to them: "*Ohne einigen Gefängniß* (without any imprisonment)," one of the chief clauses. And so Philip now came over to Halle; was met and welcomed by his two friends, Joachim and Moritz, at Naumburg, a stage before Halle; clear now to make his submission, and beg pardon of the Kaiser, according to bargain. On the morrow, 19th June, 1547, the Papers were got signed; and next day, 20th June, Philip did, according to bargain, openly beg pardon of the Kaiser, in his Majesty's Hall of Audience (Town House of Halle, I suppose): "knelt at the Kaiser's feet publicly on both knees, while his Kanzler read the submission and entreaty, as agreed upon;" and—and, alas! then the Kaiser said nothing at all to him. Kaiser looked haughtily, with impenetrable eyes and shelf lip, over the head of him, gave him no hand to kiss, and left poor Philip kneeling there: an awkward position, indeed, which any German Painter that there were might make a Picture of, I have sometimes thought. Picture of some real meaning, more or less, if for symbolic Towers of Babel, mediæval mythologies, and extensive smearings of that kind, he could find leisure. Philip having knelt a reasonable time, and finding there was no help for it, rose in the dread silence (some say with too sturdy an expression of countenance), and retired from the affair, having at least done his part of it.

The next practical thing was now supper, or, as we of this age should call it, dinner. Uncommonly select and high supper, host the Duke of Alba, where Joachim, Elector Moritz, and another high Official, the Bishop of Arras, were to welcome poor Philip after his troubles. How the grand supper went I do not hear; possibly a little constrained; the Kaiser's strange silence sitting on all men's thoughts, not to be spoken of in the present company. At length the guests rose to go away. Philip's lodging is with Moritz (who is his son-in-law, as learned readers know).

"You Philip, your lodging is mine; my lodging is yours, I should say. Can not we ride together?" "Philip is not permitted to go," said Imperial Officiality; "Philip is to continue here, and, we fear, go to prison." "Prison?" cried they all: "*Ohne EINIGEN Gefängniß* (without *any* imprisonment)." "As we read the words, it is '*Ohne EWIGEN Gefängniß* (without *eternal* imprisonment)," answer the others. And so, according to popular tradition, which has little or no credibility, though printed in many Books, their false Secretary had actually modified it.

"No intention of imprisoning his *Durchlaucht* of Hessen *forever*—not forever!" answered they. And Kurfürst Joachim, in astonished indignation, after some remonstrating and arguing, louder and louder, which profited nothing, blazed out into a very whirlwind of rage; drew his sword, it is whispered with a shudder—drew his sword, or was for drawing it, upon the Duke of Alba, and would have done, God knows what, had not friends flung themselves between, and got the Duke away or him away.<sup>5</sup> Other accounts bear that it was upon the Bishop of Arras he drew his sword, which is a somewhat different matter. Perhaps he drew it on both, or on men and things in general, for his indignation knew no bounds—the heavy, solid man; yet with a human heart in him after all, and a Hohenzollern abhorrence of chicanery capable of rising to the transcendent pitch. His wars against the Turks and his other Hectorships I will forget but this of a face so extensive kindled all into divine fire for poor Philip's sake shall be memorable to me.

Philip got out by-and-by, though with difficulty, the Kaiser proving very stiff in the matter, and only yielding to obstinate pressures, and the force of time and events. Philip got away; and then how Johann Friedrich of Sachsen, after being led about for five years in the Kaiser's train, a condemned man, liable to be executed any day, did likewise at last get away, with his head safe and Electorate gone—these are known Historical events, which we glanced at already on another score.

For by-and-by the Kaiser found tougher solicitation than this of Joachim's. The Kaiser, by his high carriage in this and other such matters, had at length kindled a new War round him, and

<sup>5</sup> Pauli iii., 103.

he then soon found himself reduced to extremities again; chased to the Tyrol Mountains, and obliged to comply with many things: new War, of quite other emphasis and management than the Schmalkaldic one, managed by Elector Moritz and our poor friend Albert Alcibiades as principals: a Kaiser chased into the mountains, capable of being seized by a little spurring. "Capture him!" said Albert. "I have no cage big enough for such a bird," answered Moritz, and the Kaiser was let run. How he ran then toward Treaty of Passau (1552), toward Siege of Metz and other sad conclusions, "Abdication" the finale of them—these also are known phases in the Reformation-History, as hinted at above.

Here at Halle, in the year 1547, the great Kaiser, with Protestantism manacled at his feet, and many things going prosperous, was at his culminating point. He published his *Interim* (1548, What you troublesome Protestants are to do in the mean time, while the Council of Trent is sitting, and till it and I decide for you); and, in short, drove and reined in the Reich with a high hand and a sharp whip for the time being. Troublesome Protestants mostly rejected the Interim; Moritz and Alcibiades, with France in the rear of them, took to arms in that way; took to ransoming fat Bishoprics ("*Verbum Diaboli Manet*," we know where); took to chasing Kaisers into the mountains, and times came soon round again. In all these latter broils Kurfürst Joachim II., deeply interested, as we may fancy, strove to keep quiet, and to prevail by weight of influence and wise counsel rather than by fighting with his Kaiser.

One sad little anecdote I recollect of Joachim; an Accident which happened in those Passau-Interim days, a year or two after that drawing of the sword on Alba. Kurfürst Joachim unfortunately once fell through a staircase in that time, being, as I guess, a heavy man. It was in the Castle of Grimnitz, one of his many Castles, a spacious enough old Hunting-seat, the repairs of which had not been well attended to. The good Herr, weighty of foot, was leading down his Electress to dinner one day in this Schloss of Grimnitz; broad stair climbs round a grand Hall hung with stag-trophies, groups of weapons, and the like hall-furniture. An unlucky timber yielded; yawning chasm in the staircase; Joachim and his good Princess sank by gravitation; Joachim to the

1568.

floor with little hurt; his poor Princess (horrible to think of), being next the wall, came upon the stag-horns and boar-spears down below.<sup>6</sup> The poor Lady's hurt was indescribable: she walked lame all the rest of her days, and Joachim, I hope (hope, but not with confidence),<sup>7</sup> loved her all the better for it. This unfortunate old Schloss of Grimnitz, some thirty miles northward of Berlin, was, by the Eighth Kurfürst, Joachim Friedrich, Grandson of this one, with great renown to himself and to it, converted into an Endowed High School—the famed *Joachimsthal Gymnasium*, still famed, though now under some change of circumstances, and removed to Berlin itself.<sup>8</sup>

Joachim's first Wife, from whom descend the following Kurfürsts, was a daughter of that Duke George of Saxony, Luther's celebrated friend, "If it rained Duke Georges nine days running."

*Joachim gets Co-infestment in Preussen.*

This second Wife, she of the accident at Grimnitz, was Hedwig, King Sigismund of Poland's daughter; which connection, it is thought, helped Joachim well in getting what they call the *Mitbelehnung* of Preussen (for it was he that achieved this point) from King Sigismund.

*Mitbelehnung* (Co-infestment) in Preussen, whereby is solemnly acknowledged the right of Joachim and his Posterity to the reversion of Preussen, should the Culmbach Line of Duke Albert happen to fail. It was a thing Joachim long strove for, till at length his Father-in-law did, some twenty years hence, concede it him.<sup>9</sup> Should Albert's line fail, then the other Culmbachers get Preussen; should the Culmbachers all fail, the Berlin Brandenburgers get it. The Culmbachers are at this time rather scarce of heirs: poor Alcibiades died childless, as we know, and Casimir's Line is extinct; Duke Albert himself has left only one Son, who now succeeds in Preussen, still young, and not of the best omens. Margraf George the Pious, he left only George Friedrich, an excellent man, who is now prosperous in the

<sup>6</sup> Pauli, iii., 112.<sup>7</sup> Pauli, iii., 194.<sup>8</sup> Nicolai, p. 725.<sup>9</sup> Date, Lublin, 19th July, 1568: Pauli, iii., 177-179, 193; Rentsch, p. 457; Stenzel, i., 341-342.

world, and wedded long since, but has no children. So that between Joachim's Line and Preussen there are only two intermediate heirs, and it was a thing eminently worth looking after. Nor has it wanted that. And so Kurfürst Joachim, almost at the end of his course, has now made sure of it.

*Joachim makes "Heritage Brotherhood" with the Duke of Liegnitz.*

Another feat of like nature Joachim II. had long ago achieved, which likewise, in the long run, proved important in his Family and in the History of the world—an *Erbverbrüderung*, so they term it, with the Duke of Liegnitz—date, 1537. *Erbverbrüderung* ("Heritage-Brotherhood," meaning Covenant to succeed reciprocally on Failure of Heirs to either) had in all times been a common paction among German Princes well affected to each other. Friedrich II., the then Duke of Liegnitz, we have transiently seen, was related to the Family; he had been extremely helpful in bringing his young friend Albert of Preussen's affairs to a good issue, whose Niece, withal, he had wedded; in fact, he was a close friend of this our Joachim's, and there had long been a growing connection between the two Houses by inter-marriages and good offices.

The Dukes of Liegnitz were Sovereign Princes, come of the old Piasts of Poland, and had perfect right to enter into this transaction of an *Erbverbrüderung* with whom they liked. True, they had, above two hundred years before, in the days of King Johann *Ich-Dien* (A.D. 1329), voluntarily constituted themselves Vassals of the Crown of Bohemia;<sup>10</sup> but the right to dispose of their Lands as they pleased had all along been carefully acknowledged and saved entire. And, so late as 1521, just sixteen years ago, the Bohemian King Vladislaus the Last, our good Margraf George's friend, had expressly, in a Deed still extant, confirmed to them, with all the emphasis and amplitude that Law-Phraseology could bring to bear upon it, the right to dispose of said Lands in any manner of way: "by written testament, or by verbal on their death-bed, they can, as they see wisest, give away, sell, pawn, dispose of, and exchange (*vergeben, verkaufen,*

<sup>10</sup> Pauli, iii., 22.

18th October, 1537.

*versetzen, verschaffen, verwechseln*) these said lands," to all lengths, and with all manner of freedom; which privilege had likewise been confirmed twice over (1522, 1524) by Ludwig, the next King, Ludwig *Ohne-Haut*, who perished in the bogs of Mohacz, and ended the native Line of Bohemian-Hungarian Kings. Nay, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Karl V.'s Brother, afterward Kaiser, who absorbed that Bohemian Crown among the others, had himself, by implication, sanctioned or admitted the privilege in 1529, only eight years ago.<sup>11</sup> The right to make the *Erbverbrüderung* could not seem doubtful to any body.

And made accordingly it was; signed, sealed, drawn out on the proper parchments, 18th October, 1537, to the following clear effect: "That if Duke Friedrich's Line should die out, all his Liegnitz countries, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, should fall to the Hohenzollern Brandenburgers; and that, if the Line of Hohenzollern Brandenburg should first fail, then all and singular the Bohemian Fiefs of Brandenburg (as Crossen, Züllichau, and seven others there enumerated) should fall to the House of Liegnitz."<sup>12</sup> It seemed a clear Paction, questionable by no mortal. Double-marriage between the two Houses (eldest Son, on each side, to suitable Princess on the other) was to follow, and did follow, after some delays, 17th February, 1545, so that the matter seemed now complete, secure on all points, and a matter of quiet satisfaction to both the Houses and to their friends.

But Ferdinand, King of the Romans, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and coming to be Emperor one day, was not of that sentiment. Ferdinand had once implicitly recognized the privilege, but Ferdinand, now when he saw the privilege turned to use, and such a territory as Liegnitz exposed to the possibility of falling into inconvenient hands, explicitly took other thoughts, and gradually determined to prohibit this *Erbverbrüderung*. The States of Bohemia accordingly, in 1544 (it is not doubtful, by Ferdinand's suggestion), were moved to make inquiries as to this Heritage-Fraternity of Liegnitz;<sup>13</sup> on which hint King Ferdinand straightway informed the Duke of Liegnitz that the act was not justifiable, and must be revoked. The Duke of Liegnitz, grieved to the heart, had no means of resisting. Ferdinand,

<sup>11</sup> Stenzel, i., 323.

<sup>12</sup> *Ib.*, i., 320.

<sup>13</sup> *Ib.*, i., 322.

King of the Romans, backed by Kaiser Karl, with the States of Bohemia barking at his wink, were too strong for poor Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz. Great corresponding between Berlin, Liegnitz, Prag, ensued on this matter; but the end was a summons to Duke Friedrich—summons from King Ferdinand, in March, 1546, "To appear in the Imperial Hall (*Kaiserhof*) at Breslau," and to submit that Deed of *Erbverbrüderung* to the examination of the States there. The States, already up to the affair, soon finished their examination of it (8th May, 1546). The Deed was annihilated, and Friedrich was ordered, furthermore, to produce proofs within six months that his subjects too were absolved of all oaths or the like regarding it, and that, in fact, the Transaction was entirely abolished and reduced to zero. Friedrich complied—had to comply; very much chagrined, he returned home, and died next year, it is supposed, of heart-break from this business. He had yielded outwardly, but to force only. In a Codicil appended to his last Will, some months afterward (which Will, written years ago, had treated the *Erbverbrüderung* as a Fact settled), he indicates, as with his last breath, that he considered the thing still valid, though overruled by the hand of power. Let the reader mark this matter, for it will assuredly become memorable one day.

The hand of power, namely, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, had applied in a like manner to Joachim of Brandenburg to surrender his portion of the Deed, and annihilate on his side too this *Erbverbrüderung*. But Joachim refused steadily, and all his successors steadily, to give up this Bit of Written Parchment; kept the same, among their precious documents, against some day that might come (and, I suppose, it lies in the Archives of Berlin even now), silently or in words asserting that the Deed of Heritage-Brotherhood was good, and that, though some hands might have the power, no hand could have the right to abolish it on those terms.

How King Ferdinand permitted himself such a procedure? Ferdinand, says one of his latest apologists in this matter, "considered the privileges granted by his Predecessors, in respect to rights of Sovereignty, as fallen extinct on their death;"<sup>14</sup> which,

<sup>14</sup> Stenzel, i., 323.

if Reality and Fact would but likewise be so kind as to "consider" it so, was no doubt convenient for Ferdinand.

Joachim was not so great with Ferdinand as he had been with Charles, the Imperial Brother. Joachim and Ferdinand had many debates of this kind, some of them rather stiff: Jägerndorf, for instance, and the Baireuth-Anspach confiscations, in George Friedrich's minority. Ferdinand, now Kaiser, had snatched Jägerndorf from poor young George Friedrich, son of excellent Margraf George, whom we knew: "Part of the spoils of Albert Alcibiades," thought Ferdinand, "and a good windfall," though young George Friedrich had merely been the Ward of Cousin Alcibiades, and totally without concern in those political explosions. "Excellent windfall," thought Ferdinand, and held his grip. But Joachim, in his weighty, steady way, intervened; Joachim, emphatic in the Diets and elsewhere, made Ferdinand quit grip, and produce Jägerndorf again. Jägerndorf and the rest had all to be restored; and, except some filchings in the Jägerndorf Appendages (Ratibor and Oppeln, "restored" only in semblance, and at length juggled away altogether),<sup>15</sup> every thing came to its right owner again. Nor would Joachim rest till Alcibiades's Territories too were all punctually given back to this same George Friedrich, to whom, by law and justice, they belonged. In these points Joachim prevailed against a strong-handed Kaiser, apt to "consider one's right fallen extinct" now and then. In this of Liegnitz, all he could do was to keep the Deed in steady protest, silent or vocal.

But enough now of Joachim Hector, Sixth Kurfürst, and of his workings and strugglings. He walked through this world, treading as softly as might be, yet with a strong, weighty step, rending the jungle steadily asunder, well seeing whither he was bound. Rather an expensive Herr; built a good deal—completion of the Schloss at Berlin one example,<sup>16</sup> and was not otherwise afraid of outlay in the Reich's Politics, or in what seemed needful: If there is a harvest ahead, even a distant one, it is poor thrift to be stingy of your seed-corn.

Joachim was always a conspicuous Public man, a busy Poli-

<sup>15</sup> Rentsch, p. 129, 130.

<sup>16</sup> Nicolai, p. 82.

tician in the Reich; stanch to his kindred, and by no means blind to himself and his own interests; stanch also, we must grant, and ever active, though generally in a cautious, weighty, never in a rash, swift way, to the great Cause of Protestantism, and to all good causes. He was himself a solemnly devout man, deep, awe-stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this Universe; most serious, though with a jocose dialect commonly, having a cheerful wit in speaking to men. Luther's Books he called his *Seelenschatz* (Soul's treasure); Luther and the Bible were his chief reading. Fond of profane Learning too, and of the useful and ornamental arts; given to music, and "would himself sing aloud" when he had a melodious leisure hour, excellent old gentleman. He died rather suddenly, but with much nobleness, 3d January, 1571, age sixty-six. Old Rentsch's account of this event is still worth reading;<sup>17</sup> Joachim's death-scene has a mild, pious beauty, which does not depend on creed.

He had a Brother, too, not a little occupied with Politics, and always on the good side; a wise, pious man, whose fame was in all the churches: "Johann of Cüstrin," called also "Johann the Wise," who busied himself zealously in Protestant matters, second only in piety and zeal to his Cousin, Margraf George the Pious, and was not so held back by official considerations as his Brother the Elector now and then. Johann of Cüstrin is a very famous man in the old Books: Johann was the first that fortified Cüstrin; built himself an illustrious Schloss, and "roofed it with copper," in Cüstrin (which is a place we shall be well acquainted with by-and-by), and lived there, with the Neumark for appanage, a true man's life; mostly with a good deal of business, warlike and other, on his hands; with good Books, good Deeds, and occasionally good Men, coming to enliven it, according to the terms then given.

<sup>17</sup> Rentsch, p. 458.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SEVENTH KURFURST, JOHANN GEORGE.

KAISER KARL, we said, was very good to Joachim, who always strove, sometimes with a stretch upon his very conscience, to keep well with the Kaiser. The Kaiser took Joachim's young Prince along with him to those Schmalkaldic Wars (not the comfortable side for Joachim's conscience, but the safe side for an anxious Father); Kaiser made a Knight of this young Prince on one occasion of distinction; he wrote often to Papa about him, what a promising young hero he was—seems really to have liked the young man. It was Johann George, Elector afterward, Seventh Elector. This little incident is known to me on evidence<sup>1</sup>—a small thing that certainly befell, at the Siege of Wittenberg (A. D. 1547), during those Philip of Hessen Negotiations, three hundred and odd years ago.

The Schmalkaldic War having come all to nothing, the Saxon Elector sitting captive with sword overhead in the way we saw, Saxon Wittenberg was besieged, and the Kaiser was in great hurry to get it. Kaiser in person, and young Johann George for sole attendant, rode round the place one day to take a view of the works, and judge how soon, or whether ever, it could be compelled to give in. Gunners noticed them from the battlements; gunners Saxon-Protestant most likely, and in just gloom at the perils and indignities now lying on their pious Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous. "Lo, you! Kaiser's self riding yonder, and one of his silk *Junkers*. Suppose we give the Kaiser's self a shot, then?" said the gunner, or thought: "It might help a better man from his life-perils if such shot did—" In fact, the gun flashed off with due outburst, and almost with due effect. The ball struck the ground among the very horses' feet of the two riders, so that they were thrown, or nearly so, and covered from sight with a cloud of earth and sand; and the gun-

<sup>1</sup> Rentsch, p. 465.

ners thought, for some instants, an unjust, obstinate Kaiser's life was gone, and a pious Elector's saved. But it proved not so. Kaiser Karl and Johann George both emerged in a minute or two little the worse, Kaiser Karl perhaps blushing somewhat, and flurried this time, I think, in the impenetrable eyes, and his Cimbürgis lip closed for the moment, and galloped out of shot-range. "I never forget this little incident," exclaims Smelfungus; "it is one of the few times I can get, after all my reading about that surprising Karl V., I do not say the least understanding or practical conception of him, and his character, and his affairs, but the least ocular view or imagination of him as a fact among facts;" which is unlucky for Smelfungus. Johann George, still more emphatically, never to the end of *his* life forgot this incident; and, indeed, it must be owned, had the shot taken effect as intended, the whole course of human things would have been surprisingly altered, and, for one thing, neither *Friedrich the Great* nor the present *History of Friedrich* had ever risen above ground, or troubled an enlightened public or me.

Of Johann George, this Seventh Elector,<sup>2</sup> who proved a good Governor, and carried on the Family Affairs in the old style of slow, steady success, I will remember nothing more, except that he had the surprising number of Three-and-twenty children, one of them posthumous, though he died at the age of seventy-three.

He is Founder of the New Culmbach Line. Two sons of these twenty-three children he settled, one in Baireuth, the other in Anspach, from whom come all the subsequent Heads of that Principality, till the last of them died in Hammersmith in 1806, as above said.<sup>3</sup> He was a prudent, thrifty Herr; no mistresses, no luxuries allowed; at the sight of a new-fashioned coat he would fly out on an unhappy youth, and pack him from his presence. Very strict in point of justice: a peasant once appealing to him, in one of his inspection journeys through the country, "Grant me justice, Durchlaucht, against So-and-so; I am your Highness's born subject!" "Thou shouldst have it, man,

<sup>2</sup> 1525; 1571-1598.

<sup>3</sup> Rentsch, p. 475 (*Christian* to Baireuth, *Joachim Ernst* to Anspach). See Genealogical Diagram, *infra*.

wert thou a born Turk!" answered Johann George. There is something anxious, grave, and, as it were, surprised in the look of this good Herr. He made the *Gera Bond* above spoken of, founded the Younger Culmbach Line, with that important Law of Primogeniture strictly superadded. A conspicuous thrift, veracity, modest solidity, looks through the conduct of this Herr: a determined Protestant he too, as indeed all the following were and are.<sup>4</sup>

Of Joachim Friedrich, his eldest Son, who at one time was Archbishop of Magdeburg—called home from the wars to fill that valuable Heirloom, which had suddenly fallen vacant by an Uncle's death, and keep it warm, and who afterward, in due course, carried on a *lößliche Regierung* of the old style and physiognomy as Eighth Kurfürst, from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year (1598-1608)<sup>5</sup>—of him we already noticed the fine "*Joachims-thal Gymnasium*," or Foundation for learned purposes, in the old Schloss of Grimnitz, where his serene Grandmother got lamed, and will notice nothing farther in this place except his very great anxiety to profit by the Prussian *Mitbelehnung*, that Co-infestment in Preussen, achieved by his Grandfather Joachim II., which was now about coming to its full maturity. Joachim Friedrich had already married his eldest Prince to the daughter of Albert Friedrich, Second Duke of Preussen, who it was by this time evident would be the last Duke there of his Line. Joachim Friedrich, having himself fallen a widower, did next year, though now counting fifty-six—But it will be better if we explain first a little how matters now stood with Preussen.

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## CHAPTER XII.

OF ALBERT FRIEDRICH, THE SECOND DUKE OF PREUSSEN.

DUKE ALBERT died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken down by other troubles. His Prussian

<sup>4</sup> Rentsch, p. 470, 471.

<sup>5</sup> Born, 1547; Magdeburg, 1566-'98 (when his Third Son got it—very unlucky in the Thirty-Years War afterward).

*Raths* (Councilors) were disobedient, his Osianders and Lutheran-Calvinist Theologians were all in fire and flame against each other. The poor old man, with the best dispositions, but without power to realize them, had much to do and suffer: pious, just, and honorable, intending the best, but losing his memory, and incapable of business, as he now complained. In his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, with whose foolish Brother, Eric, he had much trouble, and who at last herself took so ill with the insolence and violence of these intrusive Councilors and Theologians that the household life she led beside her old Husband and them became intolerable to her, and she withdrew to another residence, a little Hunting-seat at Neuhausen, half a dozen miles from Königsberg, and there, or at Labiau, still farther off, lived mostly in a separate condition. Separate for life: nevertheless, they happened to die on the same day: 20th March, 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world.<sup>1</sup>

Albert left one Son, the second child of this last Wife; his one child by the former Wife, a daughter now of good years, was married to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Son's name was Albert Friedrich; age at his Father's death, fifteen: a promising young prince, but of sensitive, abstruse temper; held under heavy tutelage by his *Raths* and Theologians, and spurning up against them in explosive rebellion from time to time. He now (1568) was to be sovereign Duke of Preussen, and the one representative of the Culmbach Line in that fine Territory—Margraf George Friedrich of Anspach, the only other Culmbacher, being childless, though wedded.

We need not doubt, the Brandenburg House—old Kurfürst Joachim II. still alive, and thrifty Johann George, the Heir-apparent—kept a watchful eye on these emergencies. But it was difficult to interfere directly; the native Prussian *Raths* were very jealous, and Poland itself was a ticklish Sovereignty to deal with. Albert Friedrich being still a Minor, the Polish King, Sigismund, proposed to undertake the guardianship of him, as became a superior lord to a subject vassal on such an occasion. But the Prussian *Raths* assured his Majesty “their young

<sup>1</sup> Hübner, tab. 181; Stenzel, i., 342.

Prince was of such a lively intellect, he was perfectly fit to conduct the affairs of the Government" (especially with such a Body of expert Councilors to help him), "and might be at once declared of age," which was accordingly the course followed, Poland caring little for it, Brandenburg digesting the arrangement as it could. And thus it continued for some years, even under new difficulties that arose, the official Clique of Raths being the real Government of the Country, and poor young Albert Friedrich bursting out occasionally into tears against them, occasionally into futile humors of a fiery nature. Osiander-Theology and the battle of the *'doxies* ran very high, nor was Prussian Officiality a beautiful thing.

These Prussian Raths, and the Prussian *Ritterschaft* generally (Knighthage, Land-Aristocracy), which had its *Stände* (States, or meetings of Parliament after a sort), were all along of a mutinous, contumacious humor. The idea had got into their minds that they were by birth what the ancient Ritters by election had been, entitled, fit or not fit, to share the Government promotions among them: "The Duke is hereditary in his office, why not we? All Offices, are they not, by nature, ours to share among us?" The Duke's notion, again, was to have the work of his Offices effectually done, small matter by whom: the Ritters looked less to that side of the question; regarded any "Foreigner" (German-Anspacher or other Non-Prussian), whatever his merit, as an intruder, usurper, or kind of thief, when seen in Office. Their contentions, contumacies, and pretensions were accordingly manifold. They had dreams of an "Aristocratic Republic, with the Sovereign reduced to zero," like what their Polish neighbors grew to. They had various dreams; and individuals among them broke out, from time to time, into high acts of insolence and mutiny. It took a hundred and fifty years of Brandenburg horse-breaking, sometimes with sharp manipulation and a potent curb-bit, to dispossess them of that notion, and make them go steadily in harness, which also, however, was at last got done by the Hohenzollerns.

*Of Duke Albert Friedrich's Marriage: who his Wife was,  
and what her possible Dowry.*

In a year or two there came to be question of the marrying of young Duke Friedrich Albert. After due consultation, the Princess fixed upon was Maria Eleonora, eldest Daughter of the then Duke of Cleve: to him a proper Embassy was sent with that object, and came back with Yes for answer. Duke of Cleve, at that time, was Wilhelm, called "the Rich" in History-Books; a Sovereign of some extent in those lower Rhine countries, whom I can connect with the English reader's memory in no readier way than by the fact that he was younger brother—one year younger—of a certain "Anne of Cleves," a large fat Lady, who was rather scurvily used in this country, being called by Henry VIII. and us a "great Flanders mare," unsuitable for espousal with a King of delicate feelings! This Anne of Cleves, who took matters quietly and lived on her pension when rejected by King Henry, was Aunt of the young Lady now in question for Preussen. She was still alive here in England, pleasantly quiet "at Burley on the Hill" till Maria Eleonora was seven years old, who, possibly enough, still reads in her memory some fading vestige of new black frocks or trimmings, and brief court-mourning on the death of poor Aunt Anne over seas. Another Aunt Anne is more honorably distinguished: Sibylla, Wife of our noble Saxon Elector, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost his Electorate, and almost his Life, for religion's sake, as we have seen; by whom, in his perils and distresses, Sibylla stood always, like a very true and noble Wife.

Duke Wilhelm himself was a man of considerable mark in his day. His Duchy of Cleve included not only Cleve Proper, but Jülich (*Juliers*), Berg, which latter pair of Duchies were a better thing than Cleve Proper—Jülich, Berg, and various other small Principalities, which, gradually agglomerating by marriage, heritage, and the chance of events in successive centuries, had at length come all into Wilhelm's hands, so that he got the name of Wilhelm the Rich among his contemporaries. He seems to have been of a headlong, blustery, uncertain disposition, much

1568-1603.

tossed about in the controversies of his day. At one time he was a Protestant declared, not without reasons of various kinds. The Duchy of Geldern (what we call *Guelthers*) had fallen to him by express bequest of the last Owner, whose Line was out; and Wilhelm took possession. But the Kaiser Karl V. quite refused to let him keep possession; whereupon Wilhelm had joined with the French (it was in the Moritz-Alcibiades time)—had declared war, and taken other high measures; but it came to nothing, or to less. The end was, Wilhelm had to “come upon his knees” before the Kaiser and beg forgiveness, quite renouncing Geldern, which accordingly has gone its own different road ever since. Wilhelm was zealously Protestant in those days, as his people are, and as he still is, at the period we treat of. But he went into Papistry not long after, and made other sudden turns and misventures: to all appearance, rather an abrupt, blustery, uncertain Herr. It is to him that Albert Friedrich, the young Duke of Preussen, guided by his Council, now (Year 1572) sends an Embassy, demanding his eldest Daughter, Maria Eleonora, to wife.

Duke Wilhelm answered Yea; “sent a Counter Embassy,” and what else was necessary; and in due time the young Bride, with her Father, set out toward Preussen, such being the arrangement, there to complete the matter. They had got as far as Berlin, warmly welcomed by the Kurfürst Johann George, when from Königsberg a sad message reached them, namely, that the young Duke had suddenly been seized with an invincible depression and overclouding of mind, not quite to be characterized by the name of madness, but still less by that of perfect sanity. His eagerness to see his Bride was the same as formerly, but his spiritual health was in the questionable state described. The young Lady paused for a little, in such mood as we may fancy. She had already lost two offers, Bridegrooms snatched away by death, says Pauli,<sup>2</sup> and thought it might be ominous to refuse the third. So she decided to go on; dashed aside her father’s doubts; sent her unhealthy Bridegroom “a flower-garland as love-token,” who duly responded; and Father Wilhelm and she proceeded as if nothing were wrong. The spiritual state of the Prince, she

<sup>2</sup> Pauli, iv., 512.

found, had not been exaggerated to her. His humors and ways were strange, questionable; other than one could have wished. Such as he was, however, she wedded him on the appointed terms, hoping probably for a recovery which never came.

The case of Albert's malady is to this day dim, and strange tales are current as to the origin of it, which the curious in Pysiology may consult; they are not fit for reporting here.<sup>3</sup> It seems to have consisted in an overclouding rather than a total ruin of the mind. Incurable depression there was; gloomy torpor alternating with fits of vehement activity or suffering; great discontinuity at all times; evident unfitness for business. It was long hoped he might recover; and Doctors in Divinity and in Medicine undertook him—Theologians, Exorcists, Physicians, Quacks—but no cure came of it; nothing but mutual condemnations, violences, and even execrations from the said Doctors and their respective Official patrons, lay and clerical. Must have been such a scene for a young Wife as has seldom occurred, in romance or reality. Children continued to be born; daughter after daughter, but no son that lived.

*Margraf George Friedrich comes to Preussen to administer.*

After five years space, in 1578,<sup>4</sup> cure being now hopeless, and the very Council admitting that the Duke was incapable of business, George Friedrich of Anspach-Baireuth came into the country to take charge of him, having already, he and the other Brandenburgers, negotiated the matter with the King of Poland, in whose power it mostly lay.

George Friedrich was by no means welcome to the Prussian Council, nor to the Wife, nor to the Landed Aristocracy—other than welcome, for reasons we can guess. But he proved, in the judgment of all fair witnesses, an excellent Governor, and for six-and-twenty years administered the country with great and lasting advantage to it. His Portraits represent to us a large, ponderous figure of a man, very fat in his latter years; with an air of honest sense, dignity, composed solidity—very fit for the task now on hand.

He resolutely, though in mild form, smoothed down the flam-

<sup>3</sup> Pauli, iv., 476.

<sup>4</sup> Ib., iv., 476, 481, 482.

ing fires of his Clergy, commanding now this controversy and then that controversy (“*de concreto et de inconcreto*,” or whatever they were) to fall strictly silent; to carry themselves on by thought and meditation merely, and without words. He tamed the mutinous Aristocracy, the mutinous Bürgermeisters, Town-council of Königsberg, whatever mutiny there was. He drained bogs, says old Rentsch; he felled woods, made roads, established inns. Prussia was well governed till George’s death, which happened in the year 1603.<sup>6</sup> Anspach in the mean while, Anspach, Baireuth, and Jägerndorf, which were latterly all his, he had governed by deputy; no need of visiting those quiet countries, except for purposes of kindly recreation, or for a swift general supervision now and then. By all accounts, an excellent, steadfast, wise, and just man, this fat George Friedrich, worthy of the Father that produced him (“*Nit Kop ab, löver Först, nit Kop ab !*”)—and that is saying much.

By his death without children, much territory fell home to the Elder House, to be disposed of as was settled in the *Gera Bond* five years before. Anspach and Baireuth went to two Brothers of the now Elector, Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich, sons of Johann George of blessed memory; founders, they, of the “New Line,” of whom we know. Jägerndorf the Elector himself got, and he, not long after, settled it on one of his own sons, a new Johann George, who at that time was fallen rather landless and out of a career, “Johann George of Jägerndorf,” so called thenceforth, whose history will concern us by-and-by. Preussen was to be incorporated with the Electorate, were possession of it once had. But that is a ticklish point; still ticklish in spite of rights, and liable to perverse accidents that may arise.

Joachim Friedrich, as we intimated once, was not wanting to himself on this occasion. But the affair was full of intricacies—a wasp’s nest of angry humors—and required to be handled with delicacy, though with force and decision. Joachim Friedrich’s eldest Son, Johann Sigismund, Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, had already, in 1594, married one of Albert Friedrich the hypo-

<sup>6</sup> Rentsch, p. 666-688.

chondriac Duke of Preussen's daughters, and there was a promising family of children—no lack of children. Nevertheless, prudent Joachim Friedrich himself, now a widower, age toward sixty, did farther, in the present emergency, marry another of these Princesses, a younger Sister of his Son's Wife, seven months after George Friedrich's death, to make assurance doubly sure: a man not to be balked, if he can help it. By virtue of excellent management—Duchess, Prussian *Stände* (States), and Polish Crown needing all to be contented—Joachim Friedrich, with gentle strong pressure, did furthermore squeeze his way into the actual Guardianship of Preussen and the imbecile Duke, which was his by right. This latter feat he achieved in the course of another year (11th March, 1605),<sup>6</sup> and thereby fairly got hold of Preussen, which he grasped, "knuckles white," as we may say, and which his descendants have never quitted since.

Good management was very necessary. The thing was difficult, and also was of more importance than we yet altogether see. Not Preussen only, but a still better country, the Duchy of Cleve, Cleve-Jülich, Duke Wilhelm's Heritage down in the Rhineland—Heritage turning out now to be of right his eldest Daughter's here, and likely now to drop soon—is involved in the thing. This first crisis of getting into the Prussian Administratorship fallen vacant, our vigilant Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich has successfully managed; and he holds his grip, knuckles white. Before long a second crisis comes, where also he will have to grasp decisively in—he, or those that stand for him, and whose knuckles *can* still hold. But that may go to a new Chapter.

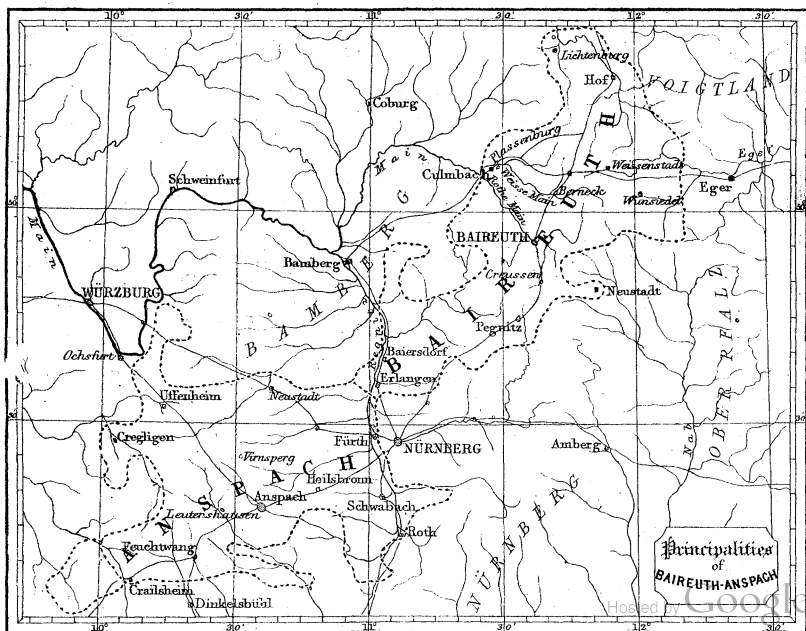
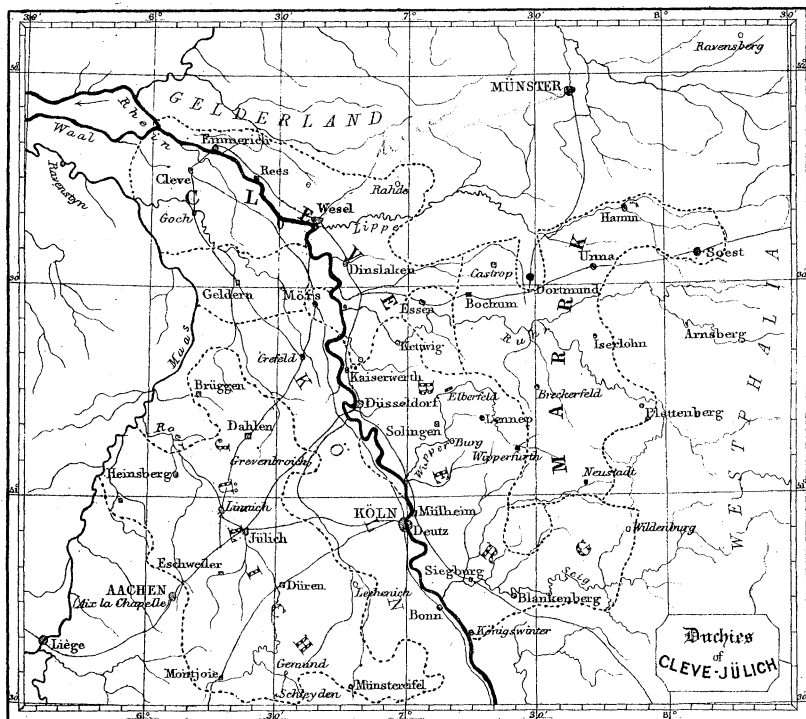
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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NINTH KURFÜRST JOHANN SIGISMUND.

IN the summer of 1608 (23d May, 1608), Johann Sigismund's (and his Father's) Mother-in-law, the poor Wife of the poor im-

<sup>6</sup> Stenzel, i., 358.





becile Duke of Preussen died;<sup>1</sup> upon which Johann Sigismund, Heir-Apparent of Brandenburg and its expectancies, was instantly dispatched from Berlin to gather up the threads cut loose by that event, and see that the matter took no damage. On the road thither news reached him that his own Father, old Joachim Friedrich, was dead (18th July, 1608); that he himself was now Kurfürst;<sup>2</sup> and that numerous threads were loose at both ends of his affairs.

The "young man"—not now so young, being full thirty-five and of fair experience—was in difficulty under these overwhelming tidings, and puzzled for a little whether to advance or to return. He decided to advance and settle Prussian matters where the peril and the risk were; Brandenburg business he could do by rescripts.

His difficulties in Preussen and at the Polish Court were in fact immense; but, after a space of eight or nine months, he did, by excellent management, not sparing money judiciously laid out on individuals, arrive at some adjustment, better or worse, and got Preussen in hand;<sup>3</sup> legal Administrator of the imbecile Duke, as his Father had been; after which he had to run for Brandenburg without loss of time, great matters being there in the wind. Nothing wrong in Brandenburg, indeed; but the great Cleve Heritage is dropping—has dropped; over in Cleve an immense expectancy is now come to the point of deciding itself.

*How the Cleve Heritage dropped, and many sprang to pick it up.*

Wilhelm of Cleve, the explosive Duke, whom we saw at Berlin and Königsberg at the wedding of this poor Lady now deceased, had, in the marriage contract, as he did in all subsequent contracts and deeds of like nature, announced a Settlement of his Estates, which was now become of the highest moment for Johann Sigismund. The Country at that time called Duchy of Cleve consisted, as we said above, not only of Cleve Proper, but of two other still better Duchies, Jülich and Berg;

<sup>1</sup> Maria Eleonora, Duke Wilhelm of Cleve's eldest Daughter: 1550, 1573, 1608 (Hübner, t. 286).

<sup>2</sup> 1572, 1608-1619.

<sup>3</sup> 29th April, 1609. Stenzel, i., 370.

then of the *Grafschaft* (County) of Ravensberg, County of Mark, Lordship of ——. In fact, it was a multifarious agglomerate of many little countries, gathered by marriage, heritage, and luck, in the course of centuries, and now united in the hand of this Duke Wilhelm. It amounted, perhaps, to two Yorkshires in extent.<sup>4</sup> A naturally opulent Country, of fertile meadows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills, and at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish War, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries, and rising to be, what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany : a Country lowing with kine ; the hum of the flax-spindle heard in its cottages in those old days : “much of the linen called Hollands is made in Jülich, and only bleached, stamped, and sold by the Dutch,” says Büsching : a Country, in our days, which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.

This Duchy of Cleve, all this fine agglomerate of Duchies, Duke Wilhelm settled, were to be inherited in a piece by his eldest (or indeed, as it soon proved, his only) Son, and the heirs of that Son, if there were any. Failing heirs of that only Son, then the entire Duchy of Cleve was to go to Maria Eleonora as eldest Daughter, now marrying to Friedrich Albert, Duke of Prussia, and to their heirs lawfully begotten : heirs female if there happened to be no male. The other Sisters, of whom there were three, were none of them to have the least pretense to inherit Cleve or any part of it. On the contrary, they were, in such event of the eldest Daughter or her heirs coming to inherit Cleve, to have each of them a sum of ready-money paid<sup>5</sup> by the said inheritrix of Cleve or her heirs, and on receiving that were to consider their claims entirely fulfilled, and to cease thinking of Cleve for the future.

This Settlement, by express privilege of Kaiser Karl V., nay, of Kaiser Maximilian before him, and the Laws of the Reich, Duke Wilhelm doubted not he was entitled to make ; and this Settlement he made, his Lawyers writing down the terms, in

<sup>4</sup> See Büsching : *Erdbeschreibung*, v., 642-734.

<sup>5</sup> “200,000 gold gulden,” about £100,000 : Pauli, vi., 542 ; iii., 504.

their wearisome way, perhaps six times over, and struggling by all methods to guard against the least misunderstanding. Cleve, with all its appurtenances, Jülich, Berg, and the rest, goes to the eldest Sister and her heirs, male or female. If she have no heirs, male or female, then, but not till then, the next Sister steps into her shoes in that matter; but if she have, then, we repeat for the sixth and last time, no Sister or Sister's Representative has the least word to say to it, but takes her £100,000, and ceases thinking of Cleve.

The other three Sisters were all gradually married; one of them to Pfalz-Neuburg, an eminent Prince in the Bavarian region, called the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), who, or at least whose eldest son, is much worth mentioning and remembering by us here; and in all these marriage contracts, Wilhelm and his Lawyers expressed themselves to the like effect, and in the like elaborate sixfold manner, so that Wilhelm and they thought there could nowhere in the world be any doubt about it.

Shortly after signing the last of these marriage contracts, or perhaps it was in the course of signing them, Duke Wilhelm had a stroke of palsy. He had, before that, gone into Papistry again, poor man. The truth is, he had repeated strokes; and being an abrupt, explosive Herr, he at last quite yielded to palsy and sank slowly out of the world in a cloud of semi-insanity which lasted almost twenty years.<sup>6</sup> Duke Wilhelm did leave a Son, Johann Wilhelm, who succeeded him as Duke; but this Son also proved explosive, went half, and at length wholly insane. Jesuit Priests, and their intrigues to bring back a Protestant country to the bosom of the Church, wrapped the poor man, all his days, as in a burning Nessus's Shirt, and he did little but mischief in the world. He married—had no children. He accused his innocent Wife, the Jesuits and he, of infidelity; got her judged, not properly sentenced, and then strangled her, he and they, in her bed—"Jacobea of Baden (1597)," a thrice-tragic history. Then he married again, Jesuits being extremely anxious for an Orthodox heir; but again there came no heir; there came only new blazings of the Nessus's Shirt. In fine, the poor man died (Spring, 1609), and made the world rid of him—died 25th March, 1609—

<sup>6</sup> Died 25th January, 1592, age 76.

that is the precise date—about a month before our new Elector, Johann Sigismund, got his affairs winded up at the Polish Court, and came galloping home in such haste. There was pressing need of him in the Cleve regions.

For the painful exactitude of Duke Wilhelm and his Lawyers has profited little, and there are claimants on claimants rising for that valuable Cleve Country, as, indeed, Johann Sigismund had anticipated, and been warned from all quarters to expect. For months past he has had his faculties bent, with lynx-eyed attention, on that scene of things, doubly and trebly impatient to get Preussen soldered up ever since this other matter came to the bursting-point. What could be done by the utmost vigilance of his Deputies, he had done. It was the 25th of March when the mad Duke died; on the 4th of April, Johann Sigismund's Deputy, attended by a Notary to record the act, "fixed up the Brandenburg Arms on the Government House of Cleve;" on the 5th they did the same at Düsseldorf; on the following days at Jülich and the other Towns. But already, on the 5th, they had hardly got done at Düsseldorf, when there appeared young Wolfgang Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent of that eminent Pfalz-Neuburg, he in person, to put up the Pfalz-Neuburg Arms! Pfalz-Neuburg, who married the Second Daughter, he is actually claiming, then—the whole or part? Both are sensible that possession is nine points in law.

Pfalz-Neuburg's claim was for the whole Duchy. "All my serene Mother's," cried the young Heir of Pfalz-Neuburg: "properly all mine," cried he. "Is not she *nearest* of kin? Second Daughter, true; but the Daughter—not Daughter *of* a Daughter, as you are (as your serene Electress is), O Durchlaucht of Brandenburg. Consider, besides, you are female, I am male!" That was Pfalz-Neuburg's logic; none of the best, I think, in forensic genealogy. His tenth point was, perhaps, rather weak; but he had possession, co-possession, and the nine points good. The other Two Sisters, by their Sons or Husbands, claimed likewise, but not the whole. "Divide it," said they; "that surely is the real meaning of Karl V.'s Deed of Privilege to make such

<sup>7</sup> Pauli, vi., 566.

a Testament. Divide it among the Four Daughters or their representatives, and let us all have shares."

Nor were these four claimants by any means all. The Saxon Princes next claimed—two sets of Saxon Princes. First the minor set, Gotha-Weimar and the rest, the Ernestine Line so called, representatives of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate for religion's sake at Mühlberg in the past century, and from *major* became *minor* in Saxon Genealogy. "Magnanimous John Friedrich," said they, "had to wife an Aunt of the now deceased Duke of Cleve—Wife Sibylla (Sister of the Flanders Mare), of famous memory, our lineal Ancestress, in favor of whom *her* Father, the then reigning Duke of Cleve, made a marriage contract of precisely similar import to this your Prussian one; he, and barred all his descendants, if contracts are to be valid." This is the claim of the Ernestine Line of Saxon Princes; not like to go for much, in their present disintegrated condition.

But the Albertine Line, the present Elector of Saxony, also claims: "Here is a Deed," said he, "executed by Kaiser Friedrich III., in the year 1483,<sup>8</sup> generations before your Kaiser Karl; Deed solemnly granting to Albert, junior of Sachsen, and to his heirs, the reversion of those same Duchies, should the Male Line happen to fail, as it was then likely to do. How could Kaiser Max revoke his Father's deed, or Kaiser Karl his Great-Grandfather's? Little Albert, the Albert of the *Prinzenraub*, he who grew big, and fought lion-like for his Kaiser in the Netherlands and Western Countries—he and his have clearly the heirship of Cleve by right, and we, now grown Electors and Seniors of Saxony, demand it of a grateful House of Hapsburg, and will study to make ourselves convenient in return."

"Nay, if that is your rule, that old Laws and Deeds are to come in bar of new, we," cry a multitude of persons—French Dukes of Nevers, and all manner of remote exotic figures among them—"we are the real heirs. Ravensberg, Mark, Berg, Ravensstein, this patch and the other of that large Duchy of yours, were they not from primeval time expressly limited to heirs-male? Heirs-male; and we now are the nearest heirs-male of

<sup>8</sup> Pauli, *ubi supra*; Hübner, t. 286.

said patches and portions, and will prove it." In short, there never was such a Lawsuit—so fat an affair for the attorney species, if that had been the way of managing it—as this of Cleve was likely to prove.

*The Kaiser's thoughts about it, and the World's.*

What greatly complicated the affair, too, was the interest the Kaiser took in it. The Kaiser could not well brook a powerful Protestant in that country, still less could his cousin the Spaniard. Spaniards, worn to the ground, coercing that world-famous Dutch Revolt, and astonished to find that they could not coerce it at all, had resolved at this time to take breath before trying farther. Spaniards and Dutch, after Fifty years of such fighting as we know, have made a Twelve years' Truce (1609); but the baffled Spaniard, panting, pale in his futile rage and sweat, has not given up the matter; he is only taking breath, and will try it again. Now Cleve is his road into Holland in such adventure; no success possible if Cleve be not in good hands. Brandenburg is Protestant, powerful; Brandenburg will not do for a neighbor there.

Nor will Pfalz-Neuburg. A Protestant of Protestants, this Palatine Neuburg too—junior branch; possible heir, in time coming, of *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine) himself in the Rhine Countries—of Kur-Pfalz, who is acknowledged Chief Protestant; official "President" of the "Evangelical Union" they have lately made among them in these menacing times: Pfalz-Neuburg too, this young Wolfgang Wilhelm, if he do not break off kind, might be very awkward to the Kaiser in Cleve-Jülich; nay, Saxony itself, for they are all Protestants; unless, perhaps, Saxony might become pliant, and try to make itself useful to a munificent Imperial House?

Evidently what would best suit the Kaiser and Spaniards were this, that no strong power whatever got footing in Cleve, to grow stronger by the possession of such a country; *better* than best it would suit if he, the Kaiser, could himself get it smuggled into his hands, and there hold it fast, which privately was the course resolved upon at head-quarters. In this way the "Succession Controversy of the Cleve Duchies" is coming to be a very high

matter, mixing itself up with the grand Protestant-Papal Controversy, the general armed lawsuit of mankind in that generation. Kaiser, Spaniard, Dutch, English, French Henri IV., and all mortals, are getting concerned in the decision of it.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

## SYMPTOMS OF A GREAT WAR COMING.

MEANWHILE Brandenburg and Neuburg both hold grip of Cleve in that manner, with a mutually menacing inquiring expression of countenance; each grasps it (so to speak) convulsively with one hand, and has with the other hand his sword by the hilt, ready to fly out. But to understand this Brandenburg-Neuburg phenomenon and the then significance of the Cleve-Jülich Controversy, we must take the following bits of Chronology along with us; for the German Empire, with Protestant complaints, and Papist usurpations and severities, was at this time all a continent of sour thick smoke, already breaking out into dull red flashes here and there, symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty-Years War which followed. *Symptom First* is that of Donauwörth, and dates above a year back.

*First Symptom; Donauwörth, 1608.*

Donauwörth, a Protestant Imperial Free town in the Bavarian regions, had been, for some fault on the part of the populace against a flaring Mass-procession which had no business to be there, put under Ban of the Empire; had been seized accordingly (December, 1607), and much cuffed and shaken about by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria as executor of the said Ban,<sup>1</sup> who, what was still worse, would by no means give up the Town when he had done with it—Town being handy to him, and the man being stout and violently Papist. Hence the “Evangelical Union” which we saw, which has not taken Donauwörth yet, nor ever will. Donauwörth never was retaken, but is Bavarian at this hour—a Town namable in History ever since. Not to say, withal, that it is where Marlborough did “the Lines of Schel-

<sup>1</sup> Michaelis, ii., 216; Buddæi *Lexicon*, i., 853.

lenberg" long after: Schellenberg ("Jingle-Hill," so to render it) looks down, across the Danube or Donau River, upon Donauwörth, its "Lines" and other histories now much abolished, and quiet under grass.

But now all Protestantism sounding every where, in angry, mournful tone, "Donauwörth! give up Donauwörth!" and an "Evangelical Union," with moneys, with theoretic contingents of force, being on foot for that and the like objects, we can fancy what a scramble this of Cleve-Jülich was like to be, and especially what effect this dueling attitude of Brandenburg and Neuburg had on the Protestant mind. Protestant neighbors, Landgraf Moritz of Hessen-Cassel at their head, intervene in tremulous haste in the Cleve-Jülich affair: "Peace, O friends! Some bargain; peaceable joint-possession; any temporary bargain, till we see. Can two Protestants fall to slashing one another in such an aspect of the Reich and its Jesuitries?" And they did agree (Dortmund, 10th May, 1609), the first of their innumerable "agreements," to some temporary joint-possession, the thrice-thankful Country doing homage to both, "with oath to the one that *shall* be found genuine." And they did endeavor to govern jointly, and to keep the peace on those terms, though it was not easy.

For the Kaiser had already said (or his Aulic Council and Spanish Cousin, poor Kaiser Rodolf caring too little about these things,<sup>2</sup> had already said), Cleve must absolutely not go into wrong hands; for which what safe method is there but that the Kaiser himself become proprietor? A Letter is yet extant from the Aulic Council to their Vice-Chancellor, who had been sent

<sup>2</sup> Rodolf II. (Kepler's too insolvent "Patron"), 1576-1612; then Matthias, Rodolf's Brother, 1612-1619, rather tolerant to Protestants; then Ferdinand II., his Uncle's Son, 1619-1637, much the reverse of tolerant, by whom mainly came the Thirty-Years War, were the Kaisers of this Period.

Ferdinand III., Son of II. (1637-1657), who finished out the Thirty-Years War partly by fighting of his own in young days (Battle of Nördlingen his grandest feat), was Father of

Kaiser Leopold (1658-1705), whose Two Sons were

Kaiser Joseph (1705-1711) and Kaiser Karl VI. (1711-1740), Maria Theresa's Father.

to negotiate this matter with the parties—Letter to the effect that such result was the only good one; that it must be achieved; “that he must devise all manner of quirks (*alle Spitzfindigkeiten auffordern sollte*),” and achieve it.<sup>3</sup> This curious Letter of a sublime Aulic Council, or Imperial *Hof-Rath*, to its *Vice-Kanzler* still exists.

And accordingly quirks did not prove undevisable on behalf of the Kaiser. “Since you can not agree,” said the Kaiser, “and there are so many of you who claim (we having privately stirred up several of you to the feat), there will be nothing for it but the Kaiser must put the Country under sequestration, and take possession of it with his own troops till a decision be arrived at, which probably will not be soon.”

*Second Symptom; Seizure of Jülich by the Kaiser, and Siege and Recapture of it by the Protestant Parties, 1610. Whereupon “Catholic League,” to balance “Evangelical Union.”*

And the Kaiser forthwith did as he had said; sent Archduke Leopold with troops, who forcibly took the Castle of Jülich, commanding all other castles and places to surrender and sequesterate themselves in like fashion, threatening Brandenburg and Neuburg in a dreadful manner with *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of the Empire) if they presumed to show contumacy; upon which Brandenburg and Neuburg, ranking themselves together, showed decided contumacy, “tore down the Kaiser’s Proclamation,”<sup>4</sup> having good help at their back.

And accordingly, “on the 4th of September, 1610,” after a two-months’ siege, they, or the Dutch, French, and Evangelical Union troops bombarding along with them, and “many English volunteers” to help, retook Jülich, and packed Leopold away again.<sup>5</sup> The Dutch and the French were especially anxious about this Cleve business. Poor Henri IV. was just putting those French troops in motion toward Jülich, when Ravallac, the distracted Devil’s Jesuit, did his stroke upon him, so that another than Henri did to lead in that expedition. The actual

<sup>3</sup> Pauli, iii., 505.

<sup>4</sup> Pauli, iii., 524. Emperor’s Proclamation, in Düsseldorf, 23d July, 1609; taken down solemnly, 1st August, 1609.

<sup>5</sup> Pauli, iii., 527.

Captain at the Siege was Prince Christian of Anhalt, by repute the first soldier of Germany at that period. He had a horse shot under him, the business being very hot and furious: he had still worse fortune in the course of years. There were "many English volunteers" at this Siege; English Nation hugely interested in it, though their King would not act except diplomatically. It was the talk of all the then world—the evening song and the morning prayer of Protestants especially—till it was got ended in this manner. It deserves to rank as *Symptom Second* in this business—far bigger flare of dull red in the universal smoke-continent than that of Donauwörth had been. Are there no memorials left of those "English volunteers," then?<sup>6</sup> Alas! they might get edited as Bromley's *Royal Letters* are, and had better lie quiet.

"Evangelical Union," formed some two years before, with what cause we saw, has Kur-Pfalz<sup>7</sup> at the head of it, but its troops or operations were never of a very forcible character. Kur-Brandenburg now joined it formally, as did many more; Kur-Sachsen, anxious to make himself convenient in other quarters, never would. Add to these phenomena the now decisive appearance of a "Catholic *Liga*" (League of Catholic Princes), which, by way of counterpoise to the "Union," had been got up by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria several months ago, and which now, under the same guidance, in these bad circumstances, took a great expansion of figure. Duke Maximilian, "*Donauwörth Max*," finding the Evangelical Union go so very high, and his own Kaiser like to be good for little in such business (poor hypochondriac Kaiser Rodolf II., more taken up with turning-looms and blow-pipes than with matters political, who accordingly is swept out of Jülich in such summary way)—Donauwörth Max has seen this a necessary institution in the present aspect. Both "Union" and "League" rapidly waxed under the sound of the Jülich cannon, as was natural.

Kur-Sachsen, for standing so well aloof from the Union, got from the thankful Kaiser written Titles for these Duchies of

<sup>6</sup> In Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (iv., § "Two Hundred and Fifty Years ago: a Fragment about Duels"), is one small scene belonging to them.

<sup>7</sup> Winter-King's Father; died 9th September, 1610, few days after this recapture of Jülich.

Cleve and Jülich, Imperial parchments and infestments of due extent, but never any territory in those parts. He never offered fight for his pretensions, and Brandenburg and Neuburg, Neuburg especially, always answered him "No," with sword half drawn. So Kur-Sachsen faded out again, and took only parchments by the adventure. Practically there was no private Competitor of moment to Brandenburg except this Wolfgang Wilhelm of Pfalz-Neuburg, he alone having clutched hold. But we hasten to *Symptom Third*, which particularly concerns us, and will be intelligible now at last.

*Symptom Third; a Dinner-scene at Düsseldorf, 1613; Spaniards and Dutch shoulder arms in Cleve.*

Brandenburg and Neuburg stood together against third parties, but their joint government was apt to fall in two when left to itself, and the pressure of danger withdrawn. "They governed by the *Raths* and *Stände* of the Country:" old methods and old official men; each of the two had his own Vice-Regent (*Statthalter*) present on the ground, who jointly presided as they could. Jarrings were unavoidable, but how to mend it? Settle the litigated territory itself, and end their big lawsuit they could not, often as they tried it, with the whole world encouraging and urging them.<sup>8</sup> The meetings they had, and the treaties and temporary bargains they made, and kept, and could not keep, in these and in the following years and generations, pass our power of recording.<sup>9</sup>

In 1613 the Brandenburg *Statthalter* was Ernst, the Elector's younger Brother; Wolfgang Wilhelm in person for his Father, or rather for himself as heir of his Mother, represented Pfalz-Neuburg. Ernst of Brandenburg had adopted Calvinism as his

<sup>8</sup> Old Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton in his old days, remembers how he went ambassador on this errand—as on many others equally bootless—and writes himself "Legatus" not only "thrice to Venice, twice to," etc., etc., but also once to Holland in the Juliers matter (*semel in Juliacensi negotio*). See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), Preface. It was "in 1614," say the Biographies, vaguely. His Dispatches, are they in the Paper-Office still? His good old Book deserves new editing; his good old, generally pious life a proper elucidation by some faithful man.

<sup>9</sup> Map of Cleve-Jülich: see List of Maps after the Contents.

creed—a thing hateful and horrible to the Lutheran mind (of which sort was Wolfgang Wilhelm) to a degree now altogether inconceivable. Discord arose, in consequence, between the Statthalters as to official appointments, sacred and secular: “You are for promoting Calvinists!” “And you, I see, are for promoting Lutherans!” Johann Sigismund himself had to intervene; Wolfgang Wilhelm and he had their meetings, friendly colloquies, the final colloquy of which is still memorable, and issues in *Symptom Third*.

We said a strong flame of choler burned in all these Hohenzollerns, though they held it well down. Johann Sigismund, an excellent man of business, knew how essential a mild tone is; nevertheless, he found, as this colloquy went on, that human patience might at length get too much. The scene, after some examination, is conceivable in this wise: Place, Düsseldorf, Elector’s apartment in the Schloss there; time, late in the Year 1613; Day, not discoverable by me. The two sat at Dinner, after much colloquy all morning: Johann Sigismund, a middle-aged, big-headed, stern-faced, honest-looking man; hair cropped, I observe, and eyelids slightly contracted, as if for sharper vision into matters. Wolfgang Wilhelm, of features fallen dim to me; an airy gentleman, well out of his teens, but, I doubt, not of wisdom sufficient; evidently very high and stiff in his ways.

His proposal, by way of final settlement and end to all these brabbles, was this, and he insisted on it: “Give me your eldest Princess to wife; let her dowry be your whole claim on Cleve-Jülich; I will marry her on that condition, and we shall be friends.” Here evidently is a gentleman that does not want for conceit in himself; consider, too, in Johann Sigismund’s opinion, he had no right to a square inch of these territories, though, for peace’ sake, a joint share had been allowed him for the time. “On that condition, jackanapes?” thought Johann Sigismund: “My girl is not a monster, nor at a loss for husbands fully better than you, I should hope.” This he thought, and could not help thinking, but endeavored to say nothing of it. The young jackanapes went on insisting. Nature at last prevailed; Johann Sigismund lifted his hand (princely etiquettes melting all into

smoke on the sudden), and gave the young jackanapes a slap over the face—veritable slap, which opened in a dreadful manner the eyes of young Pfalz-Neuburg to his real situation, and sent him off high-flaming, vowing never-imagined vengeance—a remarkable slap, well testified to, though the old Histories, struck blank with terror, reverence, and astonishment, can for most part only symbol it in dumb show<sup>10</sup>—a slap that had important consequences in this world.

For now Wolfgang Wilhelm, flaming off in never-imagined vengeance, posted straight to München, to Max of Bavaria there; declared himself convinced, or nearly so, of the Roman Catholic Religion; wooed, and in a few weeks (10th November, 1613) wedded Max's younger Sister, and soon after, at Düsseldorf, pompously professed such his blessed change of Belief, with immense flourish of Trumpeting and jubilant pamphleteering from Holy Church.<sup>11</sup> His poor old Father, the devoutest of Protestants, wailed aloud his "Ichabod! the glory is departed"—holding "weekly fast and humiliation" ever after—and died in a few months of a broken heart. The Catholic League has now a new Member on those terms.

And, on the other hand, Johann Sigismund, nearly with the like haste (25th December, 1613), declared himself convinced of Calvinism, his younger Brother's creed,<sup>12</sup> which continues ever since the Brandenburg Court creed, that of the People being mostly Lutheran. Men said it was to please the Dutch, to please the Jülichers, most of whom are Calvinist. Apologetic Pauli is elab-

<sup>10</sup> Puffendorf (*Rer. Brandenb.*, lib. iv., § 16, p. 213), and many others, are in this case. Tobias Pfanner (*Historia Pacis Westphalicæ*, lib. 1, § 9, p. 26) is explicit: "*Neque, ut infida regnandi societas est, Brandenburgio et Neuburgio diu conveniebat; eorumque jurgia, cùm matrimonii federe pacari posse propinquè ipsorum credidissent, acrius exarsere; inter epulas, quibus futurum generum Septemvir (the 'Sevensman,' or Elector, 'One of The Seven') excipiebat, hujus enim filia Wolfgango sperabatur, ob nescio quos sermones eò inter utrumque altercatione provectâ, ut Elector iræ impotentior, nullâ dignitatis, hospitii, cognationis, affinitatisve verecundiâ cohibitus, intenderit Neuburgio manus, et contrâ tendentis os verberaverit. Ita, quæ apud concordæ vincula caritatis, incitamenta irarum apud infensos erant.*" (Cited in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxi., 341, who refers also to Levassor, *Histoire de Louis XIII.*). Pauli (iii., 542) becomes quite vaporous.

<sup>11</sup> Köhler, *ubi supra*.

<sup>12</sup> Pauli, iii., 546.

orate, but inconclusive. It was very ill taken at Berlin, where even popular riot arose on the matter. In Prussia, too, it had its drawbacks.<sup>13</sup>

And now, all being full of mutation, rearrangement, and infinite rumor, there marched next year (1614), on slight pretext, resting on great suspicions, Spanish troops into the Jülich-Cleve country, and, countenanced by Neuburg, began seizing garrisons there; whereupon Dutch troops likewise marched, countenanced by Brandenburg, and occupied other fortresses and garrisons; and so, in every strong place, there were either Papist Spaniards or Calvinist Dutch, who stood there, fronting one another, and could not by treatying be got out again—like clouds positively electric *versus* clouds negatively, as, indeed, was getting to be the case of Germany in general, case fatally visible in every Province, Principality, and Parish there, till a thunder-storm, and succession of thunder-storms of Thirty years' continuance broke out, of which these huge rumors and mutations, and menacings of war, springing out of that final colloquy and slap in the face, are to be taken as the *Third* premonitory Symptom. Spaniards and Dutch stand electrically fronting one another in Cleve for seven years, till their Truce is out, before they clash together; Germany does not wait so long by a couple of years.

*Symptom Fourth, and Catastrophe upon the heels of it.*

Five years more (1618), and there will have come a *Fourth* Symptom, biggest of all, rapidly consummating the process—Symptom still famed, of the following external figure: Three Official Gentlemen descending from a window in the Castle of Prag, hurled out by impatient Bohemian Protestantism, a depth of seventy feet, happily only into dung, and without loss of life; from which follows a “King of Bohemia” elected there, King not unknown to us—“thunder-clouds” all in one huge clash, and the “continent of sour smoke” blazing all into a continent of thunderous fire: THIRTY-YEARS WAR, as they now call it. Such a conflagration as poor Germany never saw before or since.

These were the *Four* preliminary *Symptoms* of that dismal business. “As to the primary *causes* of it,” says one of my Au-

<sup>13</sup> Pauli, iii., 544; Michaelis, i., 349.

thorities, "these lie deep—deep almost as those of Original Sin. But the proximate causes seem to me to have been these two: *First*, That the Jesuit Priests and Principalities had vowed and resolved to have, by God's help *and* by the Devil's (this was the peculiarity of it), Europe made Orthodox again; and then, *Secondly*, The fact that a Max of Bavaria existed at that time, whose fiery character, cunning but rash head, and fanatically Papist heart disposed him to attempt that enterprise, him with such resources and capacities, under their bad guidance."

Johann Sigismund did many swift, decisive strokes of business in his time, businesses of extensive and important nature; but this of the slap to Neuburg has stuck best in the idle memory of mankind. Düsseldorf, Year 1613: it was precisely in the time when that same Friedrich, not yet by any means "King of Bohemia," but already Kur-Pfalz (Cousin of this Neuburg, and head man of the Protestants), was over here in England on a fine errand—namely, had married the fair Elizabeth (14th February, 1613), James the First's Princess; "Goody Palsgrave," as her Mother floutingly called her, not liking the connection. What kind of a "King of Bohemia" this Friedrich made five or six years after, and what sea of troubles he and his entered into, we know: the "*Winter-König*" (Winter-King, fallen in times of *frost*, or built of mere frost, a *snow-king* altogether soluble again) is the name he gets in German Histories. But here is another hook to hang Chronology upon.

This brief Bohemian Kingship had not yet exploded on the Weissenberg of Prag<sup>14</sup> when old Sir Henry Wotton, being sent as Ambassador "to *lie* abroad" (as he wittily called it, to his cost) in that Business, saw, in the City of Lintz, in the picturesque green country by the shores of the Donau there, an ingenious person, who is now recognizable as one of the remarkablest of mankind—Mr. John Kepler, namely: Kepl̄r as Wotton writes him, addressing the great Lord Bacon (unhappily without strict date of any kind) on that among other subjects. Mr. John's now ever-memorable watching of those *Motions of the Star Mars*,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Battle there, Sunday, 8th November, 1620.

<sup>15</sup> *De Motibus Stellæ Martis*; Prag, 1609.

with "calculations repeated seventy times," and also with Discovery of the Planetary Laws of this Universe, some ten years ago, appears to be unknown to Wotton and Bacon; but there is something else of Mr. John's devising<sup>16</sup> which deserves attention from an Instaurator of Philosophy:

"He hath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing)," says the Ambassador, "which he can suddenly set up where he will in a Field; and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure; capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, save at one hole, about an inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective Trunk, with the convex glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent, through which the visible radiations of all the Objects without are intromitted, falling upon a Paper, which is accommodated to receive them; and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little Tent round by degrees, till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field."<sup>17</sup> In fact, he hath a *Camera Obscura*, and is exhibiting the same for the delectation of Imperial gentlemen lounging that way. Mr. John invents such toys, writes almanacs, practices medicine, for good reasons, his encouragement from the Holy Roman Empire and mankind being only a pension of £18 a year, and that hardly ever paid: an ingenious person, truly, if there ever was one among Adam's Posterity; just turned of fifty, and ill off for cash. This glimpse of him, in his little black tent with perspective glasses, while the Thirty-Years War blazes out, is welcome as a date.

*What became of the Cleve-Jülich Heritage, and of the Prussian one.*

In the Cleve-Duchies, joint government had now become more difficult than ever; but it had to be persisted in, under mutual offenses, suspicions, and outbreaks hardly repressed, no final Bargain of Settlement proving by any method possible. Treaties enough, and conferences and pleadings, manifestos. Could not some painful German collector of Statistics try to give us the approximate quantity of impracticable treaties, futile conferences,

<sup>16</sup> It seems Baptista Porta (of Naples, dead some years before) must have given him the essential hint, of whom, or whose hint, Mr. John does not happen to inform his Excellency at present.

<sup>17</sup> *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), p. 300.

manifestoes, correspondences—in brief, some authentical cipher (say in round millions) of idle Words spoken by official human creatures, and approximately (in square miles) the extent of Law-Stationery and other Paper written, first and last, about this Controversy of the Cleve-Duchies? In that form it might have a momentary interest.

When the Winter-King's explosion took place,<sup>18</sup> and his own unfortunate Pfalz (Palatinate) became the theatre of war (Tilly, Spinola, *versus* Pfaltzers, English, Dutch), involving all the neighboring regions, Cleve-Jülich did not escape its fate. The Spaniards and the Dutch, who had long sat in gloomy armed truce, occupying with obstinate precaution the main Fortresses of these Jülich-Cleve countries, did now straightway, their Twelve-Years truce being out (1621),<sup>19</sup> fall to fighting and besieging one another there, the huge War, which proved of Thirty Years, being now all ablaze. What the country suffered in the interim may be imagined.

In 1624, in pity to all parties, some attempt at practical Division of the Territory was again made; Neuburg to have Berg and Jülich, Brandenburg to have Cleve, Mark, Ravensburg, and the minor appurtenances, and Treaty to that effect was got signed (11th May, 1624). But it was not well kept, nor could be; and the statistic cipher of new treaties, manifestoes, conferences, and approximate written area of Law-Paper goes on increasing.

It was not till forty-two years after, in 1666, as will be more minutely noticeable by-and-by, that an effective partition could be practically brought about. Nor in this state was the Lawsuit by any means ended, as we shall wearisomely see in times long following that. In fact, there never was, in the German Chanceries or out of them, such a Lawsuit, Armed or Wiggled, as this of the Cleve-Duchies first and last; and the sentence was not practically given till the Congress of Vienna (1815) in our own day gave it; and the thing Johann Sigismund had claimed legally in 1609, was actually handed over to Johann Sigismund's De-

<sup>18</sup> Crowned at Prag, 4th November, N. S., 1619; beaten to ruin there, and obliged to gallop (almost before dinner done), Sunday, 8th November, 1620.

<sup>19</sup> Pauli, vi., 578-580.

scendant in the seventh generation, after two hundred and six years—handed over to him then, and a liberal rate of interest allowed. These litigated Duchies are now the Prussian Province Jülich-Berg-Cleve, and the nucleus of Prussia's possessions in the Rhine country.

A year before Johann Sigismund's death, Albert Friedrich, the poor eclipsed Duke of Prussia, died (8th August, 1618), upon which our swift Kurfürst, not without need of his dexterities there too, got peaceable possession of Prussia; nor has his family lost hold of that up to the present time. Next year (23d December, 1619) he himself closed a swift, busy life (labor enough in it for him perhaps, though only an age of forty-nine), and sank to his long rest, his works following him, unalterable thenceforth, not unfruitful some of them.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### TENTH KURFÜRST GEORGE WILHELM.

By far the unluckiest of these Electors, whether the most unworthy of them or not, was George Wilhelm, Tenth Elector, who now succeeded Johann Sigismund his Father. The Father's eyes had closed when this great flame was breaking out, and the Son's days were all spent amid the hot ashes and fierce blazings of it.

The position of Brandenburg during this sad Thirty-Years War was passive rather than active, distinguished only in the former way, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Never since the Hohenzollerns came to that Country had Brandenburg such a time. Difficult to have mended it; impossible to have quite avoided it; and Kurfürst George Wilhelm was not a man so superior to all his neighbors that he could clearly see his way in such an element. The perfect or ideal course was clear: to have frankly drawn sword for his Religion and his Rights so soon as the battle fairly opened, and to have fought for these same till he either got them or died. Alas! that is easily said and written, but it is, for a George Wilhelm especially, difficult to do. His capability in all kinds was limited;

his connections with this side and that were very intricate. Gustavus and the Winter-King were his Brothers-in-law ; Gustavus wedded to his Sister, he to Winter-King's. His relations to Poland, feudal superior of Preussen, were delicate, and Gustavus was in deadly quarrel with Poland. And then Gustavus's sudden laying hold of Pommern, which had just escaped from Wallenstein and the Kaiser ? It must be granted poor George Wilhelm's case demanded circumspectness.

One can forgive him for declining the Bohemian-King speculation, though his Uncle of Jägerndorf, and his Cousins of Liegnitz were so hearty and forward in it. Pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian speculation, though surely it is very sad that he found himself so short of "butter and wood" when the poor ex-King and his young wife, then in a specially interesting state, came to take shelter with him!<sup>1</sup> But when Gustavus landed, and flung out upon the winds such a banner as that of his, truly it was required of a Protestant Governor of men to be able to read said banner in a certain degree. A Governor not too imperfect would have recognized this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were ; the feeling would have been, checked by due circumspectness, "Up, my men ! let us follow this man ; let us live and die in the cause this man goes for. Live otherwise with honor, or die otherwise with honor, we can not, in the pass things have come to ;" and thus, at the very worst, Brandenburg would have had only one class of enemies to ravage it, and might have escaped with, arithmetically speaking, *half* the harrying it got in that long Business.

But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid ; Brandenburg not an exceptional case. No Prince stood up as be seemed, or only one, and he not a great one—Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave Widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was—Wilhelm of Hessen all along, and a few wild hands,

<sup>1</sup> Sölltl (*Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges*, a trivial modern Book) gives a notable Memorial from the Brandenburg *Raths* concerning these their difficulties of housekeeping. Their real object, we perceive, was to get rid of a Guest so dangerous as the Ex-King, under Ban of the Empire, had now become.

Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, Johann George of Jägerndorf, who stormed out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein *trade-winds* and regulated armaments; the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. The "Evangelical Union" did a great deal of manifestoing, pathetic, indignant, and other; held solemn Meetings at Heilbronn, old Sir Henry Wotton going as Ambassador to them, but never got any redress. Had the Evangelical Union shut up its ink-horns sooner, girt on its fighting-tools when the time came, and done some little execution with them then instead of none at all, we may fancy the Evangelical Union would have better discharged its function. It might have saved immense wretchedness to Germany. But its course went not that way.

In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand, and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man—there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas, and "a company of poor men" were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard, who accordingly, with his Lämmerleins, Hyacinths, Habernfeldts, and others, was forced to withdraw, after a tough struggle.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THIRTY-YEARS WAR.

THE enormous Thirty-Years War, most intricate of modern Occurrences in the Domain of Dryasdust, divides itself, after some unraveling, into Three Principal Acts or Epochs, in all of which, one after the other, our Kurfürst had an interest mounting progressively, but continuing to be a passive interest.

Act *First* goes from 1620 to 1624, and might be entitled

"The Bohemian King Made and Demolished." Personally the Bohemian King was soon demolished. His Kingship may be said to have gone off by explosion—by one Fight, namely, done on the Weissenberg, near Prag (Sunday, 8th November, 1620), while he sat at dinner in the City, the boom of the cannon coming in with interest upon his high guests and him. He had to run in hot haste that night, leaving many of his important papers, and becomes a Winter-King. Winter-King's account was soon settled; but the extirpating of his Adherents, and capturing his Hereditary Lands, Palatinate and Upper Palatinate, took three years more. Hard fighting for the Palatinate; Tilly and Company against the "Evangelical-Union Troops, and the English under Sir Horace Vere." Evangelical-Union Troops, though marching about there under an Uncle of our Kurfürst (Margaraf Joachim Ernst, that lucky Anspach Uncle, founder of "the Line"), who professed some skill in soldiering, were a mere Picture of an Army; would only "observe," and would not fight at all; so that the whole fighting fell to Sir Horace and his poor handful of English, of whose grim posture in "Frankendale"<sup>1</sup> and other Strongholds, for months long, there is talk enough in the old English History-Books.

Then there were certain stern War-Captains who rallied from the Weissenberg Defeat: Christian of Brunswick, the chief of them, titular Bishop of Halberstadt, a high-flown, fiery young fellow, of terrible fighting gifts; he flamed up considerably, with "the Queen of Bohemia's glove stuck in his Hat:" "Bright Lady, it shall stick there till I get you your own again, or die!"<sup>2</sup> Christian of Brunswick, George of Jägerndorf (our Kurfürst's Uncle), Count Mansfeldt, and others, made stormy fight once and again, hanging upon this central "Frankendale" Business till they and it became hopeless; for the Kaiser and his Jesuits

<sup>1</sup> Frankenthal, a little Town in the Palatinate, N.W. from Mannheim a short way.

<sup>2</sup> 1621-1623, age not yet twenty-five; died (by poison) 1626, having again become supremely important just then. "*Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind* (God's Friend, Priests' Foe);" "*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr* (All for Glory and Her)—the bright Elizabeth, become Ex-Queen, were mottoes of his. Buddäus *in voce* (i., 649); Michaelis, i., 110.

were not in doubt—a Kaiser very proud, unscrupulous, now clearly superior in force, and all along of great superiority in fraud.

Christian of Brunswick, Johann George and Mansfeldt, were got rid of—Christian by poison, Johann George and Mansfeldt by other methods, chiefly by playing upon poor King James of England, and leading him by the long nose he was found to have. The Palatinate became the Kaiser's for the time being; Upper Palatinate (*Ober-Pfalz*) Duke Max of Bavaria, lying contiguous to it, had easily taken. "Incorporate the Ober-Pfalz with your Bavaria," said the Kaiser, "you, illustrious, thrice-serviceable Max, and let Lämmerlein and Hyacinth, with their Gospel of Ignatius, loose upon it; nay, as a still richer reward, be yours the forfeited *Kur* (Electorship) of this mad *Kur-Pfalz*, or Winter-King. I will hold his Rhine-Lands, his *Unter-Pfalz*; his Electorship and *Ober-Pfalz*, I say, are yours, Duke, henceforth *Kurfürst Maximilian!*"<sup>3</sup> which was a hard saying in the ears of Brandenburg, Saxony, and the other Five, and of the Reich in general; but they had all to comply, after wincing; for the Kaiser proceeded with a high hand. He had put the Ex-King under Ban of the Empire (never asking "the Empire" about it); put his Three principal Adherents, Johann George of Jägerndorf one of them, Prince Christian of Anhalt (once captain at the Siege of Juliers) another, likewise under Ban of the Empire;<sup>4</sup> and, in short, had flung about, and was flinging, his thunderbolts in a very Olympian manner; under all which, what could Brandenburg and the others do but whimper some trembling protest, "Clear against Law!" and sit obedient? The Evangelical Union did not now, any more than formerly, draw out its fighting-tools; in fact, the Evangelical Union now fairly dissolved itself; melted into a deliquium of terror under these thunderbolts that were flying, and was no more heard of in the world.

*Second Act, or Epoch, 1624-1629. A Second Uncle put to the Ban, and Pommern snatched away.*

Except in the "*Nether-Saxon Circle*" (distant Northwest region, with its Hanover, Mecklenburg, with its rich Hamburgs, Lübecks, Magdeburgs, all Protestant, and abutting on the Prot-

<sup>3</sup> Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 520.

<sup>4</sup> 22d Jan., 1621 (*ibid.*, p. 518).

estant North), trembling Germany lay ridden over as the Kaiser willed. Foreign League got up by France, King James, Christian IV. of Denmark (James's Brother-in-law, with whom he had such "drinking" in Somerset House long ago, on Christian's visit hither<sup>5</sup>), went to water, or worse. Only the "Nether-Saxon Circle" showed some life; was levying an Army, and had appointed Christian of Brunswick its Captain till he was got poisoned, upon which the drinking King of Denmark took the command.

Act *Second* goes from 1624 to 1627, or even '29, and contains Drunken Christian's Exploits, which were unfortunate, almost to the ruin of Denmark itself, as well as of the Nether-Saxon Circle, till in the latter of these years he slightly rallied, and got a supportable Peace granted him (Peace of Lübeck, 1629), after which he sits quiet, contemplative, with an evil eye upon Sweden now and then. The beatings he got, in quite regular succession, from Tilly and Consorts, are not worth mentioning; the only thing one now remembers of him is his alarming accident on the ramparts of Hameln, just at the opening of these Campaigns. At Hameln, which was to be a strong post, drunken Christian rode out once on a summer afternoon (1624), to see that the ramparts were all right or getting all right, and tumbled, horse and self (self in liquor, it is thought), in an ominous alarming manner; taken up for dead—nay, some of the vague histories seem to think he was really dead, but he lived to be often beaten after that, and had many moist years more.

Our Kurfürst had another Uncle put to the Ban in this Second Act—Christian Wilhelm, Archbishop of Magdeburg, "for assisting the Danish King;" nor was Ban all the ruin that fell on this poor Archbishop. What could an unfortunate Kurfürst do but tremble and obey? There was still a worse smart got by our poor Kurfürst out of Act Second—the glaring injustice done him in Pommern.

Does the reader remember that scene in the High Church of Stettin a hundred and fifty years ago? how the Bürgermeister threw sword and helmet into the grave of the last Duke of Pom-

<sup>5</sup> Old Histories of James I. (Wilson, &c.).

mern-Stettin there, and a forward Citizen picked them out again in favor of a Collateral Branch? Never since, any more than then, could Brandenburg get Pommern according to claim. Collateral Branch, in spite of Friedrich Iron-teeth, in spite even of Albert Achilles and some fighting of his, contrived, by pleading at the Diets and stirring up noise, to maintain its pretensions; and Treaties without end ensued, as usual—Treaties refreshed and new signed by every Successor of Albert to a wearisome degree, the sum of which always was, “Pommern does actual Homage to Brandenburg—vassal of Brandenburg—and falls home to it if the now Extant Line go extinct.” Nay, there is an *Erbverbrüderung* (Heritage-Fraternity) over and above, established this long time, and wearisomely renewed at every new Accession—hundreds of Treaties, oppressive to think of; and now the last Duke, old Bogislaus, is here, without hope of children, and the fruit of all that haggling—actual Pommern, to wit—will at last fall home? Alas! no; far otherwise.

For the Kaiser, having so triumphantly swept off the Winter-King, and Christian IV. in the rear of him, and got Germany ready for converting to Orthodoxy, wished now to have some hold of the Seaboard, thereby to punish Denmark; nay, thereby, as is hoped, to extend the blessings of Orthodoxy into England, Sweden, Holland, and the other Heretic States in due time; for our plans go far. This is the Kaiser’s fixed wish, rising to the rank of hope now and then: all Europe shall become Papist again, by the help of God *and* the Devil. So the Kaiser, on hardly any pretext, seized Mecklenburg from the Proprietors—“Traitors! how durst you join Danish Christian?”—and made Wallenstein Duke of it—Duke of Mecklenburg, “Admiral of the *East-Sea* (Baltic),” and set to “building ships of war in Rostock,” his plans going far.<sup>6</sup> This done, he seized Pommern, which also is a fine Sea-country, stirring up Max of Bavaria to make some idle pretense to Pommern, that so the Kaiser might seize it “in sequestration till decided on;” under which hard treatment George Wilhelm had to sit sad and silent, though the Stralsunders would not. Hence the world-famous Siege of Stralsund (1628), fierce Wallenstein declaring, “I will have the Town, if

<sup>6</sup> Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 524, 525.

1620-1640.

it hung by a chain from Heaven;" but finding he could not get it, owing to the Swedish succor, to the stubborn temper prevalent among the Townsfolk, and also greatly to the rains and peat-bogs.

A second Uncle of George Wilhelm's, the unlucky Archbishop of Magdeburg, the Kaiser, once more by his own arbitrary will, put under Ban of the Empire in this Second Act: "Traitor! how durst you join with the Danes?" the result of which was Tilly's Sack of Magdeburg (10-12th May, 1631), a transaction never forgettable by mankind. As for Pommern, Gustav Adolf, on his intervening in these matters, landed there: Pommern was now seized by Gustav Adolf as a landing-place and place-of-arms, indispensable for Sweden in the present emergency, and was so held thenceforth. Pommern will not fall to George Wilhelm at this time.

*Third Act, and what the Kurfürst suffered in it.*

And now we are at Act *Third*: Landing of Gustav Adolf "in the Isle of Usedom, 24th June, 1630," and onward for Eighteen Years till the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, on which, as probably better known to the reader, we will not here go into details. In this Third Act, too, George Wilhelm followed his old scheme: peace at any price; as shy of Gustav as he had been of other Champions of the Cause, and, except complaining, petitioning, and manifesting, studiously did nothing.

Poor man, it was his fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions—Bridge of Dessau, Siege of Stralsund, Sack of Magdeburg, Battle of Leipzig—where the Titans were bowling rocks at one another, and he hoped, by dexterous skipping, to escape share of the game. To keep well with his Kaiser—and such a Kaiser to Germany and to him—this, for George Wilhelm, was always the first commandment. If the Kaiser confiscate your Uncles against law, seize your Pommern, rob you on the public highways, George Wilhelm, even in such a case, is full of dubitations; nay, his Prime Minister, one Schwartzberg, a Catholic, an Austrian Official at one time—Progenitor of the Austrian Schwartzbergs that now are—was secretly in the Kaiser's interest, and is even thought to have been in the Kaiser's pay all along.

Gustav, at his first landing, had seized Pommern, and swept it clear of Austrians for himself and for his own wants, not too regardful of George Wilhelm's claims on it. He cleared out Frankfurt, Cüstrin, and other Brandenburg Towns in a similar manner, by cannon and storm, when needful; drove the Imperialists and Tilly forth of these countries. Advancing next year to save Magdeburg, now shrieking under Tilly's bombardment, Gustav insisted on having, if not some Bond of union from his Brother-in-law of Brandenburg, at least the temporary cession of two Places of War for himself, Spandau and Cüstrin, indispensable in any farther operation; which cession Kurfürst George Wilhelm, though giving all his prayers to the Good Cause, could by no means grant. Gustav had to insist with more and more emphasis, advancing at last, with military menace, upon Berlin itself. He was met by George Wilhelm and his Council "in the woods of Cöpenick," short way to the east of that City; there George Wilhelm and his Council wandered about, sending messages, hopelessly consulting, saying among each other, "*Que faire? ils ont des canons*—What can one do? they have got cannon."<sup>7</sup> For many hours so; round the inflexible Gustav, who was there like a fixed milestone, and to all questions and comers had only one answer: "*Que faire? ils ont des canons.*" This was the 3d of May, 1631. This probably is about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern History. The little Frederick who became Frederick the Great, in writing of it, has a certain grim banter in his tone, and looks rather with mockery on the perplexities of his poor Ancestor, so fatally ignorant of the time of day it had now become.

On the whole, George Wilhelm did what is to be called nothing in the Thirty-Years War; his function was only that of suffering. He followed always the bad lead of Johann George, Elector of Saxony; a man of no strength, devoutness, or adequate human worth, who proved, on these negative grounds, and without flagrancy of positive badness, an unspeakable curse to

<sup>7</sup> *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand* (Berlin, 1846–1856, et seqq. : *Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i., 38. For the rest, Frederick's Account of the Transaction is very loose and scanty. See Pauli (iv., 568) and his minute details.

Germany. Not till the Kaiser fulminated forth his Restitution Edict, and showed he was in earnest about it (1629-1631), "Restore to our Holy Church what you have taken from her since the Peace of Passau!" could this Johann George prevail upon himself to join Sweden, or even to do other than hate it for reasons he saw. Seized by the throat in this manner, and ordered to *deliver*, Kur-Sachsen did, and Brandenburg along with him, make Treaty with the Swede;<sup>8</sup> in consequence of which, they two, some months after, by way of co-operating with Gustav on his great march Viennaward, sent an invading force into Bohemia, Brandenburg contributing some poor 3000 to it, who took Prag and some other open Towns, but "did almost nothing there," say the Histories, "except dine and drink." It is clear enough they were instantly scattered home<sup>9</sup> at the first glimpse of Wallenstein dawning on the horizon again in those parts.

Gustav having vanished (Field of Lützen, 6th November, 1632),<sup>10</sup> Oxenstiern, with his high attitude and "Presidency" of the "Union at Heilbronn," was rather an offense to Kur-Sachsen, who used to be foremost man on such occasions. Kur-Sachsen broke away again; made his Peace of Prag,<sup>11</sup> whom Brandenburg again followed—Brandenburg, and gradually all the others, except the noble Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel alone. Miserable Peace; bit of Chaos clouted up, and done over with Official varnish, which proved to be the signal for continuing the War beyond visible limits, and rendering peace impossible.

After this, George Wilhelm retires from the scene; lives in Cüstrin mainly; mere miserable days, which shall be invisible to us. He died in 1640; and, except producing an active, brave Son, very unlike himself, did nothing considerable in the world. "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

Among the innumerable sanguinary tusslings of this War are counted Three great Battles—Leipzig, Lützen, Nördlingen. Under one great Captain, Swedish Gustav, and the two or three other considerable Captains who appeared in it, high passages

<sup>8</sup> 8th February, 1631 (Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 526-531).

<sup>9</sup> October, 1633 (Stenzel, i., 503).

<sup>10</sup> Pauli, iv., 576.

<sup>11</sup> 1635, 20th May (Stenzel, i., 513).

of furious valor, of fine strategy and tactic, are on record; but, on the whole, the grand weapon in it, and toward the latter times the exclusive one, was Hunger. The opposing Armies tried to starve one another; at lowest, tried each not to starve. Each trying to eat the country, or, at any rate, to leave nothing eatable in it: what that will mean for the country we may consider. As the Armies too frequently, and the Kaiser's Armies habitually, lived without commissariat, often enough without pay, all horrors of war and of being a seat of war, that have been since heard of, are poor to those then practiced, the detail of which is still horrible to read. Germany, in all eatable quarters of it, had to undergo the process; tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, and brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war.<sup>12</sup> Brandenburg saw its towns sieged and sacked, its country populations driven to despair by the one party and the other. Three times—first in the Wallenstein-Mecklenburg times, while fire and sword were the weapons, and again, twice over, in the ultimate stages of the struggle, when starvation had become the method—Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, where all forms of the dismal were at their height. In 1638, three years after that precious "Peace of Prag," the Swedes (Banier *versus* Gallas) starving out the Imperialists in those Northwestern parts, the ravages of the starving Gallas and his Imperialists excelled all precedent; and the "famine about Tangermünde had risen so high that men ate human flesh—nay, human creatures ate their own children."<sup>13</sup> "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

<sup>12</sup> Curious incidental details of the state it was reduced to in the Rhine and Danube countries turn up in the Earl of Arundel and Surrey's *Travels* ("Arundel of the Marbles") as *Embassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Ferdinando II.* in 1636 (a small volume or pamphlet, London, 1637).

<sup>13</sup> 1638: Pauli, iv., 604.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DUCHY OF JÄGERNDORF.

THIS unfortunate George Wilhelm failed in getting Pommern when due; Pommern, firmly held by the Swedes, was far from him. But that was not the only loss of territory he had. Jägerndorf—we have heard of Johann George of Jägerndorf, Uncle of this George Wilhelm, how old Joachim Friedrich put him into Jägerndorf long since, when it fell home to the Electoral House—Jägerndorf is now lost; Johann George is under *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of Empire) ever since the Winter-King's explosion and the thunderbolts that followed, and wanders landless; nay, he is long since dead, and has six feet of earth for a territory, far away in Transylvania, or the *Riesen-Gebirge* (Giant-Mountains) somewhere, concerning whom a word now.

*Duke of Jägerndorf, Elector's Uncle, is put under Ban.*

Johann George, a frank-hearted, valiant man, concerning whom only good actions, and no bad one, are on record, had notable troubles in the world; bad troubles to begin with, and worse to end in. He was second Son of Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich, who had meant him for the Church.<sup>1</sup> The young fellow was Coadjutor of Strasburg almost from the time of getting into short-clothes. He was then, still very young, elected Bishop there (1592)—Bishop of Strasburg, but only by the Protestant part of the Canons; the Catholic part, unable to submit longer, and thinking it a good time for revolt against a Protestant population and obstinately heterodox majority, elected another Bishop, one "Karl of the House of Lorraine," and there came to be dispute, and came even to be fighting needed—fighting, which prudent Papa would not enter into, except faintly at second-hand, through the Anspach Cousins, or others that were in the humor. Troublesome times for the young man, which lasted a dozen years or more. At last a Bargain was made (1604), Protestant and

<sup>1</sup> 1577-1624; Rentsch, p. 486.

Catholic Canons splitting the difference in some way, and the House of Lorraine paying Johann George a great deal of money to go home again.<sup>2</sup> Poor Johann George came out of it in that way—not second best, think several.

He was then (1606) put into Jägerndorf, which had just fallen vacant, our excellent fat friend, George Friedrich of Anspach, Administrator of Preussen, having lately died, and left it vacant, as we saw. George Friedrich's death yielded fine appanages, three of them in all: *first* Anspach, *second* Baireuth, and this *third* of Jägerndorf for a still younger Brother. There was still a fourth younger Brother, Uncle of George Wilhelm, Archbishop of Magdeburg this one, who also, as we have seen, got into *Reichs-Acht*, into deep trouble in the Thirty-Years War. He was in Tilly's thrice-murderous Storm of Magdeburg (10th May, 1631); was captured, tumbled about by the wild soldiery, and nearly killed there. Poor man, with his mitre and rochets left in such a state! In the end he even became *Catholic*—from conviction, as was evident, and bewilderment of mind—and lived in Austria on a pension, occasionally publishing polemical pamphlets.<sup>3</sup>

As to Johann George, he much repaired and beautified the Castle of Jägerndorf, says Rentsch; but he unfortunately went ahead into the Winter-King's adventure, which, in that sad Battle of the Weissenberg, made total shipwreck of itself, drawing Johann George and much else along with it. Johann George was straightway tyrannously put to the Ban, forfeited of life and lands.<sup>4</sup> Johann George disowned the said Ban, stood out fiercely for self and Winter-King, and did good fighting in the Silesian strongholds and mountain passes, but was forced to seek temporary shelter in *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania), and died far away in a year or two (1624), while returning to try it again; sleeps, I think, in the "Jablunka Pass," the dumb Giant Mountains (*Riesen-Gebirge*) shrouding up his sad shipwreck and him.

<sup>2</sup> *Œuvres complètes de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825-32), xxxiii., 284. Köhler (*Reichs-Historie*, p. 487) gives the authentic particulars.

<sup>3</sup> 1587; 1628; 1665 (Rentsch, p. 905-910).

<sup>4</sup> 22d January, 1631 (Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 518; and rectify Hübner, tab. 178).

Jägerndorf was thus seized by Ferdinand II. of the House of Hapsburg; and though it was contrary to all law that the Kaiser should keep it—poor Johann George having left Sons very innocent of treason, and Brothers, and an Electoral Nephew, very innocent, to whom, by old compacts and new, the Heritage in defect of him was to fall—neither Kaiser Ferdinand II., nor Kaiser Ferdinand III., nor any Kaiser would let go the hold, but kept Jägerndorf fast clenched, deaf to all pleadings, and monitions of gods or men, till at length, in the fourth generation afterward, one “Friedrich the Second,” not unknown to us—a sharp little man, little in stature, but large in faculty and renown, who is now called “Frederick the Great”—clutched hold of the Imperial fist (so to speak), seizing his opportunity in 1740, and so wrenched and twisted said close fist that not only Jägerndorf dropped out of it, but the whole of Silesia along with Jägerndorf, there being other claims withal; and the account *was* at last settled, with compound interest, as, in fact, such accounts are sure to be, one way or other; and so we leave Johann George among the dumb Giant-Mountains again.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FRIEDRICH WILHELM, THE GREAT KURFURST, ELEVENTH OF THE SERIES.

BRANDENBURG had again sunk very low under the Tenth Elector, in the unutterable troubles of the times, but it was gloriously raised up again by his Son Friedrich Wilhelm, who succeeded in 1640. This is he whom they call the “Great Elector (*Grosse Kurfürst*),” of whom there is much writing and celebrating in Prussian Books. As for the epithet, it is not uncommon among petty German populations, and many times does not mean too much: thus Max of Bavaria, with his Jesuit Lambkins and Hyacinths, is by Bavarians called “Maximilian the Great.” Friedrich Wilhelm, both by his intrinsic qualities and the success he met with, deserves it better than most. His success, if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Branden-

burg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing—a great country, or already on the way toward greatness: undoubtedly a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. There was a stroke in him swift as lightning, well aimed mostly, and of a respectable weight withal, which shattered asunder a whole world of impediments for him by assiduous repetition of it for fifty years.<sup>1</sup>

There hardly ever came to sovereign power a young man of twenty under more distressing, hopeless-looking circumstances. Political significance Brandenburg had none—a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. His Father's Prime Minister, as we have seen, was in the interest of his enemies; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. The very Commandants of his Fortresses, Commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm on his accession—"were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place." He had to proceed softly as well as swiftly, with the most delicate hand, to get him of Spandau by the collar, and put him under lock and key, him as a warning to others.

For twenty years past Brandenburg had been scoured by hostile armies, which, especially the Kaiser's part of which, committed outrages new in human history. In a year or two hence Brandenburg became again the theatre of business. Austrian Gallas advancing thither again (1644) with intent "to shut up Torstenson and his Swedes in Jutland," where they had been chastising old Christian IV., now meddlesome again for the last time, and never a good neighbor to Sweden, Gallas could by no means do what he intended; on the contrary, he had to run from Torstenson what feet could do, was hunted, he and his *Merode-Brüder* (beautiful inventors of the "Marauding" Art), "till they pretty much all died (*crepirten*)," says Köhler.<sup>2</sup> No great loss to society, the death of these Artists, but we can fancy what their life, and especially what the process of their dying, may have cost poor Brandenburg again.

Friedrich Wilhelm's aim, in this as in other emergencies, was sun-clear to himself, but for most part dim to every body else.

<sup>1</sup> 1620; 1640; 1688.

<sup>2</sup> *Reichs-Historie*, p. 556; Pauli, v., 24.

He had to walk very warily, Sweden on one hand of him, suspicious Kaiser on the other; he had to wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words, and advance noiselessly by many circuits. More delicate operation could not be imagined; but advance he did, advance and arrive. With extraordinary talent, diligence, and felicity, the young man wound himself out of this first fatal position; got those foreign Armies pushed out of his Country, and kept them out. His first concern had been to find some vestige of revenue, to put that upon a clear footing, and by loans or otherwise to scrape a little ready money together, on the strength of which a small body of soldiers could be collected about him, and drilled into real ability to fight and obey. This as a basis; on this followed all manner of things, freedom from Swedish-Austrian invasions as the first thing.

He was himself, as appeared by-and-by, a fighter of the first quality when it came to that, but never was willing to fight if he could help it; preferred rather to shift, manœuvre, and negotiate, which he did in a most vigilant, adroit, and masterly manner. But, by degrees, he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an Army of 24,000 men, among the best troops then in being. With or without his will, he was in all the great Wars of his time—the time of Louis XIV., who kindled Europe four times over, thrice in our Kurfürst's day. The Kurfürst's Dominions, a long, straggling country, reaching from Memel to Wessel, could hardly keep out of the way of any war that might rise. He made himself available, never against the good cause of Protestantism and German Freedom, yet always in the place and way where his own best advantage was to be had. Louis XIV. had often much need of him; still oftener, and more pressingly, had Kaiser Leopold, the little Gentleman “in scarlet stockings, with a red feather in his hat,” whom Mr. Savage used to see majestically walking about, with Austrian lip that said nothing at all.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *A Compleat History of Germany*, by Mr. Savage (8vo, London, 1702), p. 553. Who this Mr. Savage was we have no trace. Prefixed to the volume is the Portrait of a solid Gentleman of forty, gloomily polite, with ample wig and cravat; in all likelihood, some studious subaltern Diplomatist in the Succession War. His little Book is very lean and barren, but faithfully compiled, and might have some illumination in it, where utter darkness is so prevalent. Most likely Addison picked his story of

His 24,000 excellent fighting-men, thrown in at the right time, were often a thing that could turn the balance in great questions. They required to be allowed for at a high rate, which he well knew how to adjust himself for exacting and securing always.

*What became of Pommern at the Peace; final glance into  
Cleve-Jülich.*

When the Peace of Westphalia (1648) concluded that Thirty-Years Conflagration, and swept the ashes of it into order again, Friedrich Wilhelm's right to Pommern was admitted by every body, and well insisted on by himself; but right had to yield to reason of state, and he could not get it. The Swedes insisted on their expenses; the Swedes held Pommern, had all along held it—in pawn, they said, for their expenses. Nothing for it but to give the Swedes the better half of Pommern—*Fore-Pommern* (so they call it, “Swedish Pomerania” thenceforth), which lies next the Sea; this, with some Towns and cuttings over and above, was Sweden's share. Friedrich Wilhelm had to put up with *Hinder-Pommern*, docked furthermore of the Town of Stettin, and of other valuable cuttings, in favor of Sweden, much to Friedrich Wilhelm's grief and just anger, could he have helped it.

They gave him Three secularized Bishoprics, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Minden, with other small remnants, for compensation, and he had to be content with these for the present. But he never gave up the idea of Pommern. Much of the effort of his life was spent upon recovering *Fore-Pommern*; thrice-eager upon that, whenever lawful opportunity offered. To no purpose, then; he never could recover Swedish Pommern; only his late descendants, and that by slowish degrees, could recover it all. Readers remember that Bürgermeister of Stettin, with the helmet and sword flung into the grave and picked out again, and can judge whether Brandenburg got its good luck quite by lying in bed.

Once, and once only, he had a voluntary purpose toward War, and it remained a purpose only. Soon after the Peace of Westphalia, old Pfalz-Neuburg, the same who got the slap on the face, went into tyrannous proceedings against the Protestant part of

the *Siege of Weinsberg* (“Women carrying out their Husbands on their back,” one of his best *Spectators*) out of this poor Book.

his subjects in Jülich-Cleve, who called to Friedrich Wilhelm for help. Friedrich Wilhelm, a zealous Protestant, made remonstrances, retaliations; ere long the thought struck him, "Suppose, backed by the Dutch, we threw out this fantastic old gentleman, his Papistries, and pretended claims and self, clear out of it?" This was Friedrich Wilhelm's thought, and he suddenly marched troops into the Territory with that view. But Europe was in alarm; the Dutch grew faint. Friedrich Wilhelm saw it would not do. He had a conference with old Pfalz-Neuburg: "Young gentleman, we remember how your Grandfather made free with us and our august countenance! Nevertheless, we—" In fine, the "statistic of Treaties" was increased by One, and there the matter rested till calmer times.

In 1666, as already said, an effective Partition of these litigated Territories was accomplished; Prussia to have the Duchy of Cleve-Proprietary, the Counties of Mark and Ravensberg, with other Patches and Pertinents; Neuburg, what was the better share, to have Jülich Duchy and Berg Duchy.<sup>4</sup> Furthermore, if either of the Lines failed, in no sort was a collateral to be admitted; but Brandenburg was to inherit Neuburg, or Neuburg Brandenburg, as the case might be.<sup>5</sup> A clear Bargain this at last, and in the times that had come it proved executable so far; but if the reader fancies the Lawsuit was at last out in this way, he will be a simple reader. In the days of our little Fritz, the Line of Pfalz-Neuburg was evidently ending; but that Brandenburg, and not a collateral, should succeed it, there lay the quarrel open still, as if it had never been shut, and we shall hear enough about it.

*The Great Kurfürst's Wars: what he achieved in War and Peace.*

Friedrich Wilhelm's first actual appearance in War, Polish-Swedish War (1655-1660), was involuntary in the highest degree; forced upon him for the sake of his Preussen, which bade fair to be lost or ruined without blame of his or its. Nevertheless, here too he made his benefit of the affair. The big King of Sweden had a standing quarrel with his big cousin of Poland,

<sup>4</sup> See Map, *ubi supra*.

<sup>5</sup> Pauli, v. 120-129.

which broke out into hot War; little Preussen lay between them, and was like to be crushed in the collision. Swedish King was Karl Gustav, Christina's Cousin, Charles Twelfth's Grandfather: a great and mighty man, lion of the North in his time; Polish King was one John Casimir; chivalrous enough, and with clouds of forward Polish chivalry about him, glittering with barbaric gold. Frederick III., Danish King for the time being, he also was much involved in the thing. Fain would Friedrich Wilhelm have kept out of it, but he could not. Karl Gustav as good as forced him to join; he joined; fought along with Karl Gustav an illustrious Battle, "Battle of Warsaw," three days long (28-30th July, 1656), on the skirts of Warsaw; crowds "looking from the upper windows" there; Polish chivalry, broken at last, going like chaff upon the winds, and John Casimir nearly ruined.

Shortly after which, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had shone much in the Battle, changed sides. An inconsistent, treacherous man? Perhaps not, O reader; perhaps a man advancing "in circuits," the only way he has; spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the while.

John Casimir agreed to give up the "Homage of Preussen" for this service; a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm.<sup>6</sup> What the Teutsch Ritters strove for in vain, and lost their existence in striving for, the shifty Kurfürst has now got: Ducal Prussia, which is also called East Prussia, is now a free sovereignty, and will become as "Royal" as the other Polish part, or perhaps even more so, in the course of time—Karl Gustav, in a high frame of mind, informs the Kurfürst that he has him on his books, and will pay the debt one day.

A dangerous debtor in such matters, this Karl Gustav. In these same months, busy with the Danish part of the Controversy, he was doing a feat of war which set all Europe in astonishment. In January, 1658, Karl Gustav marches his Army, horse, foot, and artillery, to the extent of Twenty thousand, across the Baltic ice, and takes an island without shipping—Island of Fünen, across the Little Belt—three miles of ice, and a part of

<sup>6</sup> Treaty of Labiau, 10th November, 1656 (Pauli, v., 73-75); 20th November (Stenzel, iv., 128, who always uses *New Style*).

the sea open, which has to be crossed on planks; nay, forward from Fünen, when once there, he achieves ten whole miles more of ice, and takes Zealand itself,<sup>7</sup> to the wonder of all mankind: an imperious, stern-browed, swift-striking man, who had dreamed of a new Goth Empire: the mean Hypocrites and Fribbles of the South to be coerced again by noble Norse valor, and taught a new lesson; has been known to lay his hand on his sword while apprising an Ambassador (Dutch High Mightiness) what his royal intentions were: "Not the sale or purchase of groceries, observe you, Sir! My aims go higher." Charles Twelfth's Grandfather, and somewhat the same type of man.

But Karl Gustav died short while after;<sup>8</sup> left his big, wide-ranging Northern Controversy to collapse in what way it could. Sweden and the fighting parties made their "Peace of Oliva" (Abbey of Oliva, near Dantzic, 1st May, 1660), and this of Prussen was ratified, in all form, among the other points. No Homage more; nothing now above Ducal Prussia but the Heavens, and great times coming for it. This was one of the successfulest strokes of business ever done by Friedrich Wilhelm, who had been forced, by sheer compulsion, to embark in that big game. "Royal Prussia," the Western or *Polish* Prussia—this too, as all Newspapers know, has in our times gone the same road as the other, which probably, after all, it may have had, in Nature, some tendency to do? Cut away, for reasons, by the Polish sword, in that Battle of Tannenberg, long since, and then, also for reasons, cut back again: that is the fact, not unexampled in human History.

Old Johann Casimir, not long after that Peace of Oliva, getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicated, retired to Paris, and "lived much with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle" for the rest of his life. He used to complain of his Polish chivalry that there was no solidity in them, nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise; fatal want of one essential talent, the talent of Obeying; and has been heard to prophesy that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it.

<sup>7</sup> Holberg's *Dänemarkische Reichs-Historie*, p. 406-409.

<sup>8</sup> 13th February, 1660, age 38.

Onward from this time Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world, public men watching his procedure, Kings anxious to secure him, Dutch Printsellers sticking up his Portraits for a hero-worshipping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man; great in organizing, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The *Friedrich-Wilhelm's Canal*, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree,<sup>9</sup> is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes Affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there; made "waste sands about Berlin into pot-herb gardens;" and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable.<sup>10</sup>

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men; not an unjust man either; a pious, God-fearing man rather, stanch to his Protestantism and his Bible; not unjust by any means, nor, on the other hand, by any means thin-skinned in his interpretations of justice: Fairplay to myself always, or occasionally even the Height of Fairplay. On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance, adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly-increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

A thickset, stalwart figure, with brisk eyes, and high, strong,

<sup>9</sup> Executed, 1662-'68; fifteen English miles long (Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, vi., 2193).

<sup>10</sup> Erman (weak Biographer of Queen Sophie-Charlotte, already cited), *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Réfugiés Français dans les Etats du Roi de Prusse* (Berlin, 1782-'94), 8 tt., 8vo.

irregularly-Roman nose. Good bronze Statue of him, by Schlüter, once a famed man, still rides on the *Lange-Brücke* (Long Bridge) at Berlin; and his Portrait, in huge frizzled Louis-Quatorze wig, is frequently met with in German Galleries. Collectors of Dutch Prints, too, know him: here a gallant, eagle-featured little gentleman, brisk in the smiles of youth, with plumes, with truncheon, caprioling on his war-charger, view of tents in the distance; there a sedate, ponderous, wrinkly old man, eyes slightly puckered (eyes *busier* than mouth), a face well plowed by Time, and not found unfruitful; one of the largest, most laborious, potent faces (in an ocean of circumambient periwig) to be met with in that Century.<sup>11</sup> There are many Histories about him too, but they are not comfortable to read.<sup>12</sup> He also has wanted a sacred Poet, and found only a bewildering Dryasdust.

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life—the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed “Battle of *Fehrbellin* (Ferry of *Bellen*),” fought on the 18th June, 1675. *Fehrbellin* is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles northwest of Berlin, and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians ever since Friedrich Wilhelm’s exploit there. The matter went thus:

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting, far south in Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold’s side, in the Louis Fourteenth War—that second

<sup>11</sup> Both Prints are Dutch; the Younger, my copy of the Younger, has lost the Engraver’s Name (Kurfürst’s age is twenty-seven); the Elder is by *Masson*, 1683, when Friedrich Wilhelm was sixty-three.

<sup>12</sup> G. D. Geyler: *Leben und Thaten Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Frankfort and Leipzig, 1703), folio. Franz Horn: *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814). Pauli: *Staats-Geschichte*, Band v. (Halle, 1764). Pußendorf: *De rebus gestis Friderici Wilhelmi Magni Electoris Brandenburgensis Commentaria* (Lips. et Berol., 1733, fol.).

one, which ended in the Treaty of Nimeguen. Doing his best there, when the Swedes, egged on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pomeranian marshes, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if— He stood steady, however; in his solid manner finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He then even retired into winter-quarters to rest his men, and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation, who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far, indeed, from so. Having rested his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently, in the first days of June (1675), gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first instalment, with best speed from Schweinfurt,<sup>13</sup> which is on the River Mayn, to Magdeburg, a distance of two hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of Foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder, the middle party of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of "Six thousand Horse, Twelve hundred Foot, and three guns")—stronger, but capable, perhaps, of being surprised, of being cut in pieces before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party: thither goes the Kurfürst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16-17th June, 1675); gets into Rathenau by brisk stratagem; tumbles out the Swedish Horse regiment there, drives it back toward Fehrbellin.

He himself follows hard; swift riding enough in the summer night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion; and, indeed, old Freisack Castle, as it chances—Freisack, scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and *Lazy Peg* long since—is close by. Follows hard, we say; strikes in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for most part):

<sup>13</sup> Stenzel, ii., 347.

and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed; thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail *without* body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army.<sup>14</sup> Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell on Hamilton and the Scots in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence, and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters—a thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg; on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon of Brandenburg.<sup>15</sup>

Exploit Second was four years later—in some sort a corollary to this, and a winding up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in the dead of winter—Christmas, 1678—more than four hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true “Louisa,” accompanying, as her wont was) travels toward the end, at the rate of “sixty miles a day.” He gets in still in time; finds Königsberg unscathed; nay, it is even said the Swedes are extensively falling sick, having, after a long famine, found infinite “pigs near Insterburg,” in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork overmuch.

I will not describe the subsequent manœuvres, which would interest nobody; enough if I say that on the 16th of January, 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (Village near Elbing), on the shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes are, in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs*<sup>16</sup> (wide, shallow *Washes*, as we

<sup>14</sup> Stenzel, ii., 350–357.

<sup>15</sup> See Pauli, v., 161–169; Stenzel, ii., 335, 340–347, 354; Kausler, *Atlas des plus mémorables Batailles, Combats et Sièges*, or *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten, Treffen und Belagerungen* (German and French, Carlsruhe and Freiburg, 1831), p. 417, Blatt 62.

<sup>16</sup> Pauli, v., 215–222; Stenzel, ii., 392–397.

should name them), is of rough quality and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back. Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion; scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along, awakening the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapped in its Winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine hillocks—desolate-looking, stern as Greenland, or more so, says Büsching, who traveled there in winter-time<sup>17</sup>—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it in that manner. All day they rush along—out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-colored clouds of evening again—with huge, loud-grinding rumble, and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes in the New Year, 1679; little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of in the other or Danish end of the Baltic twenty years ago, when he took islands without ships.

This Second Exploit—suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice—is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous, rapid retreat Northward, which they executed in hunger and cold, fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky, Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts, holding by their tail, like an angry bear-ward with steel whip in his hand: a thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin.

And this, then, is the end of Sweden, and its bad neighborhood on these shores, where it has tyrannously sat on our skirts so long? Swedish Pommern the Elector already had: last year, coming toward it ever since the Exploit of Fehrbellin, he had invaded Swedish Pommern; had besieged and taken Stettin, nay,

<sup>17</sup> Büsching's *Beiträge* (Halle, 1789), vi., 160.

Stralsund too, where Wallenstein had failed; cleared Pommern altogether of its Swedish guests, who had tried next in Preussen, with what luck we see. Of Swedish Pommern the Elector might now say, "Surely it is mine; again mine, as it long was; well won a second time, since the first would not do." But no; Louis XIV. proved a gentleman to his Swedes. Louis, now that the Peace of Nimeguen had come, and only the Elector of Brandenburg was still in harness, said steadily, though anxious enough to keep well with the Elector, "They are my allies, these Swedes; it was on my bidding they invaded you: can I leave them in such a pass? It must not be." So Pommern had to be given back: a miss which was infinitely grievous to Friedrich Wilhelm. The most victorious Elector can not hit always, were his right never so good.

Another miss which he had to put up with, in spite of his rights and his good services, was that of the Silesian Duchies. The Heritage-Fraternity with Liegnitz had at length, in 1675, come to fruit. The last Duke of Liegnitz was dead: Duchies of Liegnitz, of Brieg, Wohlau, are Brandenburg's, if there were right done; but Kaiser Leopold in the scarlet stockings will not hear of Heritage-Fraternity. "Nonsense!" answers Kaiser Leopold: "a thing suppressed at once, ages ago, by Imperial power; flat *zero* of a thing at this time; and you, I again bid you, return me your Papers upon it." This latter act of duty Friedrich Wilhelm would not do, but continued insisting:<sup>18</sup> "Jägerndorf at least, O Kaiser of the world," said he, "Jägerndorf, there is no color for your keeping that!" To which the Kaiser again answers, "Nonsense!" and even falls upon astonishing schemes about it, as we shall see, but gives nothing. Ducal Preussen is sovereign, Cleve is at peace, Hinter-Pommern ours; this Elector has conquered much, but Silesia, and Vor-Pommern, and some other things he will have to do without. Louis XIV., it is thought, once offered to get him made King,<sup>19</sup> but that he declined for the present.

His married and domestic life is very fine and human, especially with that Oranien-Nassau Princess, who was his first Wife

<sup>18</sup> Pauli, v., 321.

<sup>19</sup> Ib., vii., 215.

(1646–1667), Princess Louisa of Nassau-Orange, Aunt to our own Dutch William, King William III., in time coming: an excellent, wise Princess, from whom came the Orange Heritages, which afterward proved difficult to settle. Orange was at last exchanged for the small Principality of Neuchâtel in Switzerland, which is Prussia's ever since. "Oranienburg (*Orange-Burg*)," a Royal Country-house, still standing, some Twenty miles northward from Berlin, was this Louisa's place: she had trimmed it up into a little jewel of the Dutch type—pot-herb gardens, training-schools for girls, and the like—a favorite abode of hers when she was at liberty for recreation. But her life was busy and earnest; she was helpmate, not in name only, to an ever-busy man. They were married young, a marriage of love withal. Young Friedrich Wilhelm's courtship, wedding in Holland; the honest, trustful walk and conversation of the two Sovereign Spouses, their journeyings together, their mutual hopes, fears, and manifold vicissitudes, till Death, with stern beauty, shut it in, all is human, true, and wholesome in it; interesting to look upon, and rare among sovereign persons. ✓

Not but that he had his troubles with his womankind. Even with this his first Wife, whom he loved truly, and who truly loved him, there were scenes—the Lady having a judgment of her own about every thing that passed, and the man being choleric withal. Sometimes, I have heard, "he would dash his hat at her feet," saying symbolically, "Govern you, then, Madam! Not the Kurfürst Hat; a Coif is my wear, it seems!"<sup>20</sup> Yet her judgment was good, and he liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his Privy Council to her apartment, while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion; hers, too, before it was decided. Excellent Louisa, Princess full of beautiful piety, good sense, and affection—a touch of the Nassau-Heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt, from her hand which lay in his, three slight, slight pressures: "Farewell!" thrice mutely spoken in that manner, not easy to forget in this world.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Förster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I. König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i., 177.

<sup>21</sup> Wegführer: *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 175.

His second Wife, Dorothea, who planted the Lindens in Berlin, and did other husbandries, of whom we have heard, fell far short of Louisa in many things, but not in tendency to advise, to remonstrate, and plaintively reflect on the finished and unalterable. Dreadfully thrifty lady, moreover; did much in dairy produce, farming of town-rates, provision-taxes, not to speak again of that Tavern she was thought to have in Berlin, and to draw custom to it in an oblique manner! What scenes she had with Frederick her step-son we have seen. "Ah! I have not my Louisa now; to whom now shall I run for advice or help?" would the poor Kurfürst at times exclaim.

He had some trouble, considerable trouble, now and then, with mutinous spirits in Preussen; men standing on antique Prussian franchises and parchments, refusing to see that the same were now antiquated, incompatible, nor to say impossible, as the new Sovereign alleged, and carrying themselves very stiffly at times. But the Hohenzollerns had been used to such things; a Hohenzollern like this one would evidently take his measures, soft but strong, and ever stronger to the needful pitch, with mutinous spirits. One Bürgermeister of Königsberg, after much stroking on the back, was at length seized in open Hall by Electoral writ, soldiers having first gently barricaded the principal streets, and brought cannon to bear upon them. This Bürgermeister, seized in such brief way, lay prisoner for life, refusing to ask his liberty, though it was thought he might have had it on asking.<sup>22</sup>

Another gentleman, a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Ritter kin, of very high ways, in the Provincial Estates (*Stände*) and elsewhere, got into lofty, almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new "Non-Polish" Sovereign, and flatly refused to do homage at his accession—refused, Kalkstein did, for his share; fled to Warsaw; and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court Conclaves there, his plea being, or plea for the time, "Poland is our liege lord" (which it was not always), "and we can not be transferred to you except by our consent asked and given," which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer; so that the Great Elector knew not what to do with Kalk-

<sup>22</sup> Horn: *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814), p. 68.

stein, and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his Ambassador at Warsaw; had him "rolled in a carpet" there, and carried swiftly in the Ambassador's coach, in the form of luggage, over the frontier, into his native Province, there to be judged, and, in the end (since nothing else would serve him), to have the sentence executed, and his head cut off; for the case was pressing.<sup>23</sup> These things, especially this of Kalkstein, with a boisterous Polish Diet and parliamentary eloquence, in the rear of him, gave rise to criticisms, and required management on the part of the Great Elector.

Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one—a man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honored this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one—the burying-place ever since Joachim II., that Joachim who drew his sword on Alba. "King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January, 1750. When the Great Kurfürst's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognizable; laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, '*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one did a great work)!' "<sup>24</sup>

He died 29th April, 1688, looking with intense interest upon Dutch William's preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this Island, being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Friedrich, Crown Prince, age then thirty-one, and already married a second time, was of course left Chief Heir, who, as we see, has not declined the Kingship when a chance for it offered. There were four Half-brothers of Friedrich, too, who got appanages, appointments. They had at one time confidently looked for much more, their Mother being busy; but were obliged to be content, and conform to the *Gera Bond* and fundamental Laws of the Country. They are entitled Margraves; two of whom left children, Margraves of Brandenburg-Schwedt, *Heermeisters* (Head of the Malta-Knighthood) at Sonnenburg, Statthalters in Magdeburg, or I know not what, whose

<sup>23</sup> Horn, p. 80-82.<sup>24</sup> See Preuss, i., 270.

names turn up, confusedly in the Prussian Books, and, except as temporary genealogical puzzles, are not of much moment to the Foreign reader. Happily, there is nothing else in the way of the Princes of the Blood in our little Friedrich's time; and, happily, what concern he had with them, or with the sons of these, will not be abstruse to us, if occasion rise.

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CHAPTER XIX.

KING FRIEDRICH I. AGAIN.

WE said the Great Elector never could work his Silesian Duchies out of Kaiser Leopold's grip: to all his urgencies, the little Kaiser in red stockings answered only in evasions, refusals, and would quit nothing. We noticed, also, what quarrels the young Electoral Prince, Friedrich, afterward King, had got into with his Stepmother; suddenly feeling poisoned after dinner, running to his Aunt at Cassel, coming back on treaty, and the like. These are two facts which the reader knows; and out of these two grew a third, which it is fit he should know.

In his last years, the Great Elector, worn out with labor, and harassed with such domestic troubles over and above, had evidently fallen much under his Wife's management, cutting out large appanages (clear against the Gera Bond) for *her* children, longing probably for quiet in his family at any price. As to the poor young Prince, negotiated back from Cassel, he lived remote, and had fallen into open disfavor, with a very ill effect upon his funds for one thing. His Father kept him somewhat tight on the money side, it is alleged, and he had rather a turn for spending money handsomely. He was also in some alarm about the proposed appanages to his Half-Brothers, the Margraves above mentioned, of which there were rumors going.

*How Austria settled the Silesian Claims.*

Now in these circumstances the Austrian Court, who at this time (1685) greatly needed the Elector's help against Turks and others, and found him very urgent about these Silesian Duchies of his, fell upon what I must call a very extraordinary shift for

getting rid of the Silesian question. "Serene Highness," said they, by their Ambassador at Berlin, "to end these troublesome talks, and to liquidate all claims, admissible and inadmissible, about Silesia, the Imperial Majesty will give you an actual bit of Territory, valuable, though not so large as you expected!" The Elector listens with both ears: What Territory, then? The "Circle of Schwiebus," hanging on the northwestern edge of Silesia, contiguous to the Elector's own Dominions in these Frankfurt-on-the-Oder regions: this the generous Imperial Majesty proposes to give in fee-simple to Friedrich Wilhelm, and so to end the matter. Truly a most small patch of Territory in comparison; not bigger than an English Rutlandshire, to say nothing of soil and climate! But then, again, it was an actual patch of territory, not a mere parchment shadow of one: this last was a tempting point to the old harassed Elector. Such friendly offer they made him, I think, in 1665, at the time they were getting 8000 of his troops to march against the Turks for them; a very needful service at the moment. "By-the-by, do not march through Silesia, you! Or march faster," said the cautious Austrians on this occasion: "other roads will answer better than Silesia," said they.<sup>1</sup> Baron Freytag, their Ambassador at Berlin, had negotiated the affair so far: "Circle of Schwiebus," said Freytag, "and let us have done with these thorny talks!"

But Baron Freytag had been busy, in the mean while, with the young Prince, secretly offering sympathy, counsel, help, of all which the poor Prince stood in need enough. "We will help you in that dangerous matter of the Appanages," said Freytag; "help you in all things"—(I suppose he would say)—"necessary pocket-money is not a thing your Highness need want." And thus Baron Freytag, what is very curious, had managed to bargain beforehand with the young Prince, that, directly on coming to power, he would give up Schwiebus again, *should* the offer of Schwiebus be accepted by Papa; to which effect Baron Freytag held a signed Bond, duly executed by the young man before Papa had concluded at all, which is very curious indeed.

Poor old Papa, worn out with troubles, accepted Schwiebus in liquidation of all claims (8th April, 1686), and a few days aft-

<sup>1</sup> Pauli. v., 327, 332.

er set his men on march against the Turks; and exactly two months beforehand, on the 8th of February last, the Prince had signed *his* engagement that Schwiebus should be a mere phantasm to Papa—that he, the Prince, would restore it on his accession. Both these singular Parchments, signed, sealed, and done in the due legal form, lay simultaneously in Freytag's hand, and probably enough they exist yet in some dusty corner among the solemn sheepskins of the world. This is literally the plan hit upon by an Imperial Court to assist a young Prince in his pecuniary and other difficulties, and get rid of Silesian claims—plan actually not unlike that of swindling money-lenders to a young gentleman in difficulties and of manageable turn, who has got into their hands.

The Great Elector died two years after, Schwiebus then in his hand. The new Elector, once instructed as to the nature of the affair, refused to give up Schwiebus;<sup>2</sup> declared the transaction a swindle; and, in fact, for seven years more retained possession of Schwiebus. But the Austrian Court insisted with emphasis, at length with threats (no insuperable pressure from Louis or the Turks at this time); the poor cheated Elector had at last to give up Schwiebus in terms of his promise.<sup>3</sup> He took act that it had been a surreptitious transaction, palmed upon him while ignorant, and while without the least authority or power to make such a promise; that he was not bound by it, nor would be, except on compulsion thus far; and as to binding Brandenburg by it, how could he, at that period of his history, bind Brandenburg? Brandenburg was not then his to bind, any more than China was.

His Rath had advised Friedrich against giving up Schwiebus in that manner. But his answer is on record: "I must, I will, and shall keep my own word; but my rights on Silesia, which I could not, and do not in these unjust circumstances compromise, I leave intact for my posterity to prosecute. If God and the course of events order it no otherwise than now, we must be content; but if God shall one day send the opportunity, those that come after me will know what they have to do in such case."<sup>4</sup> And so Schwiebus was given up, the Austrians paying back what

<sup>2</sup> 19th September, 1689 (Pauli, vii., 74).

<sup>3</sup> 31st December, 1694.

<sup>4</sup> Pauli, vii., 150.

Brandenburg had laid out in improving it, "250,000 *gulden* (£25,000);" and the Hand of Power had in this way, finally as it hoped, settled an old troublesome account of Brandenburg's—settled the Silesian-Duchies Claim by the temporary Phantasm of a Gift of Schwiebus. That is literally the Liegnitz-Jägerndorf case, and the reader is to note it and remember it, for it will turn up again in History. The Hand of Power is very strong, but a stronger may perhaps get hold of its knuckles one day, at an advantageous time, and do a feat upon it.

The "eventual succession to East Friesland," which had been promised by the Reich, some ten years ago, to the Great Elector, "for what he had done against the Turks, and what he had suffered from those Swedish invasions in the Common Cause"—this shadow of Succession, the Kaiser now said, should not be haggled with any more, but be actually realized, and the Imperial sanction to it now given—effect to follow *if* the Friesland line died out. Let this be some consolation for the loss of Schwiebus and your Silesian Duchies. Here in Friesland is the ghost of a coming possession, there in Schwiebus was the ghost of a going one. Phantasms you shall not want for; but the Hand of Power parts not with its realities, however come by.

### *His real Character.*

Poor Friedrich led a conspicuous life as Elector and King; but no public feat he did now concerns us like this private one of Schwiebus: historically important this, and requiring to be remembered, while so much else demands mere oblivion from us. He was a spirited man; did soldierings, fine Siege of Bonn (July—October, 1689), sieges and campaignings in person—valiant in action, royal especially in patience there—during that Third War of Louis Fourteenth's, the Treaty-of-Ryswick one. All through the Fourth, or Spanish Succession War, his Prussian Ten Thousand, led by fit generals, showed eminently what stuff they were made of. Witness Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau (still a *young* Dessauer) on the field of Blenheim: Leopold had the right wing there, and saved Prince Eugene, who was otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left. Witness the same Dessauer on the field of Hochstädt the year

before,<sup>5</sup> how he managed the retreat there; or see him at the Bridge of Casano (1705), in the Lines of Turin (1706)<sup>6</sup>—wherever hot service was on hand. At Malplaquet, in those murderous, inexpugnable French Lines, bloodiest of obstinate Fights (upward of Thirty thousand left on the ground), the Prussians brag that it was they who picked their way through a certain peat-bog reckoned impassable, and got fairly in upon the French wing, to the huge comfort of Marlborough and little Eugene, his brisk comrade on that occasion. Marlborough knew well the worth of these Prussian troops, and also how to stroke his Majesty into continuing them in the field.

He was an expensive King, surrounded by cabals, by Wartenbergs male and female, by whirlpools of intrigues, which, now that the game is over, become very forgettable. But one finds he was a strictly honorable man, with a certain height and generosity of mind, capable of other nobleness than the upholstery kind. He had what we may call a hard life of it; did and suffered a good deal in his day and generation, not at all in a dishonest or unmanful manner: in fact, he is quite recognizably a Hohenzollern, with his back half broken. Readers recollect that sad accident: how the Nurse, in one of those headlong journeys which his Father and Mother were always making, let the poor child fall or jerk backward, and spoiled him much, and, indeed, was thought to have killed him by that piece of inattention. He was not yet hereditary Prince, he was only second son; but the elder died, and he became Elector, King, and had to go with his spine distorted—distortion not glaringly conspicuous, though undeniable—and to act the Hohenzollern so. Nay, who knows but it was this very jerk, and the half ruin of his nervous system; this doubled wish to be beautiful, and this crooked back capable of being hid or decorated into straightness, that first set the poor man on thinking of expensive ornamentalties, and Kingships in particular? History will forgive the Nurse in that case.

Perhaps History has dwelt too much on the blind side of this expensive King. Toland, on entering his country, was struck

<sup>5</sup> Varnhagen von Ense: *Biographische Denkmale* (Berlin, 1845), ii., 155.

<sup>6</sup> *Des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Leipzig, 1742, anonymous, by one Michael Ranfft), p. 53, 61.

rather with the signs of good administration every where. No sooner have you crossed the Prussian Border out of Westphalia, says Toland, than smooth highways, well-tilled fields, and a general air of industry and regularity are evident: solid milestones, brass-bound and with brass inscription, tell the traveler where he is; who finds due guidance of finger-posts, too, and the blessing of habitable inns. The people seem all to be busy, diligently occupied; villages reasonably swept and whitewashed; never was a better set of Parish Churches: whether new-built or old, they are all in brand-new repair. The contrast with Westphalia is immediate and great; but, indeed, that was a sad country to any body but a patient Toland, who knows the causes of phenomena. No inns there, except of the naturally savage sort. "A man is very happy if he finds clean straw to sleep on, without expecting sheets or coverings; let him readily dispense with plates, forks, and napkins, if he can get any thing to eat." "He must be content to have the cows, swine, and poultry for his fellow-lodgers, and to go in at the same passage that the smoke comes out at, for there's no other vent for it but the door, which makes foreigners commonly say that the people of Westphalia enter their houses by the chimney." And observe withal: "This is the reason why their beef and hams are so finely prepared and ripened; for the fireplace being backward, the smoke must spread over all the house before it gets to the door, which makes every thing within of a russet or sable color, not excepting the hands and faces of the meaner sort."<sup>7</sup> If Prussia yield to Westphalia in ham, in all else she is strikingly superior.

He founded Universities, this poor King—University of Halle; Royal Academy of Berlin, Leibnitz presiding. He fought for Protestantism; did what he could for the cause of Cosmos *versus* Chaos, after his fashion. The magnificences of his Charlottenburgs, Oranienburgs, and numerous Country-houses, make Toland almost poetic. An affable, kindly man withal, though quick of temper—his word sacred to him; a man of many troubles, and acquainted with "the infinitely little (*l'infiniment petit*)," as his Queen termed it.

<sup>7</sup> *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover*, by Mr. Toland (cited already), p. 4.

## CHAPTER XX.

## DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH I.

OLD King Friedrich I. had not much more to do in the world after witnessing the christening of his Grandson of like name. His leading forth or sending forth of troops, his multiplex negotiations, solemn ceremonials, sad changes of ministry, sometimes transacted "with tears," are mostly ended; the ever-whirling dust-vortex of intrigues, of which he has been the centre for a five-and-twenty years, is settling down finally toward everlasting rest. No more will Marlborough come and dexterously talk him over—proud to "serve as cup-bearer," on occasion, to so high a King—for new bodies of men to help in the next campaign: we have ceased to be a King worthy of such a cup-bearer, and Marlborough's campaigns too are all ended.

Much is ended. They are doing the sorrowful Treaty of Utrecht; Louis XIV. himself is ending, mournfully shrunk into the corner, with his Missal and his Maintenon, looking back with just horror on Europe four times set ablaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. Lucky if perhaps Missal-work, orthodox litanies, and even Protestant Dragonnades can have virtue to wipe out such a score against a man! Unhappy Louis! the sun-bright gold has become dim as copper; we rose in storms, and we are setting in watery clouds. The Kaiser himself (Karl VI., Leopold's Son, Joseph I.'s younger Brother) will have to conform to this Treaty of Utrecht; what other possibility for him?

The English, always a wonderful Nation, fought and subsided from side to side of Europe for this Spanish-Succession business; fought ten years, such fighting as they never did before or since, under "John, Duke of Marlborough," who, as is well known, "beat the French thorough and thorough." French entirely beaten at last, not without heroic difficulty and as noble talent as was ever shown in diplomacy and war, are ready to

do your will in all things, in this of giving up Spain among others; whereupon the English turn round with a sudden new thought, "No, we will not have our *will* done; it shall be the other way, the way it *was*, now that we bethink ourselves, after all this fighting for our will," and make Peace on those terms, as if no War had been, and accuse the great Marlborough of many things—of theft for one: a wonderful People, and in their Continental Politics (which indeed consist chiefly of Subsidies) thrice wonderful. So the Treaty of Utrecht is transacting itself, which that of Rastadt, on the part of Kaiser and Empire, unable to get on without Subsidies, will have to follow; and after such quantities of powder are burnt, and courageous lives wasted, general *As-you-were* is the result arrived at.

Old Friedrich's Embassadors are present at Utrecht, jangling and pleading among the rest; at Berlin, too, the dispatch of business goes lumbering on; but what thing in the shape of business, at Utrecht or at Berlin, is of much importance to the old man? Seems as if Europe itself were waxing dim, and sinking to sleep, as we, in our poor royal person, full surely are. A Crown has been achieved, and diamond buttons worth £1500 apiece; but what is a Crown, and what are buttons, after all? I suppose the tattle and *singeries* of little Wilhelmina, whom he would spend whole days with—this, and occasional visits to a young Fritzchen's cradle, who is thriving moderately, and will speak and do aeries one day, are his main solacements in the days that are passing. Much of this Friedrich's life has gone off like the smoke of fire-works—has faded sorrowfully and proved phantasmal. Here is an old Autograph Note, written by him at the side of that Cradle, and touching on a slight event there, which, as it connects two venerable Correspondents and their Seventeenth Century with a grand Phenomenon of the Eighteenth, we will insert here. The old King addresses his older Mother-in law, famed Electress of Hanover, in these terms (spelling corrected):

"Charlottenburg, den 30 August, 1712.

"*Ew. Churf. Durchlaucht werden sich zweifelsohne mit uns erfreuen, dass der kleine Printz (Prinz) Fritz nuhmero (nunmehr) 6 Zehne (Zähne) hat und ohne die geringste incommoditet (-tät). Da-*

1712.

*raus kann man auch die predestination sehen, dass alle seine Brüder haben daran sterben müssen, dieser aber bekommt sie ohne Mühe wie seine Schwester. Gott erhalte ihn uns noch lange zum trost (Trost), in dessen Schutz ich dieselbe ergebe und lebenslang verbleibe,*

*“Ew. Churf. Durchl. gehorsamster Diener und treuer Sohn,*  
*“FRIDERICH R.”*

Of which this is the literal English :

“Your Electoral Serenity will doubtless rejoice with us that the little Prince Fritz has now got his sixth tooth without the least *incommodité*. And therein we may trace a predestination, inasmuch as his Brothers died of teething” (*not of cannon-sound and weight of head-gear, then, your Majesty thinks? That were a painful thought!*); “and this one, as his Sister” (*Wilhelmina*) “did, gets them” (*the teeth*) “without trouble. God preserve him long for a comfort to us: to whose protection I commit *Dieselbe*” (*Your Electoral Highness, in the third person*), “and remain lifelong your Electoral Highness’s most obedient Servant and true Son,  
 FRIEDRICH REX.”

One of Friedrich Rex’s worst adventures was his latest, commenced some five or six years ago (1708), and now not far from terminating. He was a Widower, of weakly constitution, toward fifty: his beautiful, ingenious “Serena,” with all her Theologies, pinch-of-snuff Coronations, and other earthly troubles, was dead, and the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny, given over to Friedrich Wilhelm, the Prince Royal, was thought to be in good hands. Majesty Friedrich with the weak back had retired in 1708 to Carlsbad, to rest from his cares, to take the salutary waters, and recruit his weak nerves a little. Here, in the course of confidential promenadings, it was hinted, it was represented to him by some pick-thank of a courtier, that the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny did not seem to prosper in the present good hands; that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, had already borne two royal infants which had speedily died; that, in fact, it was to be gathered from the medical men, if not from their words, then from their looks and cautious innuendoes, that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, would never produce a Prince or even Princess that would live; which task, therefore, did now again seem to devolve upon his Majesty, if his Majesty had not insuperable objections. Majesty had no

<sup>1</sup> Preuss : *Friedrich der Grosse (Historische Skizze*, Berlin, 1838), p. 380.

insuperable objections; old Majesty listened to the flattering tale, and, sure enough, he smarted for it in a signal manner.

By due industry, a Princess was fixed upon for Bride, Princess Sophie Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, age now twenty-four. She was got as Wife, and came home to Berlin in all pomp, but good came not with her to any body there. Not only did she bring the poor old man no children, which was a fault to be overlooked, considering Sophie Dorothee's success, but she brought a querulous, weak, and self-sufficient female humor; found his religion heterodox—he being Calvinist, and perhaps even lax-Calvinist, she Lutheran, as the Prussian Nation is, and strict to the bone—heterodox wholly, to the length of no salvation possible, and times rose on the Berlin Court such as had never been seen before. “No salvation possible, says my Dearest? Hah! And an innocent Court-Mask or Dancing Soirée is criminal in the sight of God and of the Queen? And we are children of wrath wholly, and a frivolous generation; and the Queen will see us all—”

The end was, his Majesty, through sad solitary days and nights, repented bitterly that he had wedded such a She-Dominic; grew quite estranged from her, the poor She-Dominic giving him due return in her way, namely, living altogether in her own apartments upon orthodoxy, jealousy, and other bad nourishment, till at length she went quite mad, and, except the due medical and other attendants, nobody saw her or spoke of her at Berlin. Was this a cheering issue of such an adventure to the poor old expensive Gentleman? He endeavored to digest in silence the bitter morsel he had cooked for himself, but reflected often, as an old King might, What dirt have I eaten!

In this way stands that matter in the Schloss of Berlin, when little Friedrich, who will one day be called the Great, is born. Habits of the expensive King, hours of rising, modes of dressing, and so forth, are to be found in Pöllnitz;<sup>2</sup> but we charitably omit them all. Even from foolish Pöllnitz a good eye will

<sup>2</sup> Pöllnitz: *Memoirn zur Lebens-und Regierungs-Geschichte der Vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (Berlin, 1791). A vague, inexact, but not quite uninteresting or uninteresting Book. Printed, also, in *French*, which was the Original, same place and time.

gather, what was above intimated, that this feeble-backed, heavy-laden old King was of humane and just disposition; had dignity in his demeanor; had reticence, patience; and, though hot-tempered like all the Hohenzollerns, that he bore himself like a perfect gentleman, for one thing, and tottered along his high-lying lonesome road not in an unmanful manner at all. Had not his nerves been damaged by that fall in infancy, who knows but we might have had something else to read of him than that he was regardless of expense in this world!

His last scene, of date February, 1713, is the tragical ultimatum of that fine Carlsbad adventure of the Second marriage.—Third marriage in fact, though the First, anterior to “Serena,” is apt to be forgotten, having lasted short while, and produced only a Daughter, not memorable except by accident. This Third marriage, which had brought so many sorrows to him, proved at length the death of the old man; for he sat one morning, in the chill February days of the Year 1713, in his Apartment as usual, weak of nerves, but thinking no special evil, when suddenly, with huge jingle, the glass door of his room went to shreds, and there rushed in, bleeding and disheveled, the fatal “White Lady” (*Weisse Frau*), who is understood to walk that Schloss at Berlin and announce Death to the Royal inhabitants. Majesty had fainted or was fainting. “Weisse Frau? Oh no, your Majesty,” not that, but indeed something almost worse: Mad Queen, in her Apartments, had been seized that day, when half or quarter dressed, with unusual orthodoxy or unusual jealousy. Watching her opportunity, she had whisked into the corridor in extreme dishabille, and gone, like the wild roe, toward Majesty’s Suite of Rooms, through Majesty’s glass door like a catapult, and emerged as we saw, in petticoat and shift, with hair streaming, eyes glittering, arms cut, and the other sad trimmings. O Heaven, who could laugh? There are tears due to Kings and to all men. It was deep misery—deep enough: “*Sin* and misery,” as Calvin well says, on the one side and the other. The poor old King was carried to bed, and never rose again, but died in a few days. The date of the *Weisse Frau’s* death, one might

have hoped, was not distant either, but she lasted in her sad state for above twenty years coming.

Old King Friedrich's death-day was 25th February, 1713, the unconscious little Grandson being then in his Fourteenth month, to whom, after this long voyage round the world, we now gladly return.

\* \* \* By way of re-enforcement to any recollection the reader may have of these Twelve Hohenzollern Kurfürsts, I will append a continuous list of them, with here and there an indication.

*The Twelve Hohenzollern Electors.*

1°. FRIEDRICH I. (as Burggraf, was Friedrich VI.): born, it is inferred, 1372 (Rentsch, p. 350); accession, 18th April, 1417; died 21st September, 1440. Had come to Brandenburg, 1412, as Statthalter. The *Quitows* and *Heavy Peg*.

2°. FRIEDRICH II.: 19th November, 1413; 21st September, 1440; 10th February, 1472. Friedrich *Iron-teeth*; tames the Berlin Burghers. Spoke Polish—was to have been Polish King. Cannon-shot upon his dinner-table shatters his nerves so that he abdicates, and soon dies. *Johannes Alchymista* his elder Brother; *Albert Achilles* his younger.

3°. ALBERT (Achilles): 24th November, 1414; 10th February, 1471; 11th March, 1486. Third son of Friedrich I.; is lineal Progenitor of all the rest.

Eldest Son, *Johann Cicero*, follows as Kurfürst; a Younger Son, *Friedrich* (by a different Mother), got Culmbach, and produced the Elder Line there. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 290-91.)

4°. JOHANN (Cicero): 2d August, 1455; 11th March, 1486; 9th January, 1499. Big John. Friedrich of Culmbach's elder (Half-) Brother.

5°. JOACHIM I.: 21st February, 1484; 9th January, 1499; 11th July, 1535. Loud in the Reformation times; finally declares peremptorily for the Conservative side. Wife (Sister of Christian II. of Denmark) runs away.

Younger Brother Albert Kur-Maintz, whom Hutten celebrated: born 1490; Archbishop of Magdeburg and Halberstadt 1513, of Maintz 1514; died 1545; set Tetzl and the Indulgence on foot.

6°. JOACHIM II. (Hector): 9th January, 1505; 11th July, 1535; 3d January, 1571. Sword drawn on Alba once. *Erbverbrüderung* with Liegnitz. Staircase at Grmnitz. A weighty, industrious Kurfürst.

Declared himself Protestant, 1539. Wife was Daughter to Duke George of Saxony, Luther's "If it rained Duke Georges." Johann of Cüstrin was a younger Brother of his : died ten days after Joachim ; left no Son.

7°. JOHANN GEORGE : 11th September, 1525 ; 3d January, 1571 ; 8th January, 1598. Cannon-shot at Siege of Wittenberg upon Kaiser Karl and him. Gera Bond.

Married a Silesian Duke of Liegnitz's Daughter (result of the *Erbverbrüderung* there, *Antea*, p. 282). Had twenty-three children. It was to him that Baireuth and Anspach fell home : he settled them on his second and his third sons, Christian and Joachim Ernst, founders of the New Line of Baireuth and Anspach. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 290-91.)

8°. JOACHIM FRIEDRICH : 27th January, 1546 ; 8th January, 1598 ; 18th July, 1608. Archbishop of Magdeburg first of all, to keep the place filled. Joachimsthal School at old Castle of Grimnitz. Very vigilant for Prussen, which was near falling due.

Two of his Younger Sons, Johann George (1577-1624), to whom he gave *Jägerndorf*, and that Archbishop of Magdeburg who was present in Tilly's storm, got wrecked in the Thirty-Years War ; not without results in the Jägerndorf case.

9°. JOHANN SIGISMUND : 8th November, 1572 ; 18th July, 1608 ; 23d December, 1619. Prussen ; Cleve ; Slap on the face to Neuburg.

10°. GEORGE WILHELM : 3d November, 1595 ; 22d November, 1619 ; 21st November, 1640. The unfortunate of the Thirty-Years War. "*Que faire ; ils ont des canons.*"

11°. FRIEDRICH WILHELM : 6th February, 1620 ; 21st November, 1640 ; 29th April, 1688. The Great Elector.

12°. FRIEDRICH III. : 1st July, 1657 ; 29th April, 1688 ; 25th February, 1713. First King (18th January, 1701).

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*Genealogical Diagram: The Two Culmbach Lines.*

3d *Kurfürst* (1471-1486),  
ALBERT ACHILLES.

ELDER CULMBACH LINE.

FRIEDRICH, second Son of Kurfürst Albert Achilles, younger Brother of Johannes Ciero, got *Culmbach*: Anaspach first, then Baireuth on the death of a younger Brother. Born 1460; got Anaspach 1486, Baireuth 1495; followed Max in his *Venetian Campaign*, 1506; fell *imbente* 1515; died 1536. Had a Polish Wife; from whom came interests in Hungary as well as Poland to his children. Friedrich had Three Noble Sons,

1. CASIMIR, who got *Baireuth* (1515), born 1481; died 1527. Very truncant in the Peasants' War.

2. GEORGE THE FOUL, who got *Anspach* (1515), born 1484; died 1543; got *Jägerndorf* by purchase from his Mother's Hungarian connection, 1524. Protestant declared, 1528; and makes honorable figure in the Histories thenceforth. The George of Kaiser Karl's "*At-Kop-ab*." One Son,

ALBERT ALCEBIADIS a man of great mark in his day (1522-1557); never married. Two Sisters, with one of whom he took shelter at last; no Brother.

GEORGE FRIEDRICH, born 1539; went to administer Prussia when Cousin became incompetent; died 1603. Heir to his Father in *Anspach* and *Jägerndorf*; also to his Cousin Alcebiadis in *Baireuth*. Had been left a minor (boy of four, as the reader sees); Alcebiadis his Guardian for a little while, from which came great diffculties, and unjust ruin would have come had not Kurfürst Joachim I. been helpful and vigorous in his behalf. George Friedrich got at length most of his Territories intact: Anspach and Baireuth unimpaired, *Jägerndorf* too, except that Kathar and Oppeln were much eaten in by the Imperial chicaneeries in that quarter. Died 1603, without children; upon which his Territories all reverted to the main Brandenburg line, namely, to Johann George, seventh Kurfürst, or his representataves, according to the *Gera Deed*; and the "Elder Culmbach Line" had ended in this manner.

3. ALBERT, born 1490; Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritters, 1511; declares himself Protestant and Duke of Prussia, 1525; died 1568.

One Son, ALBERT FRIEDRICH, born 1553; follows as Duke, 1568; declared *melancholic*, 1573; died 1618. His Cousin George Friedrich administered for him till 1603; after which Joachim Friedrich; and then, lastly, Joachim Friedrich's Son, Johann Sigismund, the Ninth Kurfürst. Had married the Heiress of Cleve (whence came a celebrated Cleve Controversy in after times). No son; a good many daughters: one of whom was married to Kurfürst Johann Sigismund; from her came the controverted Cleve Property.

7th Kurfirst (1571-1598),  
JOHANN GEORGE.

YOUNGER CULMBACH LINE.

Kurfirst Johann George settled Baireuth and Anspach on Two of his Younger Sons, who are founders of the "Younger Culmbach Line" (*Split-Line* or Pair of *Lines*). Jägerdorf the new Kurfirst, Joachim Friedrich, kept; settled it on one of his younger sons. Here are the two new Founders in Baireuth and Anspach, and some indication of their "Lines", so far as important to us at present:

*Baireuth.*

(1.) CHRISTIAN, second son of Kurfirst Johann George, born 1581; got Baireuth 1603; died 1655. A distinguished Governor in his sphere. Had two sons; the elder died before him, but left a son, Christian Ernst, who (2) succeeded, and (3) whose son, George Wilhelm: 1644, 1655, 1713; 1678, 1712, 1726 are *birth, accession, end*, of these two; the latter of whom had no son that lived.

Under which, the posterity of Christian's *second* son succeeded. Second son of Christian notable to us in two little ways:

*First.* That he, George Albert, Margraf of Culmbach, is the inscribable "Marquis de Lulembach of *Boissey's Letters*" (Antea, p. 172, let the Commentators take comfort):

*Second* and better. That from him came our little Wilhelmina's Husband, as will be afterward explained. It was his grandson (4) that succeeded in Baireuth, George Friedrich Karl (1688, 1736, 1736), Father of Wilhelmina's Husband. After whom (5) his son Friedrich (1711, 1735, 1763), Wilhelmina's Husband, who, leaving (1763) nothing but a daughter, Baireuth fell to Anspach, 1763, after an old Uncle (6), childless, had also died.

Six Baireuth Margraves of this Line; five generations; and then to Anspach in 1769.

*Anspach.*

(1.) JOACHIM ERNST, third son of Kurfirst Johann George, born 1585; got Anspach 1603; died 1625. Had a military tendencies, experiences; did not thrive as Captain of the *Brandenburg Union* (1619-1630) when *Winter-King* came up and *Thirty Years War* along with him. Left two sons; elder of whom (2), Frederick, nominally Sovereign, age still only eighteen, fell in the battle of Nordlingen (worst battle of the Thirty-Years War, 1734); and the younger of whom (3), Albert, succeeded (1620, 1634, 1647); and his son (4), Johann Friedrich (1654, 1667, 1686); and (5, 6, 7) no fewer than three grandsons—children mostly, though entitled "sovereign"—in a *parallel* way (Christian Albert, 1675, 1686, 1692; George Friedrich, 1678, 1692, 1703; Wilhelm Friedrich, 1685, 1703, 1723). Two little points notable here also, and no third: *First*. That one of the grand-daughters, full sister of the last of these three parallel figures, half-sister of the two former, was Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife, who has still some fame with us.

*Second*. That the youngest of said three grandsons, Queen Caroline's full-brother, left a son, then a minor, who became major (5), and wedded a Sister of our dear little Wilhelmina's, of whom we shall hear (Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, 1712, 1728, 1757): unmentioned Margraf otherwise. His and her one son it was (9), Christian Friedrich Karl Alexander (1736, 1757, 1806), who inherited Baireuth, inherited Actress Clairon, Lady Craven, and at Hammersmith (Horse once Bubb Doddington's, if that has any charm) ended the affair.

Nine Anspach Margraves; in five generations: end, 1806.



# B O O K I V.

## FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP, FIRST STAGE.

### 1713-1723.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### CHILDHOOD: DOUBLE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT.

OF Friedrich's childhood there is not, after all our reading, much that it would interest the English public to hear tell of; perhaps not much of knowable that deserves any where to be known. Books on it, expressly handling it, and Books on Friedrich Wilhelm's Court and History, of which it is always a main element, are not wanting, but they are mainly of the sad sort, which, with pain and difficulty, teach us nothing. Books done by pedants, and tenebrific persons under the name of men, dwelling, not on things, but at endless length on the outer husks of things—of unparalleled confusion too—not so much as an Index granted you to the poor half peck of cinders hidden in these wagon-loads of ashes; no sieve allowed—books tending really to fill the mind with mere dust-whirlwinds, if the mind did not straightway blow them out again, which it does. Of these let us say nothing. Seldom had so curious a Phenomenon worse treatment from the Dryasdust species.

Among these Books touching on Friedrich's childhood, and treating of his Father's Court, there is hardly above one that we can characterize as fairly human—the Book written by his little Sister Wilhelmina, when she grew to the size of the knowledge of good and evil<sup>1</sup>—and this, of what flighty, uncertain nature it is, the world partly knows. A human Book, however, not a pedant one: there is a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness here, looking and teaching us to look. We find it a *vera-*

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith* (Brunswick, Paris et Londres, 1812), 2 vols. 8vo.

<sup>56</sup>  
<sup>51</sup> <sup>4</sup> cious Book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight; of veracity deeper than the superficial sort. It is full of mistakes, indeed, and exaggerates dreadfully, in its shrill female way, but is above intending to deceive; deduct the due subtrahend—say perhaps twenty-five per cent., or, in extreme cases, as high as seventy-five—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina. Practically, she is our one resource on this matter. Of the strange King Friedrich Wilhelm and his strange Court, with such an Heir-Apparent growing up in it, there is no light to be had, except what Wilhelmina gives, or kindles dark Books of others into giving; for that, too, on long study, is the result of her, here and there. With so flickery a wax-taper held over Friedrich's childhood, and the other dirty tallow-dips all going out in intolerable odor, judge if our success can be very triumphant.

We perceive the little creature has got much from Nature; not the big arena only, but inward gifts, for he is well-born in more senses than one; and that in the breeding of him there are two elements noticeable, widely diverse, the French and the German. This is, perhaps, the chief peculiarity; best worth laying hold of, with the due comprehension, if our means allow.

*First educational Element, the French one.*

His nurses, governesses, simultaneous and successive, mostly of the French breed, are duly set down in the Prussian Books, and held in mind as a point of duty by Prussian men; but, in foreign parts, can not be considered otherwise than as a group, and merely with generic features. He had a Frau von Kamecke for Head Governess, the lady whom Wilhelmina, in her famed *Mémoires*, always writes *Kamken*, and of whom, except the floating gossip found in that Book, there is nothing to be remembered. Under her, as practical superintendent, *Sous-gouvernante* and quasi-mother, was the Dame de Roucoulles, once de Montbail, the same respectable Edict-of-Nantes French lady who, five-and-twenty years ago, had taken similar charge of Friedrich Wilhelm; a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office. She had done her first edition of a Prussian

Prince in a satisfactory manner, and not without difficult accidents and singularities, as we have heard; the like of which were spared her in this, her second edition (so we may call it)—a second and, in all manner of ways, an improved one. The young Fritz swallowed no shoe-buckles; did not leap out of window, hanging on by the hands, nor achieve any thing of turbulent or otherwise memorable in his infantine history, the course of which was in general smooth, and runs, happily for it, below the ken of rumor. The Boy, it is said, and is easily credible, was of extraordinary vivacity, quick in apprehending all things, and gracefully relating himself to them. One of the prettiest, vividest little boys, with eyes, with mind, and ways of uncommon brilliancy; only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish, and appears to find other things in the world fully as notable as loud drums, and stiff men drawn up in rows. Moreover, he is apt to be a little unhealthy now and then, and requires care from his nurses, over whom the judicious Roucoulles has to be very vigilant.

Of this respectable Madame de Roucoulles I have read, at least seven times, what the Prussian Books say of her by way of Biography, but it is always given in their tomb-stone style. It has, moreover, next to no importance; and I—alas! I do not yet too well remember it. She was from Normandy, of gentle blood, never very rich; Protestant, in the Edict-of-Nantes time; and had to fly her country, a young widow, with daughter and mother-in-law hanging on her, the whole of them almost penniless. However, she was kindly received at the Court of Berlin, as usual in that sad case, and got some practical help toward living in her new country. Queen Sophie Charlotte had liked her society; and finding her of prudent, intelligent turn, and with the style of manners suitable, had given her Friedrich Wilhelm to take charge of. She was at that time Madame de Montbail; widow, as we said. She afterward wedded Roucoulles, a refugee gentleman of her own Nation, who had gone into the Prussian Army, as was common for the like of him. She had again become a widow, Madame de Roucoulles this time, with her daughter Montbail still about her, when, by the grateful good sense of Friedrich Wilhelm, she was again intrusted as we see, and so

had the honor of governing Frederick the Great for the first seven years of his life. Respectable lady, she oversaw his nurses, pap-boats—"beer-soup and bread," he himself tells us once, was his main diet in boyhood—beer-soups, dress-frocks, first attempts at walking, and then also his little bits of intellectualities, moralities, his incipencies of speech, demeanor, and spiritual development, and did her function very honestly, there is no doubt.

Wilhelmina mentions her at a subsequent period; and we have a glimpse of this same Roucoulles gliding about among the royal young folk, "with only one tooth left" (figuratively speaking), and somewhat given to tattle, in Princess Wilhelmina's opinion: grown very old now, poor lady; and the dreadfulest bore, when she gets upon Hanover, and her experiences and Queen Charlotte's, in that stupendously magnificent court under Gentleman Ernst. Shun that topic, if you love your peace of mind!<sup>2</sup> She did certainly superintend the Boy Fritzkin for his first seven years—that is a glory that can not be taken from her—and her Pupil, too, we agreeably perceive, was always grateful for her services in that capacity. Once a week, if he were in Berlin, during his youthful time, he was sure to appear at the Roucoulles Soirée, and say and look very pleasant things to his "*cher Maman* (dear Mamma)," as he used to call her, and to the respectable small party she had, not to speak of other more substantial services, which also were not wanting.

Roucoulles and the other female souls, mainly French, among whom the incipient Fritz now was, appear to have done their part as well as could be looked for. Respectable Edict-of-Nantes French ladies, with high head-gear, wide hoops—a clear, correct, but somewhat barren and meagre species, tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. It is not a very fertile element for a young soul; not very much of silent piety in it, and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion; an element founding on what they call "enlightened Protestantism," "freedom of thought," and the like, which is apt to become loquacious and too conscious of itself; tending, on the whole, rather to contempt of the false than to deep or very effective recognition of the true.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires* (above cited).

But it is, in some important senses, a clear and pure element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities or volunteer hypocrisies taught the poor Boy: honor, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous, dignified bearing; various thin good things are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful, or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognized for such. It might have been a worse element, and we must be thankful for it. Friedrich through life carries deep traces of this French-Protestant incipency—a very big, wide-branching royal tree in the end, but as small and flexible a seedling once as any of us.

The good old Dame de Roucoules just lived to witness his accession, on which grand junction and afterward, as he had done before, he continued to express, in graceful and useful ways, his gratitude and honest affection to her and hers. Teaservices, presents in cut-glass and other kinds, with Letters that were still more precious to the old Lady, had come always at due intervals; and one of his earliest kingly gifts was that of some suitable small Pension for Montbail, the elderly daughter of this poor old Roucoules,<sup>3</sup> who was just singing her *Dimittas*, as it were, still in a blithe and pious manner. For she saw now (in 1740) her little nursling grown to be a brilliant man and King—King gone out to the Wars, too, with all Europe inquiring and wondering what the issue would be. As for her, she closed her poor old eyes at this stage of the business, piously, in foreign parts, far from her native Normandy, and did not see farther what the issue was. Good old Dame, I have, as was

<sup>3</sup> Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse, eine Lebensgeschichte* (5 vols., Berlin, 1832-1884), v. (Urkundenbuch, p. 4). *Œuvres de Frédéric* (same Preuss's edition, Berlin, 1846-1850, &c.), xvi., 184, 191. The Herr Dr. J. D. E. Preuss, "Historiographer of Brandenburg," devoted wholly to the study of Friedrich for five-and-twenty years past, and for above a dozen years busily engaged in editing the *Œuvres de Frédéric*, has, besides that *Lebensgeschichte* just cited, three or four smaller books, of indistinctly different titles, on the same subject. A meritoriously exact man; acquainted with the outer details of Friedrich's Biography (had he any way of arranging, organizing, or setting them forth) as few men ever were or will be. We shall mean always this *Lebensgeschichte* here, when no other title is given; and *Œuvres de Frédéric* shall signify *his* edition, unless the contrary be stated.

observed, read some seven times over what they call biographical accounts of her, but have seven times (by Heaven's favor, I do partly believe) mostly forgotten them again, and would not, without cause, inflict on any reader the like sorrow. To remember one worthy thing, how many thousand unworthy things must a man be able to forget!

From this Edict-of-Nantes environment, which taught our young Fritz his first lessons of human behavior—a polite, sharp little Boy, we do hope and understand—he learned also to clothe his bits of notions, emotions, and garrulous utterabilities in the French dialect. Learned to speak, and likewise, what is more important, to *think*, in French, which was otherwise quite domesticated in the Palace, and became his second mother tongue. Not a bad dialect, yet also none of the best; very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient, leaving much in poor Fritz unuttered, unthought, unpracticed, which might otherwise have come into activity in the course of his life. He learned to read very soon, I presume; but he did not, now or afterward, ever learn to spell. He spells, indeed, dreadfully *ill*, at his first appearance on the writing stage, as we shall see by-and-by; and he continued to the last one of the bad spellers of his day—a circumstance which I never can fully account for, and will leave to the reader's study.

From all manner of sources—from inferior valetaille, Prussian Officials, Royal Majesty itself when not in gala—he learned, not less rootedly, the corrupt Prussian dialect of German, and used the same all his days among his soldiers, native officials, common subjects, and wherever it was most convenient; speaking it, and writing and misspelling it with great freedom, though always with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt, which has since brought him blame in some quarters. It is true, the Prussian form of German is but rude; and probably Friedrich, except sometimes in Luther's Bible, never read any German Book. What, if we will think of it, could he know of his first mother-tongue? German, to this day, is a frightful dialect for the stupid, the pedant, and dullard sort! Only in the hands of the gifted does it become supremely good. It had not yet been the

language of any Goëthe, any Lessing, though it stood on the eve of becoming such. It had already been the language of Luther, of Ulrich Hutten, Friedrich Barbarossa, Charlemagne, and others; and several extremely important things had been said in it, and some pleasant ones even sung in it, from an old date, in a very appropriate manner, had Crown-Prince Friedrich known all that. But he could not reasonably be expected to know, and the wiser Germans now forgive him for not knowing, and are even thankful that he did not.

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CHAPTER II.

## THE GERMAN ELEMENT.

So that, as we said, there are two elements for young Fritz, and highly diverse ones, from both of which he is to draw nourishment, and assimilate what he can. Besides that Edict-of-Nantes French element, and in continual contact and contrast with it, which prevails chiefly in the Female quarters of the Palace, there is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such: an abrupt, peremptory young King, and German to the bone, along with whom—companions to him in his social hours, and fellow-workers in his business—are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature, differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grumkow, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt Dessau (not yet called the “*Old Dessauer*,” being under forty yet), General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans—these, and the other nameless Generals and Officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharmoys and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles and of the Dragonnades alike present to them.

Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous north, of whom, after all our reading, we know little. O Heaven! they

have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude, stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing. Dumb all those preceding busy generations, and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim, semi-articulate Prussian men, gone all to pipeclay and mustache for us. Strange, blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honorable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers—*ach Gott*, they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner.

Grumkow, a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian nobility by birth, has a kind of superficial polish put upon his Hyperboreanisms: he has been in foreign countries, doing legations, diplomacies, for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn. He writes and speaks articulate grammatical French; but neither in that nor in native Pommerish Platt-Deutsch does he show us much, except the depths of his own greed, of his own astucities and stealthy audacities, of which we shall hear more than enough by-and-by.

*Of the Dessauer, not yet "Old."*

As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the color of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it if he like, having duly had a Tutor of that nation, and strange adventures with him on the grand tour and elsewhere, but does not much practice writing when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. His Princess, all rightly ennobled now—whom he would not but marry, though sent on the grand tour to avoid it—was the daughter of one Fos, an Apothecary at Dessau, and is still a beautiful and prudent kind of woman, who seems to suit him well enough, no worse than if she had been born a Princess. Much talk has been of her, in princely and other circles; nor is his marriage the only strange thing Leopold has done. He is a man to keep the world's tongue wagging, not too musically always, though himself of very unvo-

cal nature—perhaps the biggest mass of inarticulate human vitality, certainly one of the biggest then going about in the world. A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him: as much mother-wit there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind.

A man of dreadful impetuosity withal; set upon his will as the one Law of Nature; storming forward with uncontrollable violence: a very whirlwind of a man. He was left a minor—his Mother guardian. Nothing could prevent him from marrying this Fos the Apothecary's Daughter; no tears nor contrivances of his Mother, whom he much loved, and who took skillful measures. Fourteen months of travel in Italy; grand tour, with eligible French Tutor—whom he once drew sword upon, getting some rebuke from him one night in Venice, and would have killed, had not the man been nimble, at once dexterous and sublime—it availed not. The first thing he did on re-entering Dessau with his Tutor was to call at Apothecary Fos's, and see the charming Mamsell; to go and see his Mother was the second thing. Not even his grand passion for war could eradicate Fos; he went to Dutch William's wars, the wise Mother still counseling, who was own Aunt to Dutch William, and liked the scheme. He besieged Namur, fought and besieged up and down, with insatiable appetite for fighting and sieging; with great honor, too, and ambitions awakening in him; campaign after campaign. But along with the flamy-thunderly ideal bride, figuratively called Bellona, there was always a soft real one, Mamsell Fos of Dessau, to whom he continued constant. The Government of his Dominions he left cheerfully to his Mother, even when he came of age: "I am for learning War as the one right trade; do with all things as you please, Mamma, only not with Mamsell, not with her!"

Readers may figure this scene too, and shudder over it. Some rather handsome male Cousin of Mamsell, Medical Graduate or whatever he was, had appeared in Dessau: "Seems to admire Mamsell much; of course, in a Platonic way," said rumor. "He admire?" thinks Leopold; thinks a good deal of it, not in the philosophic mood. As he was one day passing Fos's, Mam-

sell and the Medical Graduate are visible, standing together at the window inside, pleasantly looking out upon Nature—of course quite casually, say some Histories, with a sneer. In fact, it seems possible this Medical Graduate may have been set to act shoeing-horn; but he had better not. Leopold storms into the House: "Draw, scandalous canaille, and defend yourself!" And in this or some such way, a confident tradition says, he killed the poor Medical Graduate there and then. One tries always to hope not; but Varnhagen is positive, though the other Histories say nothing of it. God knows. The man was a Prince; no Reichshofrath, Speyer-Wetzlar *Kammer*, or other Supreme Court would much trouble itself, except with formal shakings of the wig, about such a peccadillo. In fine, it was better for Leopold to marry the Miss Fos, which he actually did (1698, in his twenty-second year), "with the left hand," and then with the right and both hands, having got her properly ennobled before long by his splendid military services. She made, as we have hinted, an excellent Wife to him for the fifty or sixty ensuing years.

This is a strange rugged specimen, this inarticulate Leopold; already getting mythic, as we can perceive, to the polished vocal ages, which mix all manner of fables with the considerable history he has. Readers will see him turn up again in notable forms: a man hitherto unknown except in his own country, and yet of very considerable significance to all European countries whatsoever, the fruit of his activities, without his name attached, being now manifest in all of them. He invented the iron ramrod; he invented the equal step; in fact, he is the inventor of modern military tactics. Even so, if we knew it: the Soldiery of every civilized country still receives from this man, on the parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command; out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable Drill-sergeants, in various languages, daily repeat and enforce. Such a man is worth some transient glance from his fellow-creatures, especially with a little Fritz trotting at his foot and drawing inferences from him.

Dessau, we should have said for the English reader's behoof, was and still is a little independent Principality, about the size of Huntingdonshire, but with woods instead of bogs; revenue of

it, at this day, is £60,000 ; was perhaps not 20, or even 10,000 in Leopold's first time. It lies some fourscore miles southwest of Berlin, attainable by post-horses in a day. Leopold, as his Father had done, stood by Prussia as if wholly native to it. Leopold's Mother was Sister of that fine Louisa, the Great Elector's first Wife ; his Sister is wedded to the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm's half-uncle. Lying in such neighborhood, and being in such affinity to the Prussian House, the Dessauers may be said to have, in late times, their head-quarters at Berlin. Leopold and Leopold's sons, as his Father before him had done, without neglecting their Dessau and Principality, hold by the Prussian Army as their main employment. Not neglecting Dessau either, but going thither in winter, or on call otherwise ; Leopold least of all neglecting it, who neglects nothing that can be useful to him.

He is General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies, the foremost man in war-matters with this new King, and well worthy to be so. He is inventing, or brooding in the way to invent, a variety of things—"iron ramrods" for one ; a very great improvement on the fragile, ineffective wooden implement, say all the Books, but give no date to it : that is the first thing ; and there will be others, likewise undated, but posterior, requiring mention by-and-by—inventing many things, and always well practicing what is already invented and known for certain. In a word, he is drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigor, the Prussian Infantry to be the wonder of the world. He has fought with them, too, in a conclusive manner, and is at all times ready for fighting.

He was in Malplaquet with them, if only as volunteer on that occasion. He commanded them in Blenheim itself ; stood, in the right or Eugene wing of that famed Battle of Blenheim, fiercely at bay when the Austrian Cavalry had all fled, fiercely volleying, charging, dexterously wheeling and manœuvring ; sticking to his ground with a mastiff-like tenacity, till Marlborough and victory from the left relieved him and others. He was at the Bridge of Cassano, where Eugene and Vendôme came to hand-grips ; where Mirabeau's Grandfather, *Col-d'Argent*, got his six-and-thirty wounds, and was "killed," as he used to term

it.<sup>1</sup> "The hottest fire I ever saw," said Eugene, who had not seen Malplaquet at that time. While Col-d'Argent sank collapsed upon the Bridge, and the horse charged over him, and again charged, and beat and were beaten three several times, Anhalt-Dessau, impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed into the stream itself with his Prussian Foot; swashed through it, waist-deep or breast-deep, and might have settled the matter had not his cartridges got wetted. Old King Friedrich rebuked him angrily for his impetuosity in this matter, and the sad loss of men.

Then again he was at the Storming of the Lines of Turin—Eugene's feat of 1706, and a most volcanic business; was the first man that got over the intrenchment there—foremost man; face all black with the smoke of gunpowder, only channelled here and there with rivulets of sweat—not a lovely phenomenon to the French in the interior, who still fought like madmen, but were at length driven into heaps and obliged to run. A while before they ran, Anhalt-Dessau, noticing some Captain posted with his company in a likely situation, stepped aside to him a moment, and asked, "Am I wounded, think you? No? Then have you any thing to drink?" and deliberately "drank a glass of aquavitæ," the judicious Captain carrying a pocket-pistol of that sort in case of accident; and likewise "ate, with great appetite, a bit of bread from one of the soldiers' haversacks, saying he believed the heat of the job was done, and that there was no fear now."<sup>2</sup>

A man that has been in many wars, in whose rough head are schemes hatching, any religion he has is of Protestant nature; but he has not much—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls "God Almighty's grenadier march." On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but much in earnest: that lifting of his hat for prayer is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning, as required withal, not disdaining the serpentine method when no

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iv., § Mirabeau.

<sup>2</sup> *Des weltberühmten Leopoldi*, &c. (Anonymous, by Ranft, cited above), p. 42-45, 52, 65.

other will do. With Friedrich Wilhelm, who is his second-cousin (Mother's grand-nephew, if the reader can count that), he is from of old on the best footing, and contrives to be his Mentor in many things besides War. Till his quarrel with Grumkow, of which we shall hear, he took the lead in political advising too, and had schemes, or was thought to have, of which Queen Sophie was in much terror.

A tall, strong-boned, hairy man, with cloudy brows, vigilant swift eyes; has "a bluish tint of skin," says Wilhelmina, "as if the gunpowder still stuck to him." He wears long mustaches; triangular hat, plume, and other equipments are of thrifty, practical size. Can be polite enough in speech, but hides much of his meaning, which indeed is mostly inarticulate, and not always joyful to the by-stander. He plays rough pranks, too, on occasion, and has a big horse-laugh in him where there is a fop to be roasted, or the like. We will leave him for the present, in hope of other meetings.

Remarkable men, many of those old Prussian soldiers, of whom one wishes, to no purpose, that there had more knowledge been attainable. But the Books are silent; no painter, no genial seeing-man to paint with his pen, was there. Grim, hirsute, Hyperborean figures, they pass mostly mute before us; burly, surly, in mustaches, in dim, uncertain garniture, of which the buff belts and the steel are alone conspicuous. Growling in guttural Teutsch what little articulate meaning they had; spending, of the inarticulate, a proportion in games of chance, probably too in drinking beer, yet having an immense overplus which they do not spend, but endeavor to utter in such working as there may be. So have the Hyperboreans lived from of old. From the times of Tacitus and Pytheas, not to speak of Odin and Japhet, what hosts of them have marched across Existence in that manner; and where is the memory that would, even if it could, speak of them all!

We will hope the mind of our little Fritz has powers of assimilation. Bayle-Calvin logics and shadows of Versailles on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds and inarticulate Hyperbo-

reans on that: here is a wide diversity of nutriment, all rather tough in quality, provided for the young soul. Innumerable unconscious inferences he must have drawn in his little head! Prince Leopold's face, with the whiskers and blue skin, I find he was wont, at after-periods, to do in caricature, under the figure of a Cat's; horror and admiration not the sole feelings raised in him by the Field-Marshal. For bodily nourishment he had "beer-soup," a decided Spartan tone prevailing, wherever possible, in the breeding and treatment of him.

And we need not doubt by far the most important element of his education was the unconscious Apprenticeship he continually served to such a Spartan as King Friedrich Wilhelm, of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he *were* intelligent, help understanding them and learning from them. A harsh Master and almost half-mad, as it many times seemed to the poor Apprentice; yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognize.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### FRIEDRICH WILHELM IS KING.

WITH the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his Father's funeral the grand peruke and other sublimities of French costume, but it was for the last time; that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth of gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent little Dressing-gown given him, but he would at no rate put it on or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly "into the fire," and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for *Kammerjunker*, *Kammerherrn*, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the occasion: not a lovely accompaniment, in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death-struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a short space, disregarding of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam, and there, shaking the tears from his eyes, commenced by a notable duty—the duty nearest hand, and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. • It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February, 1713; his Father dead half an hour before: "Tears at a Father's death-bed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?" thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their *Ober-Hofmarschall* and representative, and through him signified to them that, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue, and that, on the morrow after the Funeral, they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page in waiting, the King's House should be swept entirely clean of them, said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing,<sup>1</sup> which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never seen before.

The thing was done, however, and nobody durst whisper discontent with it; this rugged young King, with his plangent metallic voice, with his steady-beaming eyes, seeming dreadfully in earnest about it, and a person that might prove dangerous if you crossed him. He reduced his Household accordingly, at once, to the lowest footing of the indispensable, and discharged a whole regiment of superfluous official persons, court-flunkies, inferior, superior, and supreme, in the most ruthless manner. He does not intend keeping any *Ober-Hofmarschall*, or the like

<sup>1</sup> Förster, i., 174; Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii., 4.

idle person, henceforth; thinks a minimum of Goldsticks ought to suffice every man.

Eight Lackeys, in the ante-chambers and elsewhere—these, with each a *Jägerbursch* (what we should call an *Under-keeper*) to assist when not hunting, will suffice; Lackeys at “eight *thalers* monthly,” which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich’s time there were wont to be a Thousand saddle-horses at corn and hay, but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds, their price and keep pocketed by some knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry, or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only Thirty horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all, their corn not running into any knave’s pocket, but lying actually in the mangers here; getting ground for you into actual four-footed speed when on turf or highway you require such a thing. About thirty for the saddle, with a few carriage-teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure, and more he will not have about him.

In the like ruthless humor he goes over his Pension-list; strikes three fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humor he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household, and other Expenses; shears every thing down, here by the Hundred *thalers*, there by the Ten, willing even to save *half a thaler*. He goes over all this three several times; his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed.<sup>2</sup> He has satisfied himself, in about two months, what the effective minimum is, and leaves it so; reduced to below the fifth of what it was, 55,000 *thalers* instead of 276,000.<sup>3</sup>

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business in that fashion, steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; need-

<sup>2</sup> Rödenbeck: *Beiträge zur Bereicherung der Lebensbeschreibungen Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs des Grossen* (Berlin, 1836), p. 99-127.

<sup>3</sup> Stenzel, iii., 237.

less work, and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth, worth purchasing almost at any price! The money saved is something, nothing if you will; but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that? Mendacity not of tongue, but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever, which spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty, some fools even praising it, the quiet *dry-rot* of Nations! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's-worship or spiritual dry-rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year he brings it to perfection; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour; so that he has Prussia at last all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous, and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over; and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his sceptre were a walking-stick, and properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at and laughed at by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing, which, indeed, were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so; for, though a vigilant ruler, he did not deal in protocoling and campaigning; he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty; and during these Twenty-seven years of his Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other King that then existed or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange

any where ; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King? Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot-boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumors—still more now from Wilhelmina's Book, which paints the outside savagery of the royal man in a most striking manner, and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumors.

Nevertheless, it appears there were a few observant eyes, even of contemporaries, who discerned in him a surprising talent for "National Economics" at least. One Leipzig Professor, Saxon, not Prussian by nation or interest, recognizes in Friedrich Wilhelm "*der grosse Wirth* (great Manager, Husbandry-man, or Landlord) of the epoch," and lectures on his admirable "works, arrangements, and institutions" in that kind.<sup>4</sup> Nay, the dapper Royal gentlemen saw with envy the indubitable growth of this mad savage Brother, and ascribed it to "his avarice"—to his mean ways, which were in such contrast to their sublime ones. That he understood National Economics has now become very certain. His grim semi-articulate Papers and Rescripts on these subjects are still almost worth reading by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship, and composition, they resemble nothing else extant; are as if done by the paw of a bear; indeed, the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear than any thing that could be handily spelled or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities, and hypocritical forms and pretenses, what he calls "wind and humbug (*Wind und blauer Dunst*)," as is very strange indeed: strange among all mankind, doubly and trebly strange among the unfortunate species called Kings in our time: to whom—for sad reasons that could be given—"wind and blue vapor (*blauer Dunst*)," artistically managed by the rules of Acoustics and Optics, seem to be all we have left us.

It must be owned that this man is inflexibly, and with a fierce, slow, inexorable determination, set upon having realities round him. There is a divine idea of fact put into him; the genus

<sup>4</sup> Rödénbeck's *Beiträge* (p. 14); year or name of lecturer not mentioned.

*sham* was never hatefuler to any man. Let it keep out of his way, well beyond the swing of that ratan of his, or it may get something to remember! A just man too; would not wrong any man, nor play false in word or deed to any man. What is Justice but another form of the *reality* we love—a truth acted out? Of all the humbugs or “painted vapors” known, Injustice is the least capable of profiting men or kings! A just man, I say, and a valiant and veracious, but rugged as a wild bear; entirely inarticulate, as if dumb. No bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him, nor the least tendency that way. His talent for Stump-Oratory may be reckoned the minimum conceivable, or practically noted as *zero*; a man who would not have risen in modern Political Circles; man unchoosable at hustings or in caucus; man forever invisible, and very unadmirable if seen, to the Able Editor and those that hang by him; in fact, a kind of savage man, as we say, but highly interesting if you can read dumb human worth, and of inexpressible profit to the Prussian Nation.

For the first ten years of his reign he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labor in these years, the first of little Fritz’s life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of “genius” (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realizing, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm’s method; the amount of slow, stubborn, broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great; the amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte.

That of the *Ritter-Dienst* (Knights’-Service), for example, which is but one small item of his business—the commuting of the old feudal duty of his Landholders to do Service in War-time into a fixed money payment—nothing could be fairer, more clearly ad-

vantageous to both parties, and most of his "Knights" gladly accepted the proposal; yet a certain factious set of them, the Magdeburg set, stirred up by some seven or eight of their number, "hardly above seven or eight really against me," saw good to stand out; remonstrated, recalcitrated; complained in the Diet (Kaiser too happy to hear of it, that he might have a hook on Friedrich Wilhelm); and for long years that paltry matter was a provocation to him.<sup>5</sup> But if your plan is just, and a bit of Nature's plan, persist in it like a law of Nature. This secret, too, was known to Friedrich Wilhelm. In the space of ten years, by actual human strength loyally spent, he had managed many things; saw all things in a course toward management—all things, as it were, fairly on the road, the multiplex team pulling one way, in rational human harness, not in imbroglios of coiled thrums made by the Nightmares.

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in speculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore;<sup>6</sup> new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind:<sup>7</sup> how he at last concentrated, and harmonized into one easy-going, effective *General Directory*,<sup>8</sup> the multifarious conflicting Boards that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half done, when he first came into power:<sup>9</sup> how he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: how he drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool in a *Lagerhaus* of his own: how he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco: how, from many a crooked case and character, he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evil-

<sup>5</sup> 1717-'25. Förster, ii., 162-165; iv., 31-34; Stenzel, iii., 316-319; Samuel Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775), i., 197.      <sup>6</sup> Förster, ii., 206, 216.      <sup>7</sup> Ib., ii., 190, 195.

<sup>8</sup> Completed 19th January, 1723 (Ib., ii., 172).

<sup>9</sup> Dohm: *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1814-1819), iv., 88.

doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery, unjust persons: how he urged diligence on all mortals—would not have the very Applewomen sit “without knitting” at their stalls, and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle—all this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King; but then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well, and did exceedingly behoove to be done if the Earth would prosper, which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his ratan in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall.

Yearly he made his country richer, and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity—the grand fountains from which money, and all real *values* and valors, spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them, and as the source of them, larger; and in all states of his revenue he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it, and yearly saved masses of coin, and “reposed them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss,” where they proved very useful one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband*, he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband once in the half thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often, but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing, and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius—genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels—a silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he can not bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order—fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world-rocks under it, and looking free toward all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often; no tongue-learning at all; little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He can not argue in articulate logic, only in articulate bellowings, or worse. He must *do* a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind of a thing it is by-and-by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it, and must expect contradictions next to unendurable, the plurality of blockheads being so extreme.

I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch; and Johnson too, with all his tongue-learning, had not logic *enough*. In fact, it depends on how much conviction you have. Blessed be Heaven, there is here and there a man born who loves truth as truth should be loved, with all his heart and all his soul, and hates untruth with a corresponding perfect hatred. Such men, in polite circles, which understand that certainly truth is better than untruth, but that you must be polite to both, are liable to get to the end of their logic. Even Johnson had a bellow in him, though Johnson could at any time withdraw into silence, *his* kingdom lying all under his own hat. How much more Friedrich Wilhelm, who had no logic whatever, and whose kingdom lay without him, far and wide—a thing he could not withdraw from. The rugged Orson, he needed to be right. From utmost Memel down to Wesel again, ranked in a straggling manner round the half circumference of Europe, all manner of things and persons were depending on him, and on his being right, not wrong, in his notion.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eyesight, and

irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was, yet of huge simplicity withal; capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose to a strange degree, if there were an artist dexterous enough, daring enough. His own natural judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety, and other unexpected qualities must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability; his conscious, dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey! An Orson, capable enough of being coaxed and tickled by some first-rate conjuror; first-rate—a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains. But Seckendorf and Grumkow, what a dance they led him on some matters, as we shall see, and as poor Fritz and others will see.

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment—his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men—this also seems to me one of the whims of genius, an exaggerated notion to have his “stanza” polished to the last punctilio of perfection, and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger “man of genius,” or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw. }

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, that his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential battle that lay in him—on the quantity and quality of Soldiers he could maintain, and have ready for the field at any time: a most indisputable truth, and a heartfelt one in the present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality in this thrice essential particular, here lay the key-stone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm’s endeavors, to which he devoted himself as only the best Spartan could have done, of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail; for it was a thing world-notable—world-laughable, as was

then thought—the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another, in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and whether the King of Prussia could, on his own strength, maintain a standing army of 15,000. Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat, "Yes, 30,000;"<sup>10</sup> whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees, twofold or threefold, and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred thousand before he dies,<sup>11</sup> the best-drilled of fighting men, and, what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King, acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings, he lays by money annually, and is laying by many other and far more precious things for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting, and perfecting his Army attracted much notice—laughing, satirical notice in the hundred mouths of common rumor, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this too he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting, we may say not his Army only, but his Nation, in all departments of it, as no man before or since ever did; increasing, by every desirable method, the amount of potential battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed, this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along, this

<sup>10</sup> Förster, i., 138.

<sup>11</sup> "72,000 field-troops, 30,000 garrison troops" (*Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans*, Breslau, 1788, i., 64).

difficult, unpleasant, and indispensable one of drilling. From the first appearance of Burggraf Friedrich, with good words and with *Heavy Peg*, in the wreck of anarchic Brandenburg, and downward ever since, this has steadily enough gone on. And not a little good drilling these populations have had, first and last; just orders given them (wise and just, which, to a respectable degree, were Heaven's orders as well); and certainly Heavy Peg, for instance—Heavy Peg, bringing Quitzow's strong House about his ears—was a respectable drummer's-cat to enforce the same. This has been going on these Three hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process, finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian business, and, so far as possible, of Prussian Life, so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation every where. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by the Hohenzollern foregoers; and, indeed, it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants," and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces, and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations, lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil, and silence, and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballot-boxes and suffrages, what they call their "Liberty," if these mean "Liberty," and are such a road to Heaven—Anglo-Saxon high-road thither—could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men *not* perpendic-

ular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons, their pot-bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things at present, but will again by-and-by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia from pole to pole, and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects, the mind of man is struck dumb.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### HIS MAJESTY'S WAYS.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S History is one of *Economics*; which study, so soon as there are Kings again in this world, will be precious to them. In that happy state of matters, Friedrich Wilhelm's History will reward study, and teach by example in a very simple and direct manner. In what is called the Political, Diplomatic, "Honor-to-be" department, there is not, nor can ever be, much to be said of him, this Economist King having always kept himself well at home, and looked steadily to his own affairs; so that for the present he has, as a King, next to nothing of what is called History, and it is only as a fellow-man of singular faculty, and in a most peculiar and conspicuous situation, that he can be interesting to mankind. To us he has, as Father, and daily teacher and master of young Fritz, a continual interest; and we must note the master's ways and the main phenomena of the work-shop as they successively turned up, for the sake of the notable Apprentice serving there.

He was not tall of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned, stout-built man, of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type: man of short, firm stature; stands (in Pesne's best Portraits of him) at his ease, and yet like a tower: most solid; "plumb and rather

more," eyes steadfastly awake, cheeks slightly compressed too, which fling the mouth rather forward, as if asking silently, "Any thing astir, then? All right here?" Face, figure, and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws, nose smallish, inclining to be stumpy, large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too—eyes "naturally with a kind of laugh in them," says Pöllnitz, which laugh can blaze out into fearful thunderous rage if you give him provocation—especially if you lie to him, for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face. He fancies he can see in *your* eyes if there is an internal mendacity in you, wherefore you must look at him in speaking: such is his standing order.

His hair is flaxen, falling into the ash-gray or darker—fine, copious, flowing hair while he wore it natural; but it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style, and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white round wigs; which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz.<sup>1</sup> The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was of clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature, and I learn expressly once that it had a nasal quality in it.<sup>2</sup> His Majesty spoke through the nose, snuffled his speech in an earnest, ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches, conspicuously well built in limbs and body, and delicately finished off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin—a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch

<sup>1</sup> Pöllnitz: *Memoiren* (Berlin, 1701), ii., 568.

<sup>2</sup> Büsching: *Beiträge*, i., 568.

and hold; what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

Nothing could exceed his Majesty's simplicity of habitudes; but one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and of environment. He washed like a very Mussulman five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things to a superstitious extent, which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture. In his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair, but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction.<sup>3</sup> Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas; he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs—sits, and also thinks and acts after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats—country messes, good roast and boiled—despising the French Cook as an entity without meaning for him. His favorite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed. What could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence; his object, not quality, but quantity. He drank too, but he did not get drunk; at the Doctor's order he could abstain, and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discolored by his manner of feeding and digesting. Alas! at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells—a very considerable diameter indeed!<sup>4</sup>

For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in "burgher dress," or unmilitary clothes: "brown English coat, yellow waistcoat," and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year, and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719, after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards (his own Lifeguard Regiment), in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat, blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches,

<sup>3</sup> Förster, i., 208.

<sup>4</sup> *Ib.*, i., 163.

white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins well out of the mud, walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand. Steady, not slow of step, with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple, the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp, swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion: it was so that he walked abroad in this earth, and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

For, in fact, he was dangerous, and would ask in an alarming manner, "Who are you?" Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle lounging at the street corner he has been known to hit over the crown, and peremptorily dispatch, "Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!" That the Applewomen be encouraged to knit while waiting for custom—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth, very curious to read.<sup>5</sup>

Dandiacal figures, nay, people looking like Frenchmen, idle, flaunting women even—better for them to be going. "Who are you?" and if you lied or prevaricated ("*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face, then"), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt, clear one to turn away wrath. "A *Candidatus Theologie*, your Majesty," answered a handfast, threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner. "Where from?" "Berlin, your Majesty." "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two." "Two? which, then?" "Your Majesty and myself." Majesty burst into a laugh: the Candidatus was got examined by the Consistoriums and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy.

The King did not love the French or their fashions at all. We said he dismissed the big Peruke—put it on for the last time at his Father's funeral, so far did filial piety go, and then

<sup>5</sup> In Rödénbeck: *Beiträge*, p. 15.

packed it aside, dismissing it, nay, banishing and proscribing it, never to appear more—the Peruke and, as it were, all that the Peruke symbolized; for this was a King come into the world with quite other aims than that of wearing big perukes, and, regardless of expense, playing burst-frog to the ox of Versailles, which latter is itself, perhaps, a rather useless animal. Of Friedrich Wilhelm's taxes upon wigs; of the old "Wig inspectors," and the feats they did, plucking off men's periwigs on the street to see if the government stamp were there, and to discourage wiggery, at least all but the simple scratch or useful Welsh wig, among mankind—of these and of other similar things I could speak, but do not. This little incident, which occurred once in the review-ground on the outskirts of Berlin, will suffice to mark his temper in that respect. It was in the spring of 1719; our little Fritz then six years old, who, of course, heard much temporary confused commentary, direct and oblique, triumphant male laughter, and perhaps rebellious female sighs, on occasion of such a feat.

Count Rothenburg, Prussian by birth,<sup>6</sup> an accomplished and able person in the diplomatic and other lines of business, but much used to Paris and its ways, had appeared lately in Berlin as French Envoy, and, not unnaturally, in high French costume: cocked hat, peruke, laced coat, and the other trimmings. He and a group of dashing followers and adherents were accustomed to go about in that guise, very capable of proving infectious to mankind. What is to be done with them? thinks the anxious Father of his People. They were to appear at the ensuing grand Review, as Friedrich Wilhelm understood, whereupon Friedrich Wilhelm took his measures in private, dressed up, namely, his Scavenger-Executioner people (what they call *Profösse* in Prussian regiments) in an enormous exaggeration of that costume, cocked hats about an ell in diameter, wigs reaching to the houghs, with other fittings to match. These, when Count Rothenburg and his company appeared upon the ground, Friedrich Wilhelm summoned out with some trumpet-peal or burst of field-music, and they solemnly crossed Count Rothenburg's field of vision—the strangest set of Phantasms he had

<sup>6</sup> Buchholz: *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, i., 28.

seen lately, awakening salutary reflections in him.<sup>7</sup> Fancy that scene in History—Friedrich Wilhelm for comic-symbolic Dramaturgist. Gods and men (or at least Houyhnhnm horses) might have saluted it with a Homeric laugh, so huge and vacant is it, with a suspicion of real humor too; but the men were not permitted on parade more than a silent grin or general irrepressible rustling murmur, and only the gods laughed inextinguishably, if so disposed. The Scavenger-Executioners went back to their place, and Count Rothenburg took a plain German costume so long as he continued in those parts.

Friedrich Wilhelm has a dumb rough wit and mockery of that kind on many occasions, not without geniality in its Brobdignag exaggeration and simplicity, like a wild bear of the woods taking his sport, with some sense of human in the rough skin of him. Very capable of seeing through sumptuous costumes, and respectful of realities alone; not in French sumptuousity, but in native German thrift does this King see his salvation. So has Nature constructed him, and the world, which has long lost its Spartans, will again see an original North-German Spartan, and shriek a good deal over him, Nature keeping her own counsel the while, and, as it were, laughing in her sleeve at the shrieks of the flunkey world; for Nature, when she makes a Spartan, means a good deal by it, and does not expect instant applauses, but only gradual and lasting.

"For my own part," exclaims a certain Editor once, "I perceive well there was never yet any great Empire founded, Roman, English, down to Prussian or Dutch, nor, in fact, any great mass of work got achieved under the Sun, but it was founded even upon this humble-looking quality of Thrift, and became achievable in virtue of the same; which will seem a strange doctrine in these days of gold nuggets, railway fortunes, and miraculous sumptuosities regardless of expense. Earnest readers are invited to consider it, nevertheless. Though new, it is very old; and a sad meaning lies in it to us of these times. That you have squandered in idle fooleries, building where there was no basis, your Hundred thousand Sterling, your Eight hundred Million Sterling, is to me a comparatively small matter. You may still again become rich, if you have at

<sup>7</sup> Förster, i., 165; Fassmann, *Leben und Thaten des allerdurchläuchtigsten, &c., Königs von Preussen Frederici Wilhelmi* (Hamburg und Breslau, 1735), p. 223, 319.

last become wise. But if you have wasted your capacity of strenuous devoutly valiant labor, of patience, perseverance, self-denial, faith in the causes of effects; alas! if your once just judgment of what is worth something and what is worth nothing has been wasted, and your silent, steadfast reliance on the general veracities of yourself and things is no longer there, then indeed you have had a loss. You are, in fact, an entirely bankrupt individual, as you will find by-and-by. Yes; and though you had California in fee-simple, and could buy all the upholsteries, groceries, funded properties, temporary (very temporary) landed properties of the world at one swoop, it would avail you nothing. Henceforth for you no harvests in the Seed-field of this Universe, which reserves its salutary bounties and noble heaven-sent gifts for quite other than you; and I would not give a pin's value for all *you* will ever reap there. Mere imaginary harvests, sacks of nuggets and the like, empty as the east wind, with all the Demons laughing at you! Do you consider that Nature too is a swollen flunkey, hungry for vails, and can be taken in with your sublime airs of sumptuousity, and the large balance you actually have in Lombard Street? Go to the—General Cesspool with your nuggets and your ducats!"

The flunkey world, much stripped of its plush and fat perquisites, accuses Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly of avarice and the cognate vices. But it is not so; intrinsically, in the main, his procedure is to be defined as honorable thrift, verging toward avarice here and there, as poor human virtues usually lean to one side or the other. He can be magnificent enough too, and grudges no expense when the occasion seems worthy. If the occasion is inevitable, and yet not quite worthy, I have known him have recourse to strange shifts. The Czar Peter, for example, used to be rather often in the Prussian Dominions, oftenest on business of his own: such a man is to be royally defrayed while with us, yet one would wish it done cheap. Post-horses, "two hundred and eighty-seven at every station," he has from the Community; but the rest of his expenses, from Memel all the way to Wesel? Friedrich Wilhelm's marginal response to his *Finanz-Directorium*, requiring orders once on that subject, runs in the following strange tenor: "Yes, all the way (except Berlin, which I take upon myself); and observe, you contrive to do it for 6000 thalers (£900)"—which is uncommonly cheap, about £1 per milé—"won't allow you one other penny (*nüt einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but you are (*sollen Sie*)," this is the re-

markable point, "to give out in the world that it costs me from Thirty to Forty Thousand!"<sup>8</sup> So that here is the Majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one! Alas! yes; a kind of lie, or fib (white fib, or even *gray*), the pinch of Thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner man of his Majesty, even that *gray* fib; not done by one's self, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper!

"Verging upon avarice," sure enough; but, unless we are unjust and unkind, he can by no means be described as a *Miser* King. He collects what is his; gives you accurately what is yours. For wages paid he will see work done; he will ascertain more and more that the work done be work needful for him, and strike it off if not: a Spartan man, as we said, though probably he knew as little of the Spartans as the Spartans did of him. But nature is still capable of such products: if in Hellas long ages since, why not in Brandenburg now?

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## CHAPTER V.

### FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S ONE WAR.

ONE of Fritz's earliest strong impressions from the outer world chanced to be of War—so it chanced, though he had shown too little taste that way, and could not as yet understand such phenomena—and there must have been much semi-articulate questioning and dialoguing with Dame de Roucoules, on his part, about the matter now going on.

In the year 1715, little Fritz's third year, came grand doings, not of drill only, but of war and fighting: the "Stralsund Expedition," Friedrich Wilhelm's one feat in that kind, huge rumor of which fills naturally the maternal heart, the Berlin Palace drawing-rooms, and occupies, with new vivid interests, all imaginations, young and old, for the actual battle-drums are now beating, the big cannon-wains are creaking under way, and military men take farewell, and march, tramp, tramp—Majesty in grenadier-guard uniform at their head, horse, foot, and artillery—

<sup>8</sup> 1717: Förster, i., 213.

northward to Stralsund on the Baltic shore, where a terrible human Lion has taken up his lair lately—Charles XII. of Sweden, namely; he has broken out of Turkish Bender or Demotica, and ended his obstinate torpor at last; has ridden fourteen or sixteen days, he and a groom or two, through desolate steppes and mountain wildernesses, through crowded dangerous cities; “came by Vienna and by Cassel, then through Pommern,” leaving his “royal train of two thousand persons” to follow at its leisure. He, for his part, has ridden without pause, forward, ever forward, in darkest incognito, the indefatigable man; and finally, on Old-Hallowmas Eve (22d-11th November, 1714), far in the night, a Horseman, with two others still following him, travel-splashed, and “white with snow,” drew bridle at the gate of Stralsund, and, to the surprise of the Swedish sentinel there, demanded instant admission to the Governor. The Governor, at first a little surly of humor, saw gradually how it was, sprang out of bed, and embraced the knees of the snowy man: Stralsund in general sprang out of bed, and illuminated itself that same Hallow-Eve; and, in brief, Charles XII., after five years of eclipse, has reappeared upon the stage of things, and menaces the world in his old fashion from that city, from which it becomes urgent to many parties, and at last to Friedrich Wilhelm himself, that he be dislodged.

The root of this Stralsund story belongs to the former reign, as did the grand apparition of Charles XII. on the theatre of European History, and the terror and astonishment he created there. He is now thirty-three years old, and only the winding-up, both of him and of the Stralsund story, falls within our present field. Fifteen years ago it was like the bursting of a cataract of bomb-shells in a dull ball-room, the sudden appearance of this young fighting Swede among the luxurious Kings and Kinglets of the North, all lounging about and languidly minuetting in that manner, regardless of expense! Friedrich IV. of Denmark rejoicing over red wine; August the Strong gradually producing his “three hundred and fifty-four bastards:”<sup>1</sup> these and other neighbors had confidently stepped in on various pre-

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Bareith* (Wilhelmina's Book, Londres, 1812), i., 111.

texts, thinking to help themselves from the young man's properties, who was still a minor, when the young minor suddenly developed himself as a major and maximus, and turned out to be such a Fire-King among them!

In consequence of which there had been no end of Northern troubles, and all through the Louis Fourteenth or Marlborough grand "Succession War" a special "Northern War" had burned or smouldered on its own score; Swedes *versus* Saxons, Russians and Danes, bickering in weary intricate contest, and keeping those Northern regions in smoke, if not on fire. Charles XII., for the last five years (ever since Pultawa and the summer of 1709), had lain obstinately dormant in Turkey, urging the Turks to destroy Czar Peter, which they absolutely could not, though they now and then tried, and Viziers not a few lost their heads in consequence. Charles lay sullenly dormant, Danes meanwhile operating upon his Holstein interests and adjoining territories; Saxons, Russians battering continually at Swedish Pommern, continually marching thither, and then marching home again, without success, always through the Brandenburg Territory, as they needs must; which latter circumstance Friedrich Wilhelm, while yet only Crown-Prince, had seen with natural displeasure, could that have helped it. But Charles XII. would not yield a whit; sent orders peremptorily, from his bed at Bender or Demotica, that there must be no surrender. Neither could the sluggish enemy compel surrender.

So that, at length, it had grown a feeble, wearisome welter of inextricable strifes with worn-out combatants, exhausted of all but their animosity, and seemed as if it would never end. Inveterate ineffective war, ruinous to all good interests in those parts. What miseries had Holstein from it, which last to our own day! Mecklenburg also it involved in sore troubles, which lasted long enough, as we shall see. But Brandenburg, above all, may be impatient; Brandenburg, which has no business with it except that of unlucky neighborhood. One of Friedrich Wilhelm's first operations as King was to end this ugly state of matters, which he had witnessed with impatience as Prince for a long while.

He had hailed even the Treaty of Utrecht with welcome, in

hopes it might at least end these Northern brabbles. This the Treaty of Utrecht tried to do, but could not; however, it gave him back his Prussian Fighting Men, which he has already increased by six regiments, raised, we may perceive, on the ruins of his late court-flunkeys and dismissed goldsticks: with these Friedrich Wilhelm will try to end it himself. These he at once ordered to form a Camp on his frontier, close to that theatre of contest, and signified now with emphasis, in the beginning of 1713, that he decidedly wished there were peace in those Pommern regions. Negotiations in consequence;<sup>2</sup> very wide negotiations, Louis XIV. and the Kaiser lending hand to pacify these fighting Northern Kings and their Czar; at length the Holstein Government, representing their sworn ally, Charles XII., on the occasion, made an offer which seemed promising. They proposed that Stettin and its dependencies, the strong frontier Town, and, as it were, key of Swedish Pommern, should be evacuated by the Swedes, and be garrisoned by neutral troops, Prussians and Holsteiners in equal number, which neutral troops shall prohibit any hostile attack of Pommern from without, Sweden engaging not to make any attack through Pommern from within. That will be as good as peace in Pommern till we get a general Swedish Peace, with which Friedrich Wilhelm gladly complies.<sup>3</sup>

Unhappily, however, the Swedish Commandant in Stettin would not give up the place on any representative or secondary authority; not without an express order in his King's own hand, which, as his King was far away in abstruse Turkish circumstances and localities, could not be had at the moment, and involved new difficulties and uncertainties—new delay, which might itself be fatal. The end was, the Russians and Saxons had to cannonade the man out by regular siege; they then gave up the Town to Prussia and Holstein, but required first to be paid their expenses incurred in sieging it—400,000 thalers, as they computed and demonstrated, or somewhere about £60,000 of our money.

Friedrich Wilhelm paid the money (Holstein not having a groschen), took possession of the town, and dependent towns and

<sup>2</sup> 10th June, 1713: Buchholz, i., 21.

<sup>3</sup> 22d June, 1713: Buchholz, i., 21.

forts, intending well to keep them till repaid. This was in October, 1713, and ever since there has been actual tranquillity in those parts: the embers of the Northern War may still burn or smoulder elsewhere, but here they are quite extinct. At first it was a joint possession of Stettin, Holsteiners and Prussians in equal number; and if Friedrich Wilhelm had been sure of his money, so it would have continued; but the Holsteiners had paid nothing; Charles XII.'s sanction never could be expressly got, and the Holsteiners were mere dependents of his. Better to increase our Prussian force by degrees, and, in some good way, with a minimum of violence, get the Holsteiners squeezed out of Stettin? Friedrich Wilhelm has so ordered and contrived. The Prussian force having now gradually increased to double in this important garrison, the Holsteiners are quietly disarmed one night, and ordered to depart under penalties, which was done. Holding such a pawn-ticket as Stettin buttoned in our own pocket, we count now on being paid our £60,000 before parting with it.

Matters turned out as Friedrich Wilhelm had dreaded they might. Here is Charles XII. come back, inflexible as cold Swedish Iron; will not hear of any treaty dealing with his properties in that manner. Is he a bankrupt, then, that you will sell his towns by auction? Charles does not at heart believe that Friedrich Wilhelm ever really paid the £60,000. Charles demands, for his own part, to have his own Swedish Town of Stettin restored to him, and has not the least intention, or indeed ability, to pay money. Vain to answer, "Stettin, for the present, is not a Swedish Town; it is a Prussian Pawn-ticket!" There was much negotiation, correspondence, Louis XIV. and the Kaiser stepping in again to produce a settlement, to no purpose. Louis, gallant old Bankrupt, tried hard to take Charles's part with effect; but he had himself no money now, could only try finessing by ambassadors, try a little menacing by them, neither of which profited. Friedrich Wilhelm, wanting only peace on his borders, after fifteen years of extraneous uproar there, has paid £60,000 in hard cash to have it: repay him that sum, with promise of peace on his borders, he will then quit Stettin; till then, not. Big words from a French Ambassador in big wig

will not suffice: "Bullying goes for nothing (*Bange machen gilt nicht*);" the thing covenanted for will need to be done. Poor Louis the Great, whom we now call "*Bankrupt-Great*," died while Charles, his ally, was arguing and battling against all the world, with only a grandiloquent Ambassador to help him from Louis. "*J'ai trop aimé la guerre*," said Louis at his death, addressing a new small Louis (five years old), his great-grandson and successor; "I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, *ne m'imites pas en celà*;"<sup>4</sup> which counsel also, as we see, was considerably lost in air.

Friedrich Wilhelm had a true personal regard for Charles XII., a man made in many respects after his own heart, and would fain have persuaded him into softer behavior; but it was to no purpose. Charles would not listen to reasons of policy, or believe that his estate was bankrupt, or that his towns could be put in pawn. Danes, Saxons, Russians, even George I. of England (George having just bought of the Danish King, who had got hold of it, a great Hanover bargain, Bremen and Verden, on cheap terms, from the quasi-bankrupt estate of poor Charles), have to combine against him and see him put down; among whom Prussia, at length actually attacked by Charles in the Stettin regions, has reluctantly to take the lead in that repressive movement. On the 28th of April, 1715, Friedrich Wilhelm declares war against Charles—is already on the march, with a great force, toward Stettin, to coerce and repress said Charles. No help for it, so sore as it goes against us. "Why will the very King whom I most respect compel me to be his enemy?" said Friedrich Wilhelm.<sup>5</sup>

One of Friedrich Wilhelm's originalities is his farewell Order and Instruction to his Three chief Ministers on this occasion. Ilgen, Dohna, Prinzen, tacit, dusky figures, whom we meet in Prussian books, and never gain the least idea of except as of grim, rather cunning, most reserved antiquarian gentlemen, a kind of human iron safes, solemnly filled (under triple and quad-

<sup>4</sup> 1st September, 1715.

<sup>5</sup> *Œuvres de Frédéric (Histoire de Brandebourg)*, i., 132; Buchholz, i., 28.

rupte patent locks) with what, alas! has now all grown waste paper, dust, and cobweb to us—these three reserved, cunning Gentlemen are to keep a thrice-watchful eye on all subordinate boards and persons, and see well that nobody nod or do amiss. Brief weekly report to his Majesty will be expected—staffettes, should cases of hot haste occur. Any questions of yours are “to be put on a sheet of paper folded down, to which I can write marginalia.” If nothing particular is passing, “*nicht schreiben*, you don’t write.” Pay out no money, except what falls due by the Books—none: if an extraordinary case for payment arise, consult my Wife, and she must sign her order for it. Generally, in matters of any moment, consult my Wife, but her only; “except her and the Privy Councilors, no mortal is to poke into my affairs”—I say no mortal, “*sonst kein Mensch*.”

“My Wife shall be told of all things,” he says elsewhere, “and counsel asked of her”—the rugged Pater-familias, but the human one! “And, as I am a man,” continues he, “and may be shot dead, I command you and all to take care of Fritz (*für Fritz zu sorgen*), as God shall reward you. And I give you all, Wife to begin with, my curse (*meinen Fluch*), that God may punish you, in Time and Eternity, if you do not, after my death”—do what, O Heavens?—“bury me in the vault of the Schloss Kirche,” Palace-Church at Berlin! “And you shall make no grand to do (*kein Festin*) on the occasion. On your body and life, no festivals and ceremonials, except that the regiments one after the other fire a volley over me.” Is not this an ursine man of genius, in some sort, as we once defined him? He adds, suddenly, and concludes: “I am assured you will manage every thing with all the exactness in the world, for which I shall ever zealously, as long as I live, be your friend.”<sup>6</sup>

Russians, Saxons affected to intend joining Friedrich Wilhelm in his Pommern expedition; and of the latter there did, under a so-called Field-Marshal von Wackerbarth, of high plumes and titles, some four thousand—of whom only Colonel von Seckendorff, commanding one of the horse-regiments, is remarkable to us—come and serve. The rest, and all the Russians, he was as

<sup>6</sup> 26th April, 1715: Cosmars und Klaproths *Staatsrath*, s. 223 (in Stenzel, iii., 269).

well pleased to have at a distance. Some sixteen thousand Danes joined him too, with the King of Denmark at their head; very furious all against the Swedish-iron Hero, but they were remarked to do almost no real service, except at sea a little against the Swedish ships. George I. also had a fleet in the Baltic, but only "to protect English commerce." On the whole, the Siege of Stralsund, to which the Campaign pretty soon reduced itself, was done mainly by Friedrich Wilhelm. He staid two months in Stettin, getting all his preliminaries completed; his good Queen, Wife "Fee-kin," was with him for some time, I know not whether now or afterward. In the end of June he issued from Stettin, took the interjacent outpost places, and then opened ground before Stralsund, where, in a few days more, the Danes joined him. It was now the middle of July; a combined Army of well-nigh Forty thousand against Charles, who, to man his works, musters about the fourth part of that number.<sup>7</sup>

Stralsund, with its outer lines and inner, with its marshes, ditches, ramparts, and abundant cannon to them, and leaning, one side of it, on the deep sea, which Swedish ships command as yet, is very strong. Wallenstein, we know, once tried it with furious assault, with bombardment, sap, and storm; swore he would have it, "though it hung by a chain from Heaven," but could not get it after all his volcanic raging, and was driven away, partly by the Swedes and armed Townsfolk, chiefly by the marsh-fevers and continuous rains. Stralsund has been taken since that by Prussian sieging, as old men, from the Great Elector's time, still remember.<sup>8</sup> To Louis Fourteenth's menacing Ambassador, Friedrich Wilhelm seems to intimate that, indeed, big bullying words will not take it, but that Prussian guns and men, on a just ground, still may.

The details of this Siege of Stralsund are all on record, and had once a certain fame in the world, but, except as a distant echo, must not concern us here. It lasted till mid-winter, under continual fierce counter-movements and desperate sallies from the Swedish Lion, standing at bay there against all the world. But Friedrich Wilhelm was vigilance itself; and he had his An-

<sup>7</sup> Pauli, viii., 85-101; Buchholz, i., 31-39; Förster, ii., 34-39; Stenzel, iii., 272-278.

<sup>8</sup> 10th-15th October, 1678 (Pauli, v., 203, 205).

halt-Dessaus with him, his Borecks, Buddenbrocks, Finkensteins, veteran men and captains, who had learned their art under Marlborough and Eugene. The Lion King's fierce sallies and desperate valor could not avail. Point after point was lost for him. Köppen, a Prussian Lieutenant-Colonel, native to the place, who has bathed in those waters in his youth, remembers that, by wading to the chin, you could get round the extremity of Charles's main outer line. Köppen states his project, gets it approved of; wades accordingly, with a select party, under cloud of night (4th of November, eve of Gunpowder-day, a most cold-hot job); other ranked Prussian battalions awaiting intently outside, with shouldered firelock, invisible in the dark—what will become of him? Köppen wades successfully, seizes the first battery of said line, masters said line with its batteries, the outside battalions and he; irrepressibly, with horrible uproar from without and from within, the flying Swedes scarcely getting up the Town-draw-bridge as he chased them. That important line is lost to Charles.

Next they took the Isle of Rügen from him, which shuts up the harbor. Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, our rugged friend, in Danish boats, which were but ill navigated, contrives, about a week after that Köppen feat, to effect a landing on Rügen at nightfall; beats off the weak Swedish party; intrenches, palisades himself to the teeth, and lies down under arms. This latter was a wise precaution; for, about four in the morning, Charles comes in person, with eight pieces of cannon and four thousand horse and foot. Charles is struck with amazement at the palisade and ditch ("*Mein Gott*, who would have expected this!" he was heard murmuring); dashes, like a fire-flood, against ditch and palisade; tears at the pales himself, which prove impregnable to his cannon and him. He storms and rages forward again and again, now here, now there, but is met every where by steady, deadly musketry, and has to retire, fruitless, about day-break, himself wounded, and leaving his eight cannons and four hundred slain.

Poor Charles, there had been no sleep for him that night, and little for very many nights. "On getting to horse on the shore at Stralsund, he fainted repeatedly; fell out of one faint into another; but such was his rage, he always recovered himself, and

got on horseback again."<sup>9</sup> Poor Charles! a bit of right royal Swedish-German stuff, after his kind, and tragically ill bested now at last. This is his exit he is now making, still in a consistent manner. It is fifteen years now since he waded ashore at Copenhagen, and first heard the bullets whistle round him. Since which time, what a course has he run, crashing athwart all manner of ranked armies, diplomatic combinations, right onward like a cannon-ball; tearing off many solemn wigs in those Northern parts, and scattering them upon the winds, even as he did his own full-bottom wig, impatiently, on that first day at Copenhagen, finding it unfurlersome for actual business in battle.<sup>10</sup>

In about a month hence the last important hornwork is forced; Charles himself, seen fiercely fighting on the place, is swept back from his last hornwork, and the general storm, now altogether irresistible, is evidently at hand. On entreaty from his followers, entreaty often renewed, with tears even (it is said), and on bended knees, Charles at last consents to go. He left no orders for surrender, would not name the word; "left only ambiguous, vague orders." But on the 19th December, 1715, he does actually depart; gets on board a little boat, toward a Swedish frigate which is lying above a mile out, the whole road to which, between Rügen and the main land, is now solid ice, and has to be cut as he proceeds. This slow operation, which lasted all day, was visible, and its meaning well known in the besiegers' lines. The King of Denmark saw it, and brought a battery to bear upon it: his thought had always been that Charles should be captured or killed in Stralsund, and not allowed to get away. Friedrich Wilhelm was of quite another mind, and had even used secret influences to that effect, eager that Charles should escape. It is said he remonstrated very passionately with the Danish King and this battery of his; nay, some add, since remonstrances did not avail, and the battery still threatened to fire, Friedrich Wilhelm drew up a Prussian regiment or two at the muzzles of it, and said, You shall shoot us first, then!<sup>11</sup> which is a pleasant myth at least, and symbolical of what the reality was.

<sup>9</sup> Buchholz, i., 36.

<sup>10</sup> Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, xiv., 213.

<sup>11</sup> Buchholz, p. 138, n.

Charles reached his frigate about nightfall, but made little way from the place, owing to defect of wind. They say he even heard the chamade beating in Stralsund next day, and that a Danish frigate had nearly taken him, both which statements are perhaps also a little mythical; certain only that he vanished at this point into Scandinavia, and general Europe never saw him more—vanished into a cloud of untenable schemes, guided by Alberoni, Baron Görtz, and others; wild schemes—financial, diplomatic, warlike—nothing not chimerical in them but his own unquenchable real energy, and found his death (by assassination, as appears) in the trenches of Frederickshall, among the Norway Hills, one winter night three years hence: assassination instigated by the Swedish Official Persons, it is thought. The bullet passed through both his temples. He had clapped his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and was found leaned against the parapet in that attitude: gone upon a long march now. So vanished Charles Twelfth; the distressed Official Persons and Nobility exploding upon him in that rather damnable way, anxious to slip their muzzles at any cost whatever. A man of antique character, true as a child, simple, even bashful, and of a strength and valor rarely exemplified among men; open-hearted Antique populations would have much worshiped such an Appearance; Voltaire too, for the artificial Moderns, has made a myth of him of another type—one of those impossible cast-iron gentlemen, heroically mad, such as they show in the Play-houses—pleasant, but not profitable to an undiscerning Public.<sup>12</sup> The last of the Swedish Kings died in this way, and the unmuzzled Official Persons have not made much of kinging it in his stead. Charles died, and, as we may say, took the life of Sweden along with him, for it has never shone among the Nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences, and unwisdoms.

Stralsund instantly beat the chamade, as we heard, and all was surrender and subjection in those regions; surrender, not yet pacification; not while Charles lived, nor for half a century

<sup>12</sup> See Alderfeld (*Military History of Charles XII.*, London, 1740, 2 vols., "from the Swedish," through the French) and Köhler (*Münzbeholdungen*, ubi supra), for some authentic traits of his life and him.

after his death, could Mecklenburg, Holstein-Gottorp, and other his confederates escape a sad coil of calamities bequeathed by him to them. Friedrich Wilhelm returned to Berlin, victorious from his first, which was also his last Prussian War, in January, 1716, and was doubtless a happy man, *not* "to be buried in the Schloss Kirche (under penalty of God's curse)," but to find his little Fritz, and Feekin, and all the world merry to see him, and all things put square again, abroad as at home. He forbade the "triumphal entry" which Berlin was preparing for him, entered privately, and ordered a thanksgiving-sermon in all the churches next Sunday.

*The Devil in harness: Creutz the Finance-Minister.*

In the King's absence nothing particular had occurred except indeed the walking of a dreadful Spectre three nights over, in the corridors of the Palace at Berlin, past the doors where our little Prince and Wilhelmina slept, bringing with it not airs from Heaven, we may fear, but blasts from the Other place. The stalwart sentries shook in their paces, and became "half dead" from terror. "A horrible noise, one night," says Wilhelmina, "when all were buried in sleep: all the world started up, thinking it was fire, but they were much surprised to find that it was a Spectre"—evident Spectre, seen to pass this way, "and glide along that gallery as if toward the apartment of the Queen's Ladies." Captain of the Guard could find nothing in that gallery or any where, and withdrew again; but lo! it returns the way it went. Stalwart sentries were found melted into actual deliquium of swooning as the Preternatural swept by this second time. "They said it was the Devil in person, raised by Swedish wizards to kill the Prince-Royal."<sup>13</sup> Poor Prince-Royal, sleeping sound, we hope, little more than three years old at this time, and knowing nothing of it! All Berlin talked of the affair. People dreaded it might be a "Spectre" of Swedish tendencies, aiming to burn the Palace, spirit off the Royal Children, and do one knew not what.

Not that at all, by any means. The Captain of the Guard, re-enforcing himself to defiance even of the Preternatural, does,

<sup>13</sup> Wilhelmina: *Mémoires de Bareith*, i., 18.

on the third or fourth apparition, clutch the Spectre; finds him to be—a prowling Scullion of the Palace, employed here we will not say how, who is straightway locked in prison, and so exorcised at least. Exorcism is perfect, but Berlin is left guessing as to the rest; secret of it discoverable only by the Queen's Majesty and some few most interior parties, to the following effect:

Spectre-Scullion, it turns out, had been employed by Grumkow as spy upon one of the Queen's Maids of Honor—suspected by him to be a No-maid of Dishonor, and of ill intentions too—who lodges in that part of the Palace, of whom Herr Grumkow wishes intensely to know, “Has she an intrigue with Creutz, the new Finance-Minister, or has she not?” “Has, beyond doubt,” the Spectre-Scullion hopes he has discovered before exorcism; upon which Grumkow, essentially illuminated as to the required particular, manages to get the Spectre-Scullion loose again, not quite hanged, glozing the matter off to his Majesty on his return; for the rest, ruins entirely the Creutz speculation, and has the No-maid called of Honor—with whom Creutz thought to have seduced the young King also, and made the young King amenable—dismissed from Court in a peremptory, irrefragable manner. This is the secret of the Spectre-Scullion, fully revealed by Wilhelmina many years after.

This one short glance into the Satan's Invisible World of the Berlin Palace we could not but afford the reader when an actual Goblin of it happened to be walking in our neighborhood. Such an Invisible World of Satan exists in most human houses, and in all human palaces, with its imps, familiar demons, spies, go-betweens, and industrious bad angels, continually mounting and descending by *their* Jacob's Ladder or Palace Backstairs, operated upon by Conjurors of the Grumkow-Creutz or other sorts: Tyrannous Mamsell Leti,<sup>14</sup> treacherous Mamsell Ramen, valet-surgeon Eversman, and plenty more, readers of Wilhelmina's Book are too well acquainted with them. Nor are expert Con-

<sup>14</sup> Leti, Governess to Wilhelmina, but soon dismissed for insolent cruelty and other bad conduct, was a daughter of that Gregorio Leti (“Protestant Italian” Refugee, “Historiographer of Amsterdam,” etc., etc.) who once had a pension in this country, and who wrote History Books, a *Life of Cromwell* one of them, so regardless of the difference between true and false.

jurors wanting, capable to work strange feats with so plastic an element as Friedrich Wilhelm's mind. Let this one short glimpse of such Subterranean World be sufficient indication to the reader's fancy.

Creutz was not dismissed, as some people had expected he might be. Creutz continues Finance-Minister, makes a great figure in the fashionable Berlin world in these coming years, and is much talked of in the old Books—though, as he works mostly under ground, and merely does budgets and finance-matters with extreme talent and success, we shall hope to hear almost nothing more of him. Majesty, while Crown-Prince, when he first got his regiment from Papa, had found this Creutz "Auditor" in it; a poor but handsome fellow, with perhaps seven shillings a week to live upon, but with such a talent for arranging, for reckoning and recording, in brief, of controlling finance, as more and more charmed the royal mind.<sup>15</sup>

One of Majesty's first acts was to appoint him Finance-Minister,<sup>16</sup> and there he continued steady, not to be overset by little flaws of wind like this of the Spectre-Scullion's raising. It is certain he did himself become rich, and helped well to make his Majesty so. We are to fancy him his Majesty's bottle-holder in that battle with the Finance Nightmares and Imbroglis when so much had to be subjugated and drilled into step in that department: evidently a long-headed, cunning fellow; much of the Grumkow type; standing very low in Wilhelmina's judgment, and ill seen, when not avoidable altogether, by the Queen's Majesty. "The man was a poor Country Bailiff's (*Amtmann's*, kind of Tax-manager's) son; from Auditor of a regiment," Papa's own regiment, "he had risen to be Director of Finance and a Minister of State. His soul was as low as his birth; it was an assemblage of all the vices,"<sup>17</sup> says Wilhelmina, in the lan-

<sup>15</sup> Mauvillon ("Elder Mauvillon," *Anonymous*): *Histoire de Frédéric Guillaume I.*, par M. de M\*\*\* (Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1741), i., 47. A vague, flimsy Compilation; gives abundant "State-Papers" (to such as want them), and echoes of old Newspaper rumor. Very copious on Creutz.

<sup>16</sup> 4th May, 1713; Preuss, i., 349, n.

<sup>17</sup> Wilhelmina, i., 16.

guage of exaggeration. Let him stand by his budgets, keep well out of Wilhelmina's and the Queen's way, and very especially beware of coming on Grumkow's field again.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

THIS Siege of Stralsund, the last military scene of Charles XII., and the *first* ever practically heard of by our little Fritz, who is now getting into his fourth year, and must have thought a great deal about it in his little head—Papa and even Mamma being absent on it, and such a marching and rumoring going on all round him—proved to be otherwise of some importance to little Fritz.

Most of his tutors were picked up by the careful Papa in this Stralsund business. Duhan de Jandun, a young French gentleman, family-tutor to General Count Dohna (a cousin of our Minister Dohna's), but fonder of fighting than of teaching grammar, whom Friedrich Wilhelm found doing soldier's work in the trenches, and liked the ways of—he, as the foundation-stone of tutorage, is to be first mentioned. And then Count Fink von Finkenstein, a distinguished veteran, high in command (of whose qualities as Head-Tutor, or occasional traveling guardian, Friedrich Wilhelm had experience in his own young days<sup>1</sup>); and Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkstein, a prisoner of war from the Swedish side, whom Friedrich Wilhelm, judging well of him, adopts into his own service with this view: these three come all from Stralsund Siege, and were of vital moment to our little Fritz in the subsequent time. Colonel Seckendorf, again, who had a command in the Four thousand Saxons here, and refreshed into intimacy a transient old acquaintance with Friedrich Wilhelm, is not he too of terrible importance to Fritz and him? as we shall see in time.

<sup>1</sup> *Biographisches Lexikon aller Helden und Militairpersonen, welche sich in Preussischen Diensten berühmt gemacht haben* (4 vols., Berlin, 1788), i., 418, § Finkenstein. A praiseworthy, modest, highly correct Book of its kind, which we shall, in future, call *Militair-Lexikon* when referring to it.

For the rest, here is another little incident. We said it had been a disappointment to Papa that his little Fritz showed almost no appetite for soldiering, but found other sights more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathize, then, with the earnest Papa as he returns home one afternoon—date not given, but to all appearance of that year 1715, when there was such war-rumoring, and marching toward Stralsund—and found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum.

The paternal heart ran over with glad fondness, invoking Heaven to confirm the omen. Mother was told of it; the phenomenon was talked of—beautifulest, hopefulest of little drummers. Painter Pesne, a French Immigrant or Importee of the last reign, a man of great skill with his brush, whom History yet thanks on several occasions, was sent for, or he heard of the incident and volunteered his services. A Portrait of little Fritz drumming, with Wilhelmina looking on—to which, probably for the sake of color and pictorial effect, a Blackamoor, aside with tray in hand, grinning approbation, has been added—was sketched, and dexterously worked out in oil by Painter Pesne: picture approved by mankind there and then; and it still hangs on the wall in a perfect state in Charlottenburg Palace, where the judicious tourist may see it without difficulty, and institute reflections on it.

A really graceful little Picture, and certainly, to Prussian men, not without weight of meaning, nor perhaps to Picture Collectors and Cognoscenti generally, of whatever country, if they could forget for a moment the correggiosity of Correggio, and the learned babble of the Sale-room and varnishing Auctioneer, and think “why it is, probably, that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end the divine art of Painting was bestowed by the earnest gods upon poor mankind.” I could advise it, once, for a little. Flaying of St. Bartholomew, Rape of Europa, Rape of the Sabines, Piping and Amours of goat-footed Pan, Romulus suckled by the Wolf—all this, and much else of fabulous, distant, unimportant, not to say impossible, ugly, and unworthy, shall pass without undue severity of criticism in a Household of such

opulence as ours, where much goes to waste, and where things are not on an earnest footing for this long while past. As Created Objects, or as Phantasms of such, pictorially done, all this shall have much worth, or shall have little. But I say, Here withal is one not phantasmal; of indisputable certainty, home-grown, just commencing business, who carried it far.

Fritz is still, if not in "long clothes," at least in longish and flowing clothes, of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark-blue velvet, very simple, pretty, and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap, and looks up with a face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm, one of the beautifullest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drumsticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty stooping attitude, and with a graver smile. Blackamoor and room furniture elegant enough; and, finally, the figure of a grenadier on guard; seen far off through an open window, make up the background.

We have Engravings of this Picture, which are of clumsy, poor quality, and misrepresent it much: an excellent Copy in oil, what might be called almost a fac-simile and the perfection of a Copy, is now (1854) in Lord Ashburton's Collection here in England. In the Berlin Galleries, which are made up, like other Galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-Wolf, and the *correggiosity* of Correggio, and contain, for instance, no Portrait of Friedrich the Great, no Likenesses at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung, *not* from the idle brains of dreaming Dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic Earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there—in those expensive Halls of "High Art" at Berlin there were, to my experience, few Pictures more agreeable than this of Pesne's. Welcome, like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms, to the reflective mind, seriously loving and seeking what is worthy and memorable, seriously hating and avoiding what is the reverse, and intent not to play the dilettante in this world.

The same Pesne, an excellent Artist, has painted Friedrich as Prince-Royal, a beautiful young man, with *moist*-looking, enthu-

siastic eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, smooth oval face, considerably resembling his Mother. After which period, authentic Pictures of Friedrich are sought for to little purpose, for it seems he never sat to any Painter in his reigning days, and the Prussian Chodowiecki,<sup>2</sup> Saxon Graff, English Cunningham, had to pick up his physiognomy from the distance, intermittently, as they could. Nor is Rauch's grand equestrian Sculpture a thing to be believed, or perhaps pretending much to be so. The commonly received Portrait of Friedrich, which all German limners can draw at once—the cocked hat, big eyes, and alert air reminding you of some uncommonly brisk Invalid Drill-sergeant or Greenwich Pensioner as much as of a Royal Hero—is nothing but a general extract and average of all the faces of Friedrich, such as has been tacitly agreed upon, and is definable as a received pictorial myth, by no means as a fact, or credible resemblance of life.

But enough now of Pictures; this of the Little Drummer, the painting and the thing painted which remain to us, may be taken as Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of the world, and welcomed accordingly. It is one of the very few visualities or definite certainties we can lay hold of in those young years of his, and bring conclusively home to our imagination, out of the waste Prussian dust-clouds of uninformative garrulity which pretend to record them for us. Whether it came into existence as a shadowy emanation from the Stralsund Expedition, can only be matter of conjecture. To judge by size, these figures must have been painted about the year 1715; Fritz some three or four years old, his sister Wilhelmina seven.

It remains only to be intimated that Friedrich Wilhelm, for his part, had got all he claimed from this Expedition, namely, Stettin with the dependent Towns, and quietness in Pommern. Stettin was from of old the capital of his own part of Pommern, thrown in along with the other part of Pommern, and given to Sweden (from sheer necessity, it was avowed) at the Peace of Westphalia sixty years ago or more, and now, by good chance,

<sup>2</sup> Pronounce *Kodov-yetski*; and endeavor to make some acquaintance with this "Prussian Hogarth," who has real worth and originality.

it has come back. Wait another hundred years, and perhaps Swedish Pommern altogether will come back! But from all this Friedrich Wilhelm is still far; Stettin and quiet are all he dreams of demanding there.

Stralsund he did not reckon his; left it with the Danes, to hold in pawn till some general Treaty. Nor was there farther outbreak of war in those regions, though actual Treaty of Peace did not come till 1720 and make matters sure. It was the new Queen of Sweden, Ulrique Eleonora (Charles's younger Sister, wedded to the young Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel), much aided by an English Envoy, who made this Peace with Friedrich Wilhelm. A young English Envoy, called Lord Carteret, was very helpful in this matter, one of his first feats in the diplomatic world; for which Peace<sup>3</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm was so thankful, good, pacific armed man, that, happening to have a Daughter born to him just about that time, he gave the little creature her Swedish Majesty's name; a new "Ulrique," who grew to proper stature, and became notable in Sweden herself by-and-by.<sup>4</sup>

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## CHAPTER VII.

### TRANSIT OF CZAR PETER.

IN the autumn of 1717, Peter the Great coming home from his celebrated French journey, paid Friedrich Wilhelm a visit, and passed four days at Berlin, of which let us give one glimpse, if we can with brevity.

Friedrich Wilhelm and the Czar, like in several points, though so dissimilar in others, had always a certain regard for one another, and at this time they had been brought into closer intercourse by their common peril from Charles XII. ever since that Stralsund business. The peril was real, especially with a Görtz and Alberoni putting hand to it; and the alarm, the rumor, and uncertainty were great in those years. The wounded Lion driven indignant into his lair, with Plotting Artists now operating

<sup>3</sup> Stockholm, 21st January, 1720: in Mauvillon (i., 380-417) the Document itself at large.

<sup>4</sup> Louisa Ulrique, born 24th July, 1720; Queen of Sweden in time coming.

upon the rage of the noble animal, who knows what spring he will next take?

George I. had a fleet cruising in the Baltic Sounds, and again a fleet, paying, in that oblique way, for Bremen and Verden, which were got, otherwise, such a bargain to his Hanover. Czar Peter had marched an Army into Denmark; united Russians and Danes count Fifty thousand there for a conjunct invasion and probable destruction of Sweden, but that came to nothing; Charles looking across upon it too dangerously, "visible in clear weather over from the Danish side."<sup>1</sup> So Peter's troops have gone home again; Denmark too glad to get them away. Perhaps they would have staid in Denmark altogether, much liking the green pastures and convenient situation, had not Admiral Norris with his cannon been there. Perhaps? And the Pretender is coming again, they say. And who knows what is coming? How Görtz, in about a year hence, was laid hold of, and let go, and then ultimately tried and beheaded (once his lion Master was disposed of);<sup>2</sup> how Ambassador Ceilamare and the Spanish part of the Plot having been discovered in Paris, Cardinal Alberoni at Madrid was discovered, and the whole mystery laid bare. All that mad business, of bringing the Pretender into England, throwing out George I., throwing out the Regent d'Orléans, and much more, is now sunk silent enough, not worth re-awakening; but it was then a most loud matter, filling the European Courts, and especially that of Berlin, with rumors and apprehensions. No wonder Friedrich Wilhelm was grateful for that Swedish Peace of his, and named his little Daughter "Ulrique" in honor of it. Tumultuous cloud-world of Lapland Witchcraft had ceased hereby, and daylight had begun. Old women (or old Cardinals) riding through the sky on broomsticks, to meet Satan, where now are they? The fact, still dimly perceptible, is, Europe, thanks to that pair of Black Artists, Görtz and Alberoni, not to mention Law, the Finance Wizard, and his French incantations, had been kept generally, for those three or four years past, in the state of a Haunted House: riotous Gob-

<sup>1</sup> 1716: Fassmann, p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> 19th March, 1719: see Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 233-240; xvii., 297-304) for many curious details of Görtz and his end.

lins, of unknown dire intent, walking now in this apartment of it now in that; no rest any where for the perturbed inhabitants.

As to Friedrich Wilhelm, his plan in 1717, as all along in this bewitched state of matters, was to fortify his Frontier Towns—Memel, Wesel, to the right and left—especially to fortify Stettin, his new acquisition, and to put his Army and his Treasury (or *Army-Chest*) more and more in order. In that way we shall better meet whatever goblins there may be, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Count Lottum, hero of the Prussians at Malplaquet, is doing his scientific uttermost in Stettin and those Frontier Towns. For the rest, his Majesty, invited by the Czar and France, has been found willing to make paction with them, as he is with all pacific neighbors. In fact, the Czar and he had their private Conference at Havelberg last year—Havelberg, some sixty miles from Berlin, on the road toward Denmark, as Peter was passing that way—ample Conference of five days,<sup>3</sup> privately agreeing there about many points conducive to tranquillity.

And it was on that same errand, though ostensibly to look after Art and the higher forms of Civilization so-called, that Peter had been to France on this celebrated occasion of 1717. We know he saw much Art withal; saw Marly, Trianon, and the grandeurs and politenesses; saw, among other things, “a Medal of himself fall accidentally at his feet”—polite Medal, “just getting struck in the Mint, with a Rising Sun on it, and the motto, *VIRE ACQUIRIT EUNDO*.”<sup>4</sup> Ostensibly it was to see *cette belle France*, but privately, withal, the Czar wished to make his bargain with the Regent d’Orléans as to these goblins walking in the Northern and Southern parts, and what was to be done with them. And the result has been, the Czar, Friedrich Wilhelm, and the said Regent have just concluded an Agreement,<sup>5</sup> undertaking, in general, that the goblins shall be well watched; that they Three will stand by one another in watching them; and now the Czar will visit Berlin in passing homeward again. That

<sup>3</sup> 23–28th November, 1716: Fassmann, p. 172.

<sup>4</sup> Voltaire: *Œuvres Complètes (Histoire du Czar Pierre)*, xxxi., 336. Köhler, in *Münzbelustigungen*, xvii., 386–392 (this very *Medal* the subject), gives authentic account, day by day, of the Czar’s visit there.

<sup>5</sup> 4th August, 1717: Buchholz, i., 43.

is the position of affairs when he pays this visit. Peter had been in Berlin more than once before, but almost always in a succinct rapid condition, never with his "Court" about him till now. This is his last, and by far his greatest appearance in Berlin.

Such a transit of the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignties could not but be wonderful to every body there. It evidently struck Wilhelmina's fancy, now in her ninth year, very much. What her little Brother did in it, or thought of it, I nowhere find hinted—conclude only that it would remain in his head too, visible occasionally to the end of his life. Wilhelmina's narrative, very loose, dateless, or misdated, plainly wrong in various particulars, has still its value for us; human *eyes*, even a child's, are worth something in comparison with human want of eyes, which is too frequent in History-books and elsewhere. Czar Peter is now fifty-five, his Czarina Catharine about thirty-three. It was in 1698 that he first passed this way, going toward Sardam and practical Ship-building—within which twenty years, what a spell of work done! Victory of Pultawa is eight years behind him;<sup>6</sup> victories in many kinds are behind him; by this time he is to be reckoned a triumphant Czar, and is certainly the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoeidic savagery the world at any time had.

It was Sunday, 19th September, 1717, when the Czar arrived in Berlin. Being already sated with scenic parades, he had begged to be spared all ceremony; begged to be lodged in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace, with river and trees round it, where he hoped to be quietest. Monbijou has been set apart accordingly, the Queen, not in the benigntest humor, sweeping all her crystals and brittle things away, knowing the manners of the Muscovites. Nor in the way of ceremony was there much: King and Queen drove out to meet him; rampart-guns gave three big salvoes as the Czarish Majesty stepped forth. "I am glad to see you, my Brother Friedrich," said Peter, in German, his only intelligible language, shaking hands with the Brother Majesty in a cordial manner. The Queen he, still more cordially, "would have kissed," but this she evaded in some graceful,

<sup>6</sup> 27th June, 1709.

effective way. As to the Czarina—who, for *obstetric* and other reasons of no moment to us, had staid in Wesel all the time he was in France—she followed him now at two days' distance; not along with him, as Wilhelmina has it. Wilhelmina says she kissed the Queen's hand, and again and again kissed it; begged to present her Ladies—"about four hundred so-called Ladies, who were of her Suite." Surely not so many as Four hundred, you too witty Princess? "Mere German serving-maids for most part," says the witty Princess; "Ladies when there is occasion, then acting as chambermaids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over."

Queen Sophie was averse to salute these creatures; but the Czarina Catharine making reprisals upon our Margravines, and the King looking painfully earnest in it, she prevailed upon herself. Was there ever seen such a traveling tagraggery of a Sovereign Court before? "Several of these creatures" (*presque toutes*, says the exaggerative Princess) "had in their arms a baby in rich dress; and if you asked, 'Is that yours, then?' they answered, making salaams in Russian style, 'The Czar did me the honor (*m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant*).'"

Which statement, if we deduct the due 25 per cent., is probably not mythic, after all. A day or two ago, the Czar had been at Magdeburg, on his way hither, intent upon inspecting matters there, and the Official Gentlemen—President Cocceji (afterward a very celebrated man) at the head of them—waited on the Czar to do what is needful. On entering, with the proper Address or complimentary Harangue, they found his Czarish Majesty "standing between two Russian Ladies"—clearly Ladies of the above sort, for they stood close by him, one of his arms was round the neck of each, and his hands amused themselves by taking liberties in that posture all the time Cocceji spoke. Nay, even this was nothing among the Magdeburg phenomena. Next day, for instance, there appeared in the audience-chamber a certain Serene, high-pacing Duke of Mecklenburg with his Duchess—thrice unfortunate Duke, of whom we shall too often hear again, who, after some adventures, under Charles XII. first of all, and then under the enemies of Charles, had, about a year ago, after divorcing his first Wife, married a Niece of Peter's. Duke and

Duchess arrive now, by order or gracious invitation of their sovereign Uncle, to accompany him in those parts, and are announced to an eager Czar, giving audience to his select Magdeburg public; at sight of which most desirable Duchess and Brother's Daughter, how Peter started up, satyr-like, clasping her in his arms, and snatching her into an inner room, with the door left ajar, and there—It is too Samoeidic for human speech, and would excel belief were not the testimony so strong.<sup>7</sup> A Duke of Mecklenburg, it would appear, who may count himself the *Non-plus-ultra* of Husbands in that epoch; as among Sovereign Rulers, too, in a small or great way, he seeks his fellow for ill luck.

Duke and Duchess accompanied the Czar to Berlin, where Wilhelmina mentions them as presentees—part of these “four hundred” anomalies. They took the Czar home with them to Mecklenburg, where, indeed, some Russian Regiments of his, left here on their return from Denmark, had been very useful in co-ercing the rebellious Ritterschaft (*Knightage*, or Landed Gentry) of this Duke, till at length the general outcry and voice of the Reich itself had ordered the said Regiments to get on march again and take themselves away;<sup>8</sup> for all is rebellion, passive rebellion in Mecklenburg, taxes being so indispensable, and the Knights so disinclined, and this Duke a Sovereign, such as we may construe from his quarreling with almost every body, and his *not* quarreling with an Uncle Peter of that kind.<sup>9</sup> His troubles as Sovereign Duke, his flights to Dantzic, oustings, returns, law-pleadings, and foolish confusions lasted all his life thirty years to come, and were bequeathed as a sorrowful legacy to Posterity and the neighboring Countries. Voltaire says the Czar wished to buy his Duchy from him,<sup>10</sup> and truly, for this wretched Duke it would have been good to sell it at any price; but there were other words than his to such a bargain, had it ever been seriously

<sup>7</sup> Pöllnitz (*Memoiren*, ii., 95) gives Friedrich Wilhelm as voucher, “who used to relate it as from eye and ear witnesses.”

<sup>8</sup> The last of them, “July, 1717,” two months ago. (Michaelis, ii., 418.)

<sup>9</sup> One poor hint on his behalf let us not omit: “*Wife* quitted him in 1719, and lived at Moscow afterward!” (General Mannstein: *Memoirs of Russia*, London, 1770, p. 27, n.)

<sup>10</sup> Ubi suprâ, xxxi., 414.

1713-1723.

meditated. By this extraordinary Duchess he becomes Father (real or putative) of a certain Princess whom we may hear of, and through her again is Grandfather of an unfortunate Russian Prince, much bruited about as "the murdered Iwan" in subsequent times. With such a Duke and Duchess let our acquaintance be the *minimum* of what necessity compels.

Wilhelmina goes by hearsay hitherto, and, it is to be hoped, had heard nothing of these Magdeburg-Mecklenburg phenomena; but after the Czarina's arrival, the little creature saw with her own eyes:

"Next day," that is, Wednesday, 22d, "the Czar and his Spouse came to return the Queen's visit, and I saw the Court myself." Palace Grand-Apartments; Queen advancing a due length, even to the outer guard-room; giving the Czarina her right hand, and leading her into her audience-chamber in that distinguished manner. King and Czar followed close, and here it was that Wilhelmina's personal experiences began. "The Czar at once recognized me, having seen me before five years ago" (March, 1713). "He caught me in his arms; fell to kissing me, like to flay the skin off my face. I boxed his ears, sprawled, and struggled with all my strength, saying I would not allow such familiarities, and that he was dishonoring me. He laughed greatly at this idea; made peace, and talked a long time with me. I had got my lesson: I spoke of his fleet and his conquests, which charmed him so much that he said more than once to the Czarina, 'If he could have a child like me, he would willingly give one of his Provinces in exchange.' The Czarina also caressed me a good deal. The Queen" (Mamma) "and she placed themselves under the dais, each in an arm-chair" of proper dignity; "I was at the Queen's side, and the Princesses of the Blood," Margravines above spoken of, "were opposite to her"—all in a standing posture, as is proper.

"The Czarina was a little stumpy body, very brown, and had neither air nor grace; you needed only look at her to guess her low extraction." It is no secret, she had been a kitchen-wench in her Lithuanian native country; afterward a female of the kind called unfortunate, under several figures; however, she saved the Czar once, by her ready wit and courage, from a devouring Turkish Difficulty, and he made her fortunate and a Czarina, to sit under the dais as now. "With her huddle of clothes, she looked for all the world like a German Play-actress; her dress, you would have said, had been bought at a second-hand shop; all was out of fashion, all was loaded with silver and greasy dirt. The front of her bodice she had ornamented with jewels in a very singular

pattern: a double-eagle in embroidery, and the plumes of it set with poor little diamonds, of the smallest possible carat, and very ill mounted. All along the facing of her gown were Orders and little things of metal; a dozen Orders, and as many Portraits of saints, of relics, and the like; so that when she walked, it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule with bells to its harness." Poor little Czarina! shifty, nut-brown fellow-creature, strangely chased about from the bottom to the top of this world, it is evident she does not succeed at Queen Sophie Dorothee's Court!

"The Czar, on the other hand, was very tall, and might be called handsome," continues Wilhelmina; "his countenance was beautiful, but had something of savage in it which put you in fear." Partly a kind of Milton's-Devil physiognomy? The Portraits give it rather so. Archangel not quite ruined, yet in sadly ruinous condition; its heroism so bemired, with a turn for strong drink, too, at times; a physiognomy to make one reflect. "His dress was of sailor-fashion, coat altogether plain."

"The Czarina, who spoke German very ill herself, and did not understand well what the Queen said, beckoned to her Fool to come near"—a poor female creature who had once been a Princess Galatzin, but having got into mischief, had been excused to the Czar by her high relations as mad, and saved from death or Siberia, into her present strange harbor of refuge. With her the Czarina talked in unknown Russ, evidently "laughing much and loud," till Supper was announced.

"At table," continues Wilhelmina, "the Czar placed himself beside the Queen. It is understood this Prince was attempted with poison in his youth, and that something of it had settled on his nerves ever after. One thing is certain, there took him very often a sort of convulsion, like Tic or St. Vitus, which it was beyond his power to control. That happened at table now. He got into contortions, gesticulations; and, as the knife was in his hand, and went dancing about within arm's length of the Queen, it frightened her, and she motioned several times to rise. The Czar begged her not to mind, for he would do her no ill; at the same time he took her by the hand, which he grasped with such violence that the Queen was forced to shriek out. This set him heartily laughing, saying she had not bones of so hard a texture as his Catharine's. Supper done, a grand Ball had been got ready; but the Czar escaped at once, and walked home by himself to Monbijou, leaving the others to dance."

Wilhelmina's story of the Cabinet of Antiques; of the Indecent little Statue there, and of the orders Catharine got to kiss it, with a "*Kopf ab* (Head off, if you won't)!" from the banter-

ing Czar, whom she had to obey, is not incredible after what we have seen. It seems he begged this bit of Antique Indecency from Friedrich Wilhelm, who, we may fancy, would give him such an article with especial readiness. That same day, fourth of the Visit, Thursday, 23d of the month, the august Party went its ways again, Friedrich Wilhelm convoying "as far as Potsdam," Czar and Suite taking that route toward Mecklenburg, where he still intends some little pause before proceeding homeward. Friedrich Wilhelm took farewell, and never saw the Czar again.

It was on this Journey, best part of which is now done, that the famous Order bore, "Do it for six thousand thalers; won't allow you one other penny (*nüt einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but give out to the world that it costs me thirty or forty thousand!" Nay, it is on record that the sum proved abundant, and even superabundant, near half of it being left as overplus.<sup>11</sup> The hospitalities of Berlin Friedrich Wilhelm took upon himself, and he has done them as we see. You shall defray his Czarish Majesty to the last Prussian milestone—punctually, properly, though with thrift.

Peter's *viaticum*, the Antique Indecency, Friedrich Wilhelm did not grudge to part with, glad to purchase the Czar's goodwill by coin of that kind. Last year, at Havelberg, he had given the Czar an entire Cabinet of Amber Articles belonging to his late Father—Amber Cabinet in the lump; and likewise such a Yacht, for shape, splendor, and outfit, as probably Holland never launched before—Yacht also belonging to his late Father, and without value to Friedrich Wilhelm. The old King had got it built in Holland regardless of expense—£15,000, they say, perhaps as good as £50,000 now—and it lay at Potsdam; good for what? Friedrich Wilhelm sent it down the Havel, down the Elbe, silk sailors and all, toward Hamburg and Petersburg, with a great deal of pleasure; for the Czar, and peace and goodwill with the Czar, was of essential value to him. Neither, at any rate, is the Czar a man to take gifts without return. Tall fellows for soldiers: that is always one prime object with Fried-

<sup>11</sup> Förster, i., 215.

rich Wilhelm; for already these Potsdam Guards of his are getting ever more gigantic. Not less an object, though less an ideal or *poetic* one (as we once defined), was this other, to find buyers for the Manufactures, new and old, which he was so bent on encouraging. "It is astonishing what quantities of cloth, of hardware, salt, and all kinds of manufactured articles the Russians buy from us," say the old Books; "see how our 'Russian Company' flourishes!" In both these objects, not to speak of peace and good-will in general, the Czar is our man.

Thus this very Autumn, there arrive, astonished and astonishing, no fewer than one Hundred and fifty human figures (one half *more* than were promised), probably from seven to eight feet high, the tallest the Czar could riddle out from his Dominions: what a windfall to the Potsdam Guard and its Colonel-King! And all succeeding Autumns the like, so long as Friedrich Wilhelm lived—every Autumn, out of Russia, a Hundred of the tallest mortals living. Invaluable to a "man of genius" mounted on his hobby! One's "stanza" can be polished at this rate.

In return for these Russian sons of Anak, Friedrich Wilhelm grudged not to send German smiths, millwrights, drill-sergeants, cannoneers, engineers, having plenty of them, by whom, as Peter well calculated, the inert opaque Russian mass might be kindled into luminosity and vitality, and drilled to know the Art of War for one thing, which followed accordingly. And it is observable ever since that the Russian Art of War has a tincture of *German* in it (solid German, as contradistinguished from unsolid Revolutionary French), and hints to us of Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer to this hour. *Excant* now the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignties till wanted again.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CROWN-PRINCE IS PUT TO HIS SCHOOLING.

In his seventh year, young Friedrich was taken out of the hands of the women, and had Tutors and Sub-Tutors of masculine gender, who had been nominated for him some time ago,

actually set to work upon their function. These we have already heard of; they came from Stralsund Siege, all the principal hands.

Duhan de Jandun, the young French gentleman who had escaped from grammar-lessons to the trenches, he is the practical teacher. Lieutenant-General Graf Fink von Finkenstein, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kalkstein, they are Head Tutor (*Oberhofmeister*) and Sub-Tutor; military men both, who had been in many wars besides Stralsund. By these three he was assiduously educated, subordinate schoolmasters working under them when needful in such branches as the paternal judgment would admit, the paternal object and theirs being to infuse useful knowledge, reject useless, and wind up the whole into a military finish. These appointments, made at different precise dates, took effect, all of them, in the year 1719.

Duhan, independently of his experience in the trenches, appears to have been an accomplished, ingenious, and conscientious man, who did credit to Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment, and to whom Friedrich professed himself much indebted in after life. Their progress in some of the technical branches, as we shall perceive, was indisputably unsatisfactory; but the mind of the Boy seems to have been opened by this Duhan to a lively, and, in some sort, genial perception of things round him; of the strange, confusedly opulent Universe he had got into; and of the noble and supreme function which Intelligence holds there, supreme in Art as in Nature, beyond all other functions whatsoever. Duhan was now turned of thirty: a cheerful, amiable Frenchman; poor, though of good birth and acquirements; originally from Champagne. Friedrich loved him very much, always considered him his spiritual father, and to the end of Duhan's life, twenty years hence, was eager to do him any good in his power; anxious always to repair for poor Duhan the great sorrows he came to on his account, as we shall see.

Of Graf Fink von Finkenstein, who has had military experiences of all kinds and all degrees, from marching as prisoner into France, "wounded and without his hat," to fighting at Malplaquet, at Blenheim, even at Steenkirk, as well as Stralsund—who is now in his sixtieth year, and seems to have been a gen-

tleman of rather high, solemn manners, and, indeed, of undeniable perfections—of this supreme Count Fink we learn almost nothing farther in the Books except that his little Pupil did not dislike him either; the little Pupil took not unkindly to Fink, welcoming any benignant human ray across these lofty gravities of the *Oberhofmeister*; went often to his house in Berlin, and made acquaintance with two young Finks about his own age whom he found there, and who became important to him, especially the younger of them, in the course of the future.<sup>1</sup> This Pupil, it may be said, is creditably known for his attachment to his teachers and others, an attached and attaching little Boy.

Of Kalkstein, a rational, experienced, and earnest kind of man, though as yet but young, it is certain also that the little Fritz loved him; and furthermore, that the Great Friedrich was grateful to him, and had a high esteem of his integrity and sense. "My master, Kalkstein," used to be his designation of him when the name chanced to be mentioned in after-times. They continued together, with various passages of mutual history, for forty years afterward, till Kalkstein's death. Kalkstein is at present twenty-eight, the youngest of the three Tutors, then and ever after an altogether downright correct soldier and man. He is of Preussen or Prussia Proper, this Kalkstein; of the same kindred as that mutinous Kalkstein whom we once heard of, who was "rolled in a carpet," and kidnapped out of Warsaw in the Great Elector's time; not a direct descendant of that beheaded Kalkstein's, but, as it were, his *nephew* so many times removed. Preussen is now far enough from mutiny; subdued, with all its Kalksteins, into a respectful silence, not lightly using the right even of petition or submissive remonstrance which it may still have; nor, except on the score of parliamentary eloquence and newspaper copyright, does it appear that Preussen has suffered by the change.

How these Fink-Kalkstein functionaries proceeded in the great task they had got—very great task had they known what Pupil had fallen to them—is not directly recorded for us with any se-

<sup>1</sup> Zedlitz-Neunkirch: *Preussisches Adels-Lexikon* (Leipzig, 1836), ii., 168. *Militair-Lexikon*, i., 420.

quence or distinctness. We infer only that every thing went by inflexible routine, not asking at all *what* pupil, nor much whether it would suit any pupil. Duhan, with the tendencies we have seen in him, who is willing to soften the inflexible when possible, and to "guide Nature" by a rather loose rein, was probably a genial element in the otherwise strict affair. Fritz had one unspeakable advantage, rare among princes, and even among peasants in these ruined ages, that of *not* being taught, or in general not, by the kind called "Hypocrites, and even Sincere Hypocrites," fatalest species of the class *Hypocrite*. We perceive he was lessoned all along, not by enchanted Phantasms of that dangerous sort, breathing mendacity of mind, unconsciously, out of every look, but by real Men, who believed from the heart outward, and were daily doing what they taught. To which unspeakable advantage we add a second, likewise considerable: that his masters, though rigorous, were not unlovable to him; that his affections, at least, were kept alive; that whatever of seed (or of chaff and hail, as was likelier) fell on his mind had *sunshine* to help in dealing with it. These are two advantages still achievable, though with difficulty, in our epoch, by an earnest father in behalf of his poor little son. And these are at present nearly all; with these well achieved, the earnest father and his son ought to be thankful. Alas! in matter of education, there are no high roads at present, or there are such only as do *not* lead to the goal. Fritz, like the rest of us, had to struggle his way, Nature and Didactic Art differing very much from one another; and to do battle, incessant partial battle, with his schoolmasters for any education he had.

A very rough Document, giving Friedrich Wilhelm's regulations on this subject from his own hand, has come down to us—most dull, embroiled, heavy Document; intricate, gnarled, and, in fine, rough and stiff as natural bull-headedness, helped by Prussian pipe-clay, can make it; contains some excellent hints too, and will show us something of Fritzchen and of Friedrich Wilhelm both at once, that is to say, always, if it can be read, if, by aid of abridging, elucidating, and arranging, we can get the reader engaged to peruse it patiently, which seems doubtful. The

points insisted on, in a ponderous, but straggling, confused manner, by his didactic Majesty, are chiefly these :

1°. "Must impress my Son with a proper love and fear of God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions, or sects of Atheist, Arian (Arrian), Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things have, which can so easily corrupt a young mind, are to be even named in his hearing ; on the other hand, a proper abhorrence (*Abscheu*) of Papistry, and insight into its baselessness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*) is to be communicated to him." Papistry, which is false enough, like the others, but impossible to be ignored like them, mention that, and give him due abhorrence for it ; for we are Protestant to the bone in this country, and can not stand *Absurdität*, least of all hypocritically religious ditto. But the grand thing will be "to impress on him the true religion, which consists essentially in this, that Christ died for all men," and generally, that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent, "which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*), or one freed from human penalties, in the right way."

2°. "He is to learn no Latin ;" observe that, however it may surprise you. What has a living German man and King of the eighteenth *Sæculum* to do with dead old Heathen Latins, Romans, and the lingo *they* spoke their fraction of sense and nonsense in ? Frightful how the young years of the European Generations have been wasted for ten centuries back, and the Thinkers of the world have become mere walking Sacks of Marine stores—" *Gelehrten*, Learned," as they call themselves—and gone *lost* to the world in that manner as a set of confiscated Pedants, babbling about said Heathens, and *their* extinct lingo, and fraction of sense and nonsense for the thousand years last past—Heathen Latins, Romans, who perhaps were no great things of Heathen after all, if well seen into. I have heard judges say they were *inferior*, in real worth and grist, to German home-growths we have had, if the confiscated Pedants could have discerned it. At any rate, they are dead, buried deep these two thousand years, well out of our way, and nonsense enough of our own left to keep sweeping into corners. Silence about their lingo and them to this new Crown-Prince ! "Let the Prince learn French and German," so as to write and speak "with brevity and propriety" in these two languages, which may be useful to him in life. That will suffice for languages, provided he have any thing effectually rational to say in them. For the rest,

3°. "Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery, Economy to the very bottom," and, in short, useful knowledge generally ; useless ditto not at all : "History in particular ; Ancient History only slightly

(nur überhin), but the History of the last Hundred and fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*," by way of hand-lamp to History, "he must be completely master of, as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country; and in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg, where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign; and along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen, and the others; and in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*sollen bey dem Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events." Surely, O King!

4°. "With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification"—mark you! "the Formation of a Camp and the other War-Sciences—that the Prince may, from youth upward, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession." This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, "have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son" (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him) "a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*) therein;" which is an extreme statement of the case, showing how much we have it at heart.

These are the chief Friedrich-Wilhelm traits; the rest of the Document corresponds in general to what the late Majesty had written for Friedrich Wilhelm himself on the like occasion.<sup>3</sup> Ruthless contempt of Useless Knowledge, and passionate insight into the distinction between Useful and Useless, especially into the worth of Soldiering as a royal accomplishment, are the chief peculiarities here; in which latter point, too, Friedrich Wilhelm, himself the most pacific of men, unless you pulled the whiskers of him or broke into his goods and chattels, knew very well what he was meaning, much better than we of the "Peace Society" and "Philanthropic Movement" could imagine at first sight. It is a thing he, for his part, is very decided upon.

Already, a year before this time,<sup>4</sup> there had been instituted, for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company

<sup>2</sup> Preuss. i., 11–14 (of date 13th August, 1718).

<sup>3</sup> Stenzel, iii., 572.

<sup>4</sup> 1st September, 1717: Preuss. i., 13.

above a hundred strong, which grew afterward to be near three hundred, and, indeed, rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees, called *Compagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred and ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him, where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance of this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there, which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command in chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fudging to a hair's-breadth, was Drill-master, and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness, till, in the course of time and attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge, which he did in a year or two; a little soldier thenceforth, properly strict, though of small dimensions, in tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat, miniature image of Papa (it is fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half crown. In 1721 the assiduous Papa set up a "little arsenal" for him "in the Orange Hall of the Palace;" there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance, his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill-sergeant; had good talents every way, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute too, and had a cheerful, conversible turn, which naturally recommended him still farther to Fritz, and awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty in the little Boy. Rentzel continued about him or in sight of him through life, advancing gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759), and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer-Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification, and the kindred branches, the like or better can be said. He was of graver years; had lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman, but

had abundant sense, native worth, and cheery rational talk in him, so that he, too, could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand to the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown-Prince cared for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going about in miniature soldier figure for most part—in strict Spartan-Brandenburg costume of body as of mind—costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery, yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterward to know. In October, 1723, it is on record, when George I. came to visit his Son-in-law and Daughter at Berlin, his Britannic Majesty, looking out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen “drilling his Cadet Company,” a very pretty little phenomenon—drilling, with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clock-work, on the Esplanade (*Lustgarten*) there; and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square, heavily-laden countenance of his. That is the record,<sup>5</sup> and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got from those dull old years of European History; years already sunk or sinking into lonesome, unpeopled Dusk for all men, and fast verging toward vacant Oblivion and Eternal Night, which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters, much less of dancing-masters (celebrated Graun “on the organ,” with Psalm-tunes), we can not speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack any where of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little military Fritz beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan

<sup>5</sup> Förster, i., 215.

manner, and learns to look into every thing like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his Hunts, too, Papa took him; for Papa was a famous hunter when at Wusterhausen in the season: hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge "Force-Hunt" (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild beasts driven into straits and caudine forks for you); Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, "sow-baiting," as the Germans call it), Partridge-shooting, Fox-and-wolf hunting—on all grand expeditions of such sort little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough, furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen*—*Wurstwagen*, "Sausage-car," so called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or "sausage" with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career, regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do, but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact, he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows, "with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seed-fields," he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades while the sows were getting baited; or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there in a day for open driving, which things by no means increase his favor with Papa, a sworn hater of "effeminate practices."

He was "nourished on beer-soup," as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude, were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him in every thing he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him: "Too much sleep stupefies the fellow," Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say; so that the very Doctors had to interfere in this matter for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, count-

ed in *groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good; about eighteen pence in the month to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys necessary for his use were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Day-books by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm, of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September, 1719 (the Boy's eighth year), has been published. Very singular to contemplate in these days of gold nuggets and irrational man-mountains fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some £3 10s., and has gone, all but the eighteen pence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries, as thus:

"To putting his Highness's shoes on the last," for stretching them to the little feet—and only one "last," as we perceive; "To twelve yards of Hair-tape" (*Haar-band* for our little queue, which becomes visible here); "For drink-money to the Postillions;" "For the House-maids at Wusterhausen" (Don't I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa at that latter kind of items: No more of that); "For mending the flute, four *groschen* (or pence);" "Two Boxes of Colors, sixteen ditto;" "For a live snipe, twopence;" "For grinding the hanger" (little swordkin); "To a Boy whom the dog bit;" and chiefly of all, "To the *Klingbeutel*" (Collection-plate, or bag, at Church), which comes upon us once, nay, twice, and even thrice a week, eighteen pence each time, and eats deep into our straitened means.<sup>6</sup>

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into Friedrich the Great, while irrational man-mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish-vulpine sort, take such a price to fatten them into monstrosity. The Art-manufacture of your Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be more honest will on the part of the by-standers. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world; and a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant-god of these sunk ages, with a touch of melodious *runes* in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow) was raised on frugal oatmeal at an expense of perhaps half a crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine, but they are not the most divine. I often wish

<sup>6</sup> Preuss, i., 17.

the devil had the lion's share of them at once, and not circuitously as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam in this epoch.

But with regard to our little Crown-Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust, and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721, little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhan and Finkensteins, wh' Papa is rusticating for a few weeks. The essential Title is, or might be,

*To Head-Governor von Finkenstein, Sub-Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jaudun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling at Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721,*<sup>7</sup> in greatly abridged form.

*Sunday.* "On Sunday he is to rise at 7, and, as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it" (that there be no deception or short measure palmed upon us) "in these words: 'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart, that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is, and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus my Redeemer's sake. Amen.' After which the Lord's Prayer; then rapidly and vigorously (*geschwinde und hurtig*) wash himself clean, dress, and powder, and comb himself:" we forget to say that, while they are combing and queuing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea. "Prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes," that is, at a quarter past 7.

"This finished, all his Domestics and Duhan shall come in and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn" (as practiced in well-regulated families); "it will then be a quarter to 8. All the Domestics then withdraw again, and Duhan now reads with my Son the Gospel of the Sunday, expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity;" "questioning from Noltenius's Catechism" (which Fritz knows by heart): "it will then be 9 o'clock.

<sup>7</sup> Preuss, i., 19.

"At 9 he brings my Son down to me, who goes to Church, and dines along with me" (dinner at the stroke of Noon); "the rest of the day is then his own" (Fritz's and Duhan's). "At half past 9 in the evening he shall come and bid me good-night; shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly (*sehr geschwind*) get off his clothes, wash his hands" (get into some tiny dressing-gown or *cassaquin*, no doubt), "and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn, all the Servants being again there; instantly after which my Son shall get into bed—shall be *in* bed at half past 10;" and fall asleep how soon, your Majesty? This is very strict work.

*Monday.* "On Monday, as on all week-days, he is to be called at 6, and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (*anhalten*) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but brisish and at once get up, and say his prayers the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as he can get on his shoes and spatterdashes, also wash his face and hands, but not with soap; farther, shall put on his *cassaquin*" (short dressing-gown), "have his hair combed out and queued, but not powdered. While getting combed and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once, and all this shall be ended before half past 6." Then enter Duhan and the Domestic with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

"From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes Noltienus" (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the "Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with soap and water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat; about 11 comes to the King; stays with the king till 2," perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon, after which his Majesty is apt to be slumberous, and light amusements are over.

"Directly at 2 he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography from 2 to 3, giving account" (gradually) "of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches, and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good *stylum*" (which he never in the least did). "About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King; ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room, and do what he likes, if it is not against God."

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Week-day, which latter may serve for all the other five, though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of *History*, of *Morality*, and *Writing*

in German, of Maps and *Geography*, with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take up *Arithmetic* more than once; *Writing of French Letters*, so as to acquire a good *stylum*, in what nook you may intercalate "a little getting by heart of something in order to strengthen the memory;" how, instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning; with which two onslaughts, of an hour and half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. After half past 9, having done his *History*, and "got something by heart to strengthen the memory" (very little, it is to be feared), "Fritz shall rapidly dress himself and come to the King; and the rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*)."

On Saturday there is some fair chance of half holiday.

"*Saturday*, forenoon till half past 10, come *History*, *Writing*, and *Ciphering*, especially repetition of what was done through the week, and in *Morality* as well" (adds the rapid Majesty), "to see whether he has profited; and General Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own; if he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to 6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days." And so the laboring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule, which can not be too much impressed upon you, with which we conclude:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)."

'Not so dirty,' that is my last word; and here is my sign-manual.

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."<sup>s</sup>

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## CHAPTER IX.

### WUSTERHAUSEN.

WUSTERHAUSEN, where for the present these operations go on, lies about twenty English miles southeast of Berlin, as you go toward Schlesien (Silesia), on the old Silesian road, in a flat,

<sup>s</sup> Preuss, i., 21.

moory country made of peat and sand, and is not distinguished for its beauty at all among royal Hunting-lodges. The Göhrde at Hanover, for example, what a splendor there is in comparison! But it serves Friedrich Wilhelm's simple purposes: there is game abundant in the scraggy woodlands, otter-pools, fish-pools, and miry thickets of that old "Schenkenland" (belonged all once to the "*Schenken* Family," till old King Friedrich bought it for his Prince); retinue sufficient find nooks for lodgment in the poor old Schloss, so called; and Noltenius and Panzendorf drive out each once a week in some vehicle to drill Fritz in his religious exercises.

One Zöllner, a Tourist to Silesia, confesses himself rather pleased to find even Wusterhausen in such a country of sandy, bent-grass, lean cattle, and flat, desolate languor.

"Getting to the top of the ridge" (most insignificant "ridge," made by hand, Wilhelmina satirically says), Tourist Zöllner can discern with pleasure "a considerable Brook"—visible, not audible, smooth Stream, or chain of meres and lakelets, flowing languidly northward toward Köpenik—in audible big Brook or Stream, which we perceive drains a slightly hollowed Tract—too shallow to be called valley—of several miles in width, of several yards in depth; Tract with wood here and there on it, and signs of grass and culture, welcome after what you have passed. On the foreground close to you is the Hamlet of Königs-Wusterhausen, with tolerable Lime-tree Avenue leading to it, and the air of something sylvan from your Hill-top. Königs-Wusterhausen was once *Wendish*-Wusterhausen, and not far off is *Deutsch*-Wusterhausen, famed, I suppose, by faction fights in the Vandalic times: both of them are now *King's*-Wusterhausen (since the King came thither), to distinguish them from other Wusterhausens that there are.

Descending, advancing through your Lime-tree Avenue, you come upon the backs of office-houses, out-houses, stables, or the like—on your left hand, I have guessed—extending along the Highway; and in the middle of these you come at last to a kind of Gate or vaulted passage (*Art von Thor*, says Zöllner), where, if you have liberty, you face to the left and enter. Here, once through into the free light again, you are in a Court—four-square space, not without prospect; right side and left side are lodgings for his Majesty's gentlemen; behind you, well in their view, are stables and kitchens; in the centre of the place is a Fountain, "with hewn steps and iron railings," where his simple Majesty has been known to sit and smoke on summer evenings. The fourth side of your square, again, is a palisade, beyond which, over bridge, and

moat, and intervening apparatus, you perceive, on its trim terraces, the respectable old Schloss itself—a rectangular mass, not of vast proportions, with tower in the centre of it (tower for screw-stair, the general roadway of the House), and looking, though weather-beaten, yet weather-tight, and as dignified as it can. This is Wusterhausen, Friedrich Wilhelm's Hunting-seat from of old.

A dreadfully crowded place, says Wilhelmina, where you are stuffed into garrets, and have not room to turn. The terraces are of some magnitude, trimmed all round with a row of little clipped trees, one big lime-tree at each corner; under one of these big lime-trees, aided by an awning, it is his Majesty's delight to spread his frugal but substantial dinner, four-and-twenty covers, at the stroke of 12, and so dine *sub dio*. If rain come on, says Wilhelmina, you are wet to midleg, the ground being hollow in that place; and, indeed, in all weathers your situation every way, to a vehement young Princess's idea, is rather of the horrible sort. After dinner his Majesty sleeps, stretched perhaps on some wooden settle or garden-chair, for an hour, regardless of the flaming heat, under his awning or not, and we poor Princesses have to wait, praying all the Saints that they would resuscitate him soon. This is about 2 P. M.; happier Fritz is gone to his lessons in the interim.

These four Terraces, this rectangular Schloss with the four big lindens at the corners, are surrounded by a Moat—black, abominable ditch, Wilhelmina calls it—of the hue of Tartarean Styx, and of a far worse smell; in fact, enough to choke one in hot days, after dinner, thinks the vehement Princess. Three Bridges cross this Moat or ditch from the middle of three several Terraces or sides of the Schloss, and on the fourth it is impassable. Bridge first, coming from the palisade and Office-house Court, has not only human sentries walking at it, but two white Eagles perch near it, and two black ditto, symbols of the heraldic Prussian Eagle, screeching about in their littery way: item, two black Bears, ugly as Sin, which are vicious wretches withal, and many times do passengers a mischief, as perhaps we shall see on some occasion. This is Bridge first, leading to the Court and to the outer Highway; a King's gentleman, going to bed at night, has always to pass these Bears. Bridge second leads us southward to a common Mill, which is near by, its clacking audible upon the common Stream of the region, and not unpleasant to his Majesty, among its meadows fringed with alders, in a country of mere and moor. Bridge third, directly opposite to Bridge first and its Bears, leads you to the Garden, whither Mamma, playing tocadille all day with her women, will not, or will not often enough, let us poor girls go.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Zöllner: *Briefe über Schlesien* (Berlin, 1792), i., 2, 3. Wilhelmina, i., 364, 365.

Such is Wusterhausen, as delineated by a vehement Princess some years hence, who becomes at last intelligible by study and the aid of our Silesian Tourist. It is not distinguished among Country Palaces; but the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm asleep there after dinner, regardless of the flaming sun (should he sleep too long, and the shadow of his linden quit him), this is a sight which no other Palace in the world can match; this will long render Wusterhausen memorable to me. His Majesty, early always as the swallows, hunts, I should suppose, in the morning; dines and sleeps, we may perceive, till toward 3 or later. His Official business he will not neglect, nor shirk the hours due to it; toward sunset there may be a walk or ride with Fritz, or Feekin and the woman-kind; and always, in the evening, his Majesty holds *Tabagie*, *Tabaks Collegium* (Smoking College, kind of Tobacco Parliament, as we might name it), an Institution punctually attended to by his Majesty, of which we shall by-and-by speak more. At Wusterhausen his Majesty holds his Smoking Session mostly in the open air, oftenest "on the steps of the great Fountain" (how arranged as to seating and canvas-screening I can not say); smokes there with his Grumkows, Derschaus, Anhalt-Dessaus, and select Friends, in various slow talk, till Night kindle her mild starlights, shake down her dark curtains over all Countries, and admonish weary mortals that it is now bedtime.

Not much of the Picturesque in this autumnal life of our little Boy; but he has employments in abundance, and these make the permitted open air, under any terms, a delight. He can rove about with Duhan among the gorse and heath, and their wild summer tenantry, winged and wingless. In the woodlands are wild swine; in the meres are fishes, otters; the drowsy Hamlets scattered round awaken in an interested manner at the sound of our pony hoofs and dogs. Mittenwalde, where are shops, is within riding distance; we could even stretch to Köpenik, and visit in the big Schloss there, if Duhan were willing and the cattle fresh. From some church steeple or sand-knoll, it is to be hoped, some blue streak of the Lausitz Hills may be visible: the Sun, and the Moon, and the Heavenly Hosts, these full certainly

are visible; and on an Earth which every where produces miracles of all kinds, from the daisy or heather-bell up to the man, one place is nearly equal to another for a brisk little Boy.

Fine Palaces, if Wusterhausen be a sorry one, are not wanting to our young Friend; whatsoever it is in the power of architecture and upholstery to do for him, may be considered, withal, as done. Wusterhausen is but a Hunting-lodge for some few Autumn weeks; the Berlin Palace and the Potsdam—grand buildings both—few Palaces in the world surpass them, and there, in one or other of these, is our usual residence. Little Fritz, besides his young Finkensteins, and others of the like, has Cousins, children of his Grandfather's Half-brothers, who are comrades of his; for the Great Elector, as we saw, was twice wedded, and had a second set of sons and daughters. Two of the sons had children; certain of these are about the Crown-Prince's own age, "Cousins" of his (strictly speaking, Half-cousins of *his Father's*), who are much about him in his young days, and more or less afterward, according to the worth they proved to have. Margraves and Margravines of Schwedt—there are five or six of such young Cousins, not to mention the eldest, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, who is now come to manhood (born 1700), who wished much in after years to have had Wilhelmina to wife, but had to put up with a younger Princess of the House, and ought to have been thankful. This one has a younger Brother, Heinrich, slightly Fritz's senior, and much his comrade at one time, of whom we shall transiently hear again. Of these two the Old Dessauer is Uncle. If both his Majesty and the Crown-Prince should die, one of these would be king, a circumstance which Wilhelmina and the Queen have laid well to heart, and build many wild suspicions upon in these years, as that the Old Dessauer, with his gunpowder face, has a plot one day to assassinate his Majesty—plot evident as sunlight to Wilhelmina and Mamma, which providentially came to nothing—and other spectral notions of theirs.<sup>2</sup> The Father of these two Margraves (elder of the two Half-brothers that have children) died in the time of old King Friedrich, eight or nine years ago. Their Mother, the

<sup>2</sup> Wilhelmina, i., 35, 41.

scheming old Margravine, whom I always fancy to dress in high colors, is still living, as Wilhelmina well knows.

Then, by another, the younger of those old Half-brothers, there is a Karl, a second Friedrich Wilhelm, Cousin-Margraves—plenty of Cousins, and two young Margravines among them,<sup>3</sup> the youngest about Fritz's own age<sup>4</sup>—no want of Cousins, the Crown-Prince seeing much of them all, and learning pleasantly their various qualities, which were good in most, in some not so good, and did not turn out supreme in any case. But, for the rest, Sister Wilhelmina is his grand confederate and companion—true in sport and in earnest, in joy and in sorrow. Their truthful love to one another, now and till death, is probably the brightest element their life yielded to either of them.

What might be the date of Fritz's first appearance in the Roucoules "Soiree held on Wednesdays," in the Finkenstein, or any other Soiree, as an independent figure, I do not know; but at the proper time he does appear there, and with distinction not extrinsic alone; talks delightfully in such places; can discuss, even with French Divines, in a charmingly ingenious manner. Another of his elderly consorts I must mention, Colonel Camas, a highly cultivated Frenchman (French altogether by parentage

<sup>3</sup> Michaelis, i., 425.

<sup>4</sup> *Note of the Cousin Margraves*.—Great Elector, by his Second Wife, had Five Sons, Two of whom left Children, as follows (so far as they concern us—the others omitted):

1°. Son *Philip's* Children (Mother the Old Dessauer's Sister) are, Friedrich Wilhelm (1700), who wished much, but in vain, to marry Wilhelmina. Heinrich Friedrich (1709), a comrade of Fritz's in youth, sometimes getting into scrapes—misbehaved some way at the Battle of Molwitz (first of Friedrich's Battles), 1741, and was inexorably cut by the new King, and continued under a cloud thenceforth. This *Philip* ("Philip Wilhelm") died 1711, his forty-third year; Widow long survived him.

2°. Son *Albert's* Children (Mother a Courland Princess) are, Karl (1705); lived near Cüstrin; became a famed Captain in the Silesian Wars under his Cousin. Friedrich (1701); fell at Molwitz, 1741. Friedrich Wilhelm (a Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm "No. 2," namesake of his now Majesty, it is like); born 1714; killed at Prag by a cannon-shot (at King Friedrich's hand, reconnoitring the place), 1744. This *Albert* ("Albert Friedrich") died suddenly, 1731, age fifty-nine.

and breeding, though born on Prussian land), who was Tutor at one time to some of those young Margraves. He has lost an arm—left it in those Italian Campaigns under Anhalt-Dessau and Eugene—but, by the aid of a cork substitute, dexterously managed, almost hides the want: a gallant soldier, fit for the diplomacies too, a man of fine high ways.<sup>5</sup> And then his Wife—in fact, the Camas House, we perceive, had from an early time been one of the Crown-Prince's haunts. Madam Camas is a German Lady, but for genial elegance, for wit, and wisdom, and goodness, could not readily be paralleled in France or elsewhere. Of both these Camases there will be honorable and important mention by-and-by, especially of the Lady, whom he continues to call "Mamma" for fifty years to come, and corresponds with in a very beautiful and human fashion.

Under these auspices, in such environment, dimly visible to us, at Wusterhausen and elsewhere, is the remarkablest little Crown-Prince of his Century growing up, prosperously as yet.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM holds Tabagie nightly; but at Wusterhausen, or wherever he may be, there is no lack of intricate Official Labor, which, even in the Tabagie, Friedrich Wilhelm does not forget. At the time he was concocting those Instructions for his little Prince's Schoolmasters, and smoking meditative under the stars, with Magdeburg "*Ritter-Dienst*" and much else of his own to think of, there is an extraneous Political Intricacy, making noise enough in the world, much in his thoughts withal, and no doubt occasionally murmured of amid the tobacco-clouds—the Business of the Heidelberg Protestants, which is just coming to a height in those Autumn months of 1719.

Indeed, this Year 1719 was a particularly noisy one for him. This is the year of the "nephritic cholic," which befell at Brandenburg on some journey of his Majesty's, with alarm of immediate death; Queen Sophie sent for by express; testament made

<sup>5</sup> *Militair-Lexikon*, i., 308,

in her favor; and intrigues, very black ones, Wilhelmina thinks, following thereupon.<sup>1</sup> And the "Affair of Clement," on which the old Books are so profuse, falls likewise, the crisis of it falls in 1719—of Clement, the "Hungarian Nobleman," who was a mere Hungarian Swindler and Forger of Royal Letters, sowing mere discords, black suspicions, between Friedrich Wilhelm and the neighboring Courts, Imperial and Saxon: "Your Majesty to be snapped up some day by hired ruffians, and spirited away for behoof of those treacherous Courts," so that Friedrich Wilhelm fell into a gloom of melancholy, and for long weeks "never slept but with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow—of this Clement, an adroit Phenomenon of the kind, and intensely agitating to Friedrich Wilhelm, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had at last to lay hold of, try this very year, and ultimately hang,<sup>2</sup> amid the rumor and wonder of mankind—of him, noisy as he was, and still filling many pages of the old Books, a hint shall suffice, and we will say nothing farther. But this of the Heidelberg Protestants, though also rather an extinct business, has still some claims on us. This, in justice to the "inarticulate man of genius," and for other reasons, we must endeavor to resuscitate a little.

*Of Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip: How he got a Wife long since,  
and did Feats in the World.*

There reigns in these years, at Heidelberg, as Elector Palatine, a kind-tempered but abrupt and somewhat unreasonable old gentleman, now verging toward sixty, Karl Philip by name, who has come athwart the Berlin Court and its affairs more than once, and will again do so in a singularly disturbing way. From before Friedrich Wilhelm's birth, all through Friedrich Wil-

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Bareith*, i., 26-29.

<sup>2</sup> Had arrived in Berlin "end of 1717;" staid about a year, often privately in the King's company, poisoning the royal mind; withdrew to the Hague, suspecting Berlin might soon grow dangerous; is whiled out of that Territory into the Prussian, and arrested by one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Colonels, "end of 1718;" lies in Spandau, getting tried, for seventeen months; hanged, with two Accomplices, 18th April, 1720. (See, in succession, Stenzel, iii., 298, 302; Fassmann, p. 321; Förster, ii., 272, and iii., 320-324.)

helm's life and farther, this Karl Philip is a stone of stumbling there. His first feat in life was that of running off with a Prussian Princess from Berlin, the rumor of which was still at its height when Friedrich Wilhelm, a fortnight after, came into the world, the gossips still talking of it, we may fancy, when Friedrich Wilhelm was first swaddled: an unheard-of thing, the manner of which was this.

Readers have perhaps forgotten that old King Friedrich I. once had a Brother, elder Brother, who died, to the Father's great sorrow, and made way for Friedrich as Crown-Prince. This Brother had been married a short time. He left a Widow without children—a beautiful Lithuanian Princess, born Radzivil, and of great possessions in her own country. She, in her crapes and close cap, remained an ornament to the new Berlin Court for some time—not too long. The mourning year once out, a new marriage came on foot for the brilliant Widow; the Bridegroom a James Sobieski, eldest Prince of the famous John, King Sobieski—Prince with fair outlooks toward Polish Sovereignty, and handy for those Lithuanian Possessions of hers—altogether an eligible match.

This marriage was on foot, not quite completed, when Karl Philip, Cadet of the Pfalz, came to Berlin—a rather idle young man, once in the clerical way, now gone into the military, with secular outlooks, his elder Brother, Heir-apparent of the Pfalz, “having no children”—came to Berlin in the course of visiting and roving about. The beautiful Widow-Princess seemed very charming to Karl Philip; he wooed hard; threw the Princess into great perplexity. She had given her Yes to James Sobieski; inevitable wedding-day was coming on with James, and here was Karl Philip wooing so. In brief, the result was, she galloped off with Karl Philip on the eve of said wedding-day, married Karl Philip (24th July, 1688), and left Prince James standing there, too much like Lot's Wife, in the astonished Court of Berlin.<sup>3</sup> Judge if the Berlin public talked, unintelligible to Friedrich Wilhelm, then safe in swaddling-clothes.

King Sobieski, the Father, famed Deliverer of Vienna, was in

<sup>3</sup> Michaelis, ii., 93.

high dudgeon; but Karl Philip apologized to all lengths, made his peace at last, giving a Sister of his own to be Wife to the injured James. This was Karl Philip's first outbreak in life, and it was not his only one: a man not ill-disposed, all grant, but evidently of headlong turn, with a tendency to leap fences in this world. He has since been soldiering about in a loose way, governing Innspruck, fighting the Turks; but, lately, his elder Brother died childless (year 1716), and left him Kurfürst of the Pfalz. His fair Radzivil is dead long ago, she and a successor, or it may be two. Except one Daughter, whom the fair Radzivil left him, he has no children, and in these times, I think, lives with a third Wife, of the *left-hand* kind.

His scarcity of progeny is not so indifferent to my readers as they might suppose. This new *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector-Palatine) Karl Philip is by genealogy—who, thinks the reader? *Pfalz-Neuburg* by line, own Grandson of that Wolfgang Wilhelm who got the slap on the face long since on account of the Cleve-Jülich matter. So it has come round. The Line of Simmern died out, Winter-King's Grandson the last of that, and then, as right was, the Line of Neuburg took the top place, and became Kur-Pfalz. The first of these was this Karl Philip's Father, son of the Beslapped, an old man when he succeeded. Karl Philip is the third Kur-Pfalz of the Neuburg Line; his childless elder Brother (he who collected the Pictures at Düsseldorf, once notable there) was second of the Neuburgs. They now, we say, are Electors Palatine, Head of the House, and, we need not add, along with their Electorate and Neuburg Country, possess the Cleve-Jülich Moiety of Heritage about which there was such worrying in time past. Nay, the last Kur-Pfalz resided there, and collected the "Düsseldorf Gallery," as we have just said, though Karl Philip prefers Heidelberg hitherto.

To Friedrich Wilhelm the scarcity of progeny is a thrice-interesting fact; for if this actual Neuburg should leave no male heir, as is now humanly probable, the Line of Neuburg too is out, and then great things ought to follow for our Prussian House. Then, by the last Bargain, made in 1666 with all solemnity between the Great Elector, our Grandfather of famous memory, and your serene Father, the then Pfalz-Neuburg, sub-

sequently Kur-Pfalz, likewise of famous memory, son of the Be-slapped, the whole Heritage falls to Prussia, no other Pfalz Branch having thenceforth the least claim to it. Bargain was express—signed, sealed, sanctioned, drawn out on the due extent of sheepskin, which can still be read—bargain clear enough, but will this Karl Philip incline to keep it?

That may one day be the interesting question, but that is not the question of controversy at present; not that, but another; for Karl Philip, it would seem, is to be a frequent stone of stumbling to the Prussian House. The present question is of a Protestant-Papist matter, into which Friedrich Wilhelm has been drawn by his public spirit alone.

*Karl Philip and his Heidelberg Protestants.*

The Pfalz population was from of old Protestant-Calvinist; the Electors-Palatine used to be distinguished for their forwardness in that matter. So it is still with the Pfalz population, but with the Electors, now that the House of Simmern is out, and that of Neuburg in, it is not so. The Neuburgs, ever since that slap on the face, have continued Popish—a sore fact for this Protestant population when it got them for Sovereigns. Karl Philip's Father, an old soldier at Vienna, and the elder Brother, a collector of Pictures at Düsseldorf, did not outwardly much molest the creed of their subjects. Protestants, and the remnant of Catholics (remnant naturally rather expanding now that the Court shone on it), were allowed to live in peace, according to the Treaty of Westphalia, or nearly so, dividing the churches and church revenues equitably between them, as directed there; but, now that Karl Philip is come in, there is no mistaking his procedures; he has come home to Heidelberg with a retinue of Jesuits about him, to whom the poor old gentleman, looking before and after on this troublous world, finds it salutary to give ear.

His nibblings at Protestant rights, his contrivances to slide Catholics into churches which were not theirs, and the like foul play in that matter, had been sorrowful to see for some time past. The Elector of Maintz, Chief Priest of Germany, is busy in the same bad direction, he and others. Indeed, ever since the Peace of Ryswick, where Louis XVI. surreptitiously introduced a cer-

tain "Clause," which could never be got rid of again,<sup>4</sup> nibbling aggressions of this kind have gone on more and more, always too sluggishly resisted by the *Corpus Evangelicorum* in the Diets or otherwise, the "United Protestant Sovereigns" not being an active "Body" there, and now more sluggishly than ever, said *Corpus* having August, Elector of Saxony, Catholic (Sham-Catholic) King of Poland, for its Official Head, "August the Physically Strong," a man highly unconcerned for matters Evangelical, so that the nibblings go on worse and worse, an offense of all Protestant Rulers who had any conscience—at length, an unbearable one to Friedrich Wilhelm, who, alone of them all, decided to intervene effectually, and say, at whatever risk there might be, we will not stand it.

Karl Philip, after some nibblings, took up the Heidelberg Catechism (which candidly calls the Mass "idolatrous"), and ordered said Catechism, an Authorized Book, to cease in his Dominions. Hessen-Cassel, a Protestant neighbor, pleaded, remonstrated, Friedrich Wilhelm gloomed in the rear, but to no purpose. Our old gentleman, his Priests being very diligent upon him, decided next to get possession of the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* (Church of the Holy Ghost, principal Place of Worship at Heidelberg), and make it his principal Cathedral Church there. By Treaty of Westphalia, or peaceably otherwise, the Catholics are already in possession of the Choir, but the whole Church would be so much better. "Was it not Catholic once?" thought Karl Philip to himself, "built by our noble Ancestor Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, Rupert *Klemm* ('Pincers,' so named for his firmness of mind): why should these Heretics have it?

<sup>4</sup> "Clause of the Fourth Article" is the technical name of it. *Fourth Article* stipulates that King Louis XIV. shall punctually restore all manner of towns and places in the Palatinate, &c. (much burnt, somewhat *be-Jesuit-ed* too, in late Wars by the said King during his occupancy): *Clause of Fourth Article* (added to it by a quirk, "at midnight," say the Books) contains merely these words, "*Religione tamen Catholica Romand, in locis sic restitutis, in statu quo nunc est remanente*: Roman Catholic religion to continue as it now is" (as we have made it to be) "in such towns and places," which *Clause* gave rise to very great but ineffectual lamenting and debating. (Schöll, *Traité de Paix* (Par., 1817), i., 433-8; Buchholz; Spittler, *Geschichte Württembergs*, &c.)

I will build them another." These thoughts, in 1719, the third year of Karl Philip's rule, had broken out into open action (29th August, 4th September the consummation of it);<sup>5</sup> and precisely in the time when Friedrich Wilhelm was penning that first Didactic Morsel which we read, grave clouds from the Palatinate were beginning to overshadow the royal mind more or less.

For the poor Heidelberg Consistorium, as they could not undertake to give up their Church on request of his Serenity—"How dare we, or can we?" answered they—had been driven out by compulsion and stratagem. Partly strategic was the plan adopted, to avoid violence, smith's picklocks being employed, and also mason's crowbars; but the end was, on the 31st of August, 1719, Consistorium and Congregation found themselves fairly in the street, and the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* clean gone from them. Screen of the Choir is torn down; one big Catholic Edifice now; getting decorated into a Court Church, where Serene Highness may feel his mind comfortable.

The poor Heidelbergers, thus thrown into the street, made applications, lamentations, but with small prospect of help: to whom apply with any sure prospect? Remonstrances from Hessen-Cassel have proved unavailing with his bigoted Serene Highness. *Corpus Evangelicorum*, so presided over as at present, what can be had of such a Corpus? Long-winded lucubrations at the utmost; real action in such a matter, none. Or will the Kaiser, his Jesuits advising him, interfere to do us justice? Kur-Maintz and the rest, it is every where one story—every where unhappy Protestantism getting bad usage, and ever worse, and no *Corpus Evangelicorum* or appointed Watch-dog doing other than hang its ears and look sorry for itself and us.

The Heidelbergers, however, had applied to Friedrich Wilhelm among others. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long looked on these Anti-Protestant phenomena with increasing anger, found now that this of the Heidelberg Catechism and *Heilige-Geist Kirche* was enough to make one's patience run over. Your unruly Catholic bull, plunging about, and goring men in that mad, absurd manner, it will behoove that somebody take him by the horns or by the tail, and teach him manners—teach

<sup>5</sup> Mauvillon, i., 340-345.

1719.

him, not by vocal precepts, it is likely, which would avail nothing on such a brute, but by practical cudgeling and scourging to the due pitch. Pacific Friedrich Wilhelm perceived that he himself would have to do that disagreeable feat. The growl of him on coming to such resolution must have been consolatory to these poor Heidelbergers when they applied. His plan is very simple, as the plans of genius are, but a plan leading direct to the end desired, and probably the only one that would have done so in the circumstances. Cudgel in hand, he takes the Catholic bull—shall we say by the horns? more properly, perhaps, by the tail—and teaches him manners.

*Friedrich Wilhelm's Method; proves remedial in Heidelberg.*

Friedrich Wilhelm's first step, of course, was to remonstrate pacifically with his Serene Highness on the Heidelberg-Church affair. From this he probably expected nothing, nor did he get any thing. Getting nothing from this, and the countenance of external Protestant Powers, especially of George I. and the Dutch, being promised him in ulterior measures, he directed his Administrative Officials in Magdeburg, in Minden, in Hamersleben, where are Catholic Foundations of importance, to assemble the Catholic Canons, Abbots, chief Priests, and all whom it might concern in these three Places, and to signify to them as follows:

“From us, your Protestant Sovereign, you yourselves and all men will witness, you have hitherto had the best of usage, fair play according to the Laws of the *Reich*, and even more. With the Protestants at Heidelberg it is different. It must cease to be different; it must become the same; and to make it do so, you are the implement I have; sorry for it, but there is no other handy. From this day your Churches are closed, your Public Worship ceases, and, furthermore, your Revenues cease, and all makes dead halt and falls torpid in respect of you—from this day, and so continues till the day (may it be soon) when the Heidelberg Church of the Holy Ghost is opened again, and right done in that question. Be it yours to speed such day: it is you that can and will—you, who know those high Catholic regions, inaccessible to your Protestant Sovereign. Till then you are as

dead men, temporarily fallen dead for a purpose. And herewith God have you in his keeping."<sup>6</sup>

That was Friedrich Wilhelm's plan—the simplest, but probably the only effectual plan. Infallible this plan, if you dare stand upon it, which Friedrich Wilhelm does. He has a formidable Army ready for fight, a Treasury or Army-Chest in good order. George I. seconds, according to agreement; shuts the Catholic Church at Zelle, in his Lüneburg Country, in like fashion; Dutch, too, and Swiss will endorse the matter, should it grow too serious; all which, involving some diplomacy and correspondence, is managed with due promptitude, moreover.<sup>7</sup> And so certain doors are locked, and Friedrich Wilhelm's word, unalterable as gravitation, has gone forth. In this manner is the mad Catholic bull taken by the *tail*: keep fast hold, and apply your cudgel duly in that attitude, he will not gore you any more.

The Magdeburg-Hamersleben people shrieked piteously, not to Friedrich Wilhelm, whom they knew to be deaf on that side of his head, but to the Kaiser, to the Pope, to the Serenity of Heidelberg. Serene Highness of Heidelberg was much huffed; Kaiser dreadfully so, and wrote heavy, menacing rebukes, to which Friedrich Wilhelm listened with a minimum of reply, keeping firm hold of the tail in such bellowing of the animal. The end was, Serene Highness had to comply: within three months, Kaiser, Serene Highness, and the other parties interested found that there would be nothing for it but to compose themselves and do what was just. April 16th, 1720, the Protestants are reinstated in their *Heilige-Geist Kirche*; Heidelberg Catechism goes its free course again May 16th, and one Baron Reck<sup>8</sup> is appointed Commissioner from the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, to Heidelberg, who continues rigorously inspecting Church matters there for a considerable time, much to the grief of Highness and Jesuits, till he can report that all is as it should be on that head. Karl Philip

<sup>6</sup> Mauvillon, i., 347, 349.

<sup>7</sup> Church of Zelle shut up, 4th November; Minden, 28th November; Monastery of Hamersleben, 3d December, &c. (Pütter: *Historische Entwicklung der heutigen Staatsverfassung des Deutschen Reichs*, Göttingen, 1788, ii., 384, 390.)

<sup>8</sup> Michaelis, ii., 95; Pütter, ii., 384, 390; Buchholz, p. 61-63.

felt so disgusted with these results, he removed his Court that same year to Mannheim; quitted Heidelberg, to the discouragement and visible decay of the place, and, in spite of humble petitions and remonstrances, never would return; neither he nor those that followed him would shift from Mannheim again to this day.

*Prussian Majesty has displeased the Kaiser and the King of Poland.*

Friedrich Wilhelm's praises from the Protestant public were great on this occasion; nor can we, who lie much farther from it in every sense, refuse him some grin of approval. Act, and manner of doing the act, are creditably of a piece with Friedrich Wilhelm, physiognomic of the rugged veracious man. It is one of several such acts done by him, for it was a duty apt to recur in Germany in his day. This duty Friedrich Wilhelm, a solid Protestant after his sort, and convinced of the "nothingness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*) of Papistry," was always honorably prompt to do. There is an honest bacon-and-greens conscience in the man, almost the one conscience you can find in any royal man of that day. Promptly, without tremulous counting of costs, he always starts up, solid as oak, on the occurrence of such a thing, and says, "That is unjust; contrary to the Treaty of Westphalia; you will have to put down that;" and if words avail not, his plan is always this same: Clap a similar thumbscrew, pressure equitably calculated, on the Catholics of Prussia: these can complain to their Popes and Jesuit Dignitaries; these are under thumbscrew till the Protestant pressure be removed; which always did rectify the matter in a little time. One other of these instances, that of the Salzburg Protestants, the last such instance, as this of Heidelberg was the first, will by-and-by claim notice from us.

It is very observable how Friedrich Wilhelm, hating quarrels, was ever ready to turn out for quarrel on such an occasion, though otherwise conspicuously a King who staid well at home, looking after his own affairs, meddling with no neighbor that would be at peace with him. This properly was Friedrich Wilhelm's "sphere of political activity" among his contempora-

ries; this small quasi-domestic sphere, of forbidding injury to Protestants—a most small sphere, but then a genuine one; nor did he seek even this, had it not forced itself upon him. And truly we might ask, What has become of the other more considerable “spheres” in that epoch? The supremest, loud-trumpeting “political activities” which then filled the world and its newspapers, what has the upshot of them universally been? Zero and oblivion—no other; while this poor Friedrich-Wilhelm sphere is perhaps still a countable quantity. Wise is he who stays well at home, and does the duty he finds lying there.

Great favor from the Protestant public; but, on the other hand, his Majesty had given offense in high places. What help for it? The thing was a point of conscience with him; natural to the surly Royal Overseer, going his rounds in the world, stick in hand. However, the Kaiser was altogether gloomy of brow at such disobedience; a Kaiser unfriendly to Friedrich Wilhelm: witness that of the *Ritter-Dienst* (our unreasonable Magdeburg Ritters, countenanced by him, on such terms, in such style too), and other offensive instances that could be given. Perhaps the Kaiser will not always continue gloomy of brow; perhaps the thoughts of the Imperial breast may alter, on our behalf or his own, one day?

Nor could King August, the Physically Strong, be glad to see his “Director” function virtually superseded in this triumphant way. A year or two ago Friedrich Wilhelm had, with the due cautions and politic reserves, inquired of the *Corpus Evangelicorum* “if they thought the present Directorship (that of August, the Physically Strong) a good one?” and “whether he, Friedrich Wilhelm, ought not perhaps himself to be Director?” to which, though the answer was clear as noon-day, this poor Corpus had only mumbled some “*Quieta non movere*,” or other wise-foolish saw, and helplessly shrugged its shoulders.<sup>9</sup> But King August himself, though a jovial, soeial kind of animal, quite otherwise occupied in the world—busy producing his Three hundred and

<sup>9</sup> 1717-1719, when August's *Kurprinz*, Heir-Apparent, likewise declared himself Papist, to the horror and astonishment of poor Saxony, and wedded the late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter: not to Father August's horror, who was steering toward “popularity in Poland,” “hereditary Polish Crown,” &c., with the young man. (Buchholz, i., 53-56.)

fifty Bastards there, and not careful of Church matters at all—had expressed his indignant surprise; and now it would seem, nevertheless, though the title remains where it was, the function has fallen to another, who actually does it—a thing to provoke comparisons in the public.

Clement, the Hungarian Forger, vender of false state secrets, is well hanged—went to the gallows (18th April, 1720) with much circumstance just two days before that Heidelberg Church was got reopened. But the suspicions sown by Clement can not quite be abolished by the hanging of him—forger indisputably; but who knows whether he had not something of fact for basis? What with Clement, what with this Heidelberg business, the Court of Berlin has fallen wrong with Dresden, with Vienna itself, and important clouds have risen.

*There is an absurd Flame of War blown out by Admiral Byng, and a new Man of Genius announces himself to the dim Populations.*

The poor Kaiser himself is otherwise in trouble of his own at this time. The Spaniards and he have fallen out, in spite of Utrecht Treaty and Rastadt ditto; the Spaniards have taken Sicily from him; and precisely in those days while Karl Philip took to shutting up the *Heilige-Geist* Church at Heidelberg, there was, loud enough in all the Newspapers, silent as it now is, a "Siege of Messina" going on; Imperial and Piedmontese troops doing duty by land, Admiral Byng still more effectively by sea, for the purpose of getting Sicily back, which was achieved by-and-by, though at an extremely languid pace.<sup>10</sup> One of the most tedious Sieges; one of the paltriest languid Wars (of extreme virulence and extreme feebleness, neither party having any cash left), and for an object which could not be excelled in insignificance—object highly interesting to Kaiser Karl VI. and Elizabeth Farnese, Termagant Queen of Spain. These two were red,

<sup>10</sup> Byng's Sea-fight, 10th August, 1718 (Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, iii., 468); whereupon the Spaniards, who had hardly yet completed their capture of Messina, are besieged in it; 29th October, 1719, Messina retaken (this is the "Siege of Messina"); February, 1720, Peace is clapped up (the chief article, that Alberoni shall be packed away), and a "Congress of Cambray" is to meet, and settle every thing.

or even were pale, with interest in it; and to the rest of Adam's posterity it was not intrinsically worth an ounce of gunpowder, many tons of that and of better commodities as they had to spend upon it. True, the Spanish Navy got well lamed in the business; Spanish Fleet blown mostly to destruction—"Roads of Messina, 10th August, 1718," by the dexterous Byng (a creditable handy figure both in Peace and War) and his considerable Sea-fight there—if that was an object to Spain or mankind, that was accomplished. But the "War," except that many men were killed in it, and much vain babble was uttered upon it, ranks otherwise with that of Don Quixote for conquest of the enchanted Helmet of Mambrino, which, when looked into, proved to be a Barber's Basin.

Congress of Cambrai, and other high Gatherings and convulsive Doings, which all proved futile, and look almost like Lapland witchcraft now to us, will have to follow this futility of a War. It is the fruit of a long series of enchanted adventures, on which Kaiser Karl—dueling with that Spanish Virago, Satan's Invisible World in the rear of her—has now embarked, to the woe of mankind, for the rest of his life. The first of those terrifico-ludicrous paroxysms of crisis into which he throws the European Universe—he, with his Enchanted Barber's-Basin enterprises—as perhaps was fit enough in an Epoch presided over by the Nightmares. Congress of Cambrai is to follow, and much else equally spectral, about all which there will be enough to say anon; for it was a fearful operation, though a ludicrous one, this of the poor Kaiser; and it tormented, not the big Nations only, and threw an absurd Europe into paroxysm after paroxysm, but it whirled up, in its wide-sweeping skirts, our little Fritz and his Sister, and almost dashed the lives out of them, as we shall see; which last is perhaps the one claim it now has to a cursory mention from mankind.

Byng's Sea-fight, done with due dexterity of manœuvring, and then with due emphasis of broadsiding, decisive of that absurd War, and almost the one creditable action in it, dates itself 10th August, 1718; and about three months later, on the mimic stage at Paris there came out a Piece, *Edipe* the title of it,<sup>11</sup> by one

<sup>11</sup> 18th November, 1718.

François Arouet, a young gentleman of about twenty-two, and had such a run as seldom was; apprising the French Populations that, to all appearance, a new man of genius had appeared among them (not intimating what work he would do); and greatly angering old M. Arouet of the Chamber of Accounts, who thereby found his Son as good as cast into the whirlpools, and a solid Law career thenceforth impossible for the young fool. The name of that "M. Arouet, junior," changes itself some years hence into *M. de Voltaire*, under which latter designation he will conspicuously reappear in this Narrative.

And now we will go to our little Crown-Prince again, ignorant he of all that is mounting-up in the distance, and that will envelop him one day.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S PROGRESS IN HIS SCHOOLING.

WILHELMINA says<sup>1</sup> her Brother was "slow" in learning; we may presume she means idle, volatile, not always prompt in fixing his attention to what did not interest him. Moreover, he was often weakly in health, as she herself adds, so that exertion was not recommendable for him. Herr von Loen (a witty Prussian Official, and famed man of letters once, though forgotten now) testifies expressly that the Boy was of bright parts, and that he made rapid progress. "The Crown-Prince manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity, nay, we may say something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners, and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who" (under Roucoules) "has had charge of his learning hitherto can not speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angélique* (A little angel),' she is wont to say. He takes up and learns whatever is put before him with the greatest facility."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires*, i., 22.

<sup>2</sup> Von Loen: *Kleine Schriften*, ii., 27 (as cited in Rödénbeck, No. iv., 479).

For the rest, that Friedrich Wilhelm's intentions and Rhadamanthine regulations in regard to him were fulfilled in every point, we will by no means affirm. Rules of such exceeding preciseness, if grounded here and there only on the *sic volo*, how could they be always kept, except on the surface and to the eye merely? The good Duhan, diligent to open his pupil's mind and give Nature fair play, had practically found it inexpedient to tie him too rigorously to the arbitrary formal departments, where no natural curiosity, but only order from without, urges the ingenious pupil. What maximum strictness in school-drill there can have been we may infer from one thing, were there no other—the ingenious Pupil's mode of *spelling*. Fritz learned to write a fine, free-flowing, rapid, and legible business-hand; "Arithmetic," too, "Geography," and many other Useful Knowledges that had some geniality of character or attractiveness in practice, were among his acquisitions; much, very much he learned in the course of his life; but to *spell*, much more to punctuate, and subdue the higher mysteries of Grammar to himself, was always an unachievable perfection. He did improve somewhat in after life, but here is the length to which he had carried that necessary art in the course of nine years' exertion under Duhan and the subsidiary preceptors. It is in the following words and alphabetic letters that he gratefully bids Duhan farewell, who surely can not have been a very strict drill-sergeant in the arbitrary branches of schooling:

"*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais (promets) que quand j'aurez (j'aurai) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez (donnerai) en-uelement (annuellement) 2400 ecu (écus) par an, et je vous aimerais (aimerai) toujours encor (toujours encore) un peu plus q'asteure (qu'à cette heure) s'il me l'est (m'est) possible (possible).*"

"My dear Duhan,—I promise to you that, when I shall have my money in my own hands, I will give you *annually* 2400 crowns" (say £350) "*every year*, and that I will love you always even a little more than at present, if that be possible.

"FRIEDRIC P. R." Prince-Royal.

"*Potsdam, le 20 de juin, 1727.*"<sup>3</sup>

The Document has otherwise its beauty, but such is the spell-

<sup>3</sup> Preuss, i., 22.

ing of it. In fact, his Grammar, as he would now and then regretfully discern in riper years, with some transient attempt or resolution to remedy or help it, seems to have come mainly by nature; so likewise his "*stylus*," both in French and German—a very fair style, too, in the former dialect; but as to his spelling, let him try as he liked, he never came within sight of perfection.

The things ordered with such rigorous minuteness, if but arbitrary things, were apt to be neglected; the things forbidden, especially in the like case, were apt to become doubly tempting. It appears the prohibition of Latin gave rise to several attempts on the part of Friedrich to attain that desirable Language. Secret lessons, not from Duhan, but no doubt with Duhan's connivance, were from time to time undertaken with this view. Once, it is recorded, the vigilant Friedrich Wilhelm, going his rounds, came upon Fritz and one of his Preceptors (not Duhan, but a subaltern) actually engaged in this illicit employment. Friedrich was wont to relate this anecdote in after life.<sup>4</sup> They had Latin books, dictionaries, grammars on the table—all the contraband apparatus—busy with it there, like a pair of coiners taken in the fact. Among other Books was a copy of the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV.—*Aurea Bulla*, from the little golden bullets or pellets hung to it—by which sublime Document, as perhaps we hinted long ago, certain so-called Fundamental Constitutions, or at least formalities and solemn practices, method of election, rule of precedence, and the like, of the Holy Roman Empire, had at last been settled on a sure footing by that busy little Kaiser some three hundred and fifty years before—a Document venerable almost next to the Bible in Friedrich Wilhelm's loyal eyes. "What is this? What are you venturing upon here?" exclaims Paternal Vigilance, in an astonished, dangerous tone. "*Ihro Majestät, ich explicire dem Prinzen Auream Bullam*," exclaimed the trembling pedagogue: "Your Majesty, I am explaining *Aurea Bulla* (Golden Bull) to the Prince." "Dog, I will Golden Bull you!" said his Majesty, flourishing his ratan, "*Ich will dich, Schurke, be-auream-bullam!*" which sent the terri-

<sup>4</sup> Büsching: *Beiträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v., 33. Preuss, i., 24.

fied wretch off at the top of his speed, and ended the Latin for that time.<sup>5</sup>

Friedrich's Latin could never come to much under these impediments, but he retained some smatterings of it in mature life, and was rather fond of producing his classical scraps, often in an altogether mouldy, and, indeed, hitherto inexplicable condition. "*De gustibus non est disputandus*," "*Beati possedentes*," "*Compille intrare*," "*Beatus pauperes spiritus*;" the meaning of these can be guessed; but "*Tot verbas tot spondera*," for example, what can any commentator make of that? "*Festina lente*," "*Dominus vobiscum*," "*Flectamus genua*," "*Quod bene notandum*;" these phrases too, and some three or four others of the like, have been riddled from his Writings by diligent men.<sup>6</sup> "*O tempora, O mores!* You see I don't forget my Latin," writes he once.

The worst fruit of these contraband operations was that they involved the Boy in clandestine practices, secret disobediences, apt to be found out from time to time, and tended to alienate his Father from him, of which sad mutual humor we already find traces in that early Wusterhausen Document: "Not to be so dirty," says the reproving Father. And the Boy does not take to hunting at all; likes verses, story-books, flute-playing better; seems to be of effeminate tendencies, an *effeminirter Kerl*; affects French modes, combs out his hair like a cockatoo, the foolish French fop, instead of conforming to the Army regulation, which prescribes close cropping and a club.

This latter grievance Friedrich Wilhelm decided at last to abate and have done with—this for one. It is an authentic fact, though not dated, dating perhaps from about Fritz's fifteenth year. "Fritz is a *Querpfleifer und Poet*," not a Soldier, would his indignant Father growl, looking at those foreign, effeminate ways of his. *Querpfleife*, that is simply "German flute," "*Cross-pipe*" (or *flute* of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful words out of the Deutsch root); "*Cross-pipe*," being held *across* the mouth horizontally. Worthless employment, if you are not born to be of the regimental band,

<sup>5</sup> Förster, i., 356.

<sup>6</sup> Preuss (i., 24) furnishes the whole stock of them.

thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Fritz is celebrated, too, for his fine foot—a dapper little fellow, altogether pretty in the eyes of simple female courtiers, with his blond locks combed out at the temples, with his bright eyes, sharp wit, and sparkling, capricious ways. The cockatoo locks, these, at least, we will abate, decides the Paternal mind.

And so, unexpectedly, Friedrich Wilhelm has commanded these bright locks, as contrary to military fashion, of which Fritz has now unworthily the honor of being a specimen, to be ruthlessly shorn away. Inexorable! The *Hof-Chirurgus* (Court-Surgeon, of the nature of Barber-Surgeon), with scissors and comb is here, ruthless Father standing by: Crop him, my jolly Barber, close down to the accurate standard—soaped club, instead of flowing locks; we suffer no exceptions in this military department: I stand here till it is done. Poor Fritz, they say, had tears in his eyes; but what help in tears? The judicious *Chirurgus*, however, proved merciful. The judicious *Chirurgus* struck in as if nothing loth, snack, snack, and made a great show of clipping. Friedrich Wilhelm took a newspaper till the job were done. The judicious Barber, still making a great show of work, combed back rather than cut off these Apollo locks, did Fritz accurately into soaped club to the cursory eye, but left him capable of shaking out his chevelure again on occasion, to the lasting gratitude of Fritz.<sup>7</sup>

*The Nollenius and Panzendorf Drill-exercise.*

On the whole, as we said, a youth needs good assimilating power if he is to grow in this world. Nollenius and Panzendorf, for instance, were busy “teaching Friedrich religion.” Rather a strange operation this, too, if we were to look into it. We will not look too closely. Another pair of excellent, most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him. May we not say that in matter of religion, too, Friedrich was but ill-bested? Enlightened Edict of Nantes Protestantism, a cross between Bayle and Calvin, that was but indifferent babe’s milk

<sup>7</sup> Preuss, i., 16.

to the little creature. Nor could Noltenius's Catechism and ponderous drill-exercise in orthodox theology much inspire a clear soul with pieties and tendencies to soar Heavenward.

Alas! it is a dreary litter indeed, mere wagon-load on wagon-load of shot-rubbish, that is heaped round this new human plant by Noltenius and Company, among others. A wonder only that they did not extinguish all Sense of the Highest in the poor young soul, and leave only a Sense of the Dreariest and Stupidest. But a healthy human soul can stand a great deal. The healthy soul shakes off, in an unexpectedly victorious manner, immense masses of dry rubbish that have been shot upon it by its assiduous pedagogues and professors. What would become of any of us otherwise? Duhan, opening the young soul, by such modest gift as Duhan had, to recognize black from white a little in this embroiled high Universe, is probably an exception in some small measure. But, Duhan excepted, it may be said to have been in spite of most of his teachers and their diligent endeavors that Friedrich did acquire some human piety; kept the sense of truth alive in his mind; *knew*, in whatever words he phrased it, the divine, eternal nature of Duty; and managed, in the muddiest element and most eclipsed Age ever known, to steer by the heavenly loadstars, and (so we must candidly term it) to *follow* God's Law, in some measure, with or without Noltenius for company.

Noltenius's *Catechism*, or ghostly Drill-manual for Fritz, at least the Catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which no doubt was the same, is still extant<sup>8</sup>—a very abstruse piece, orthodox Lutheran-Calvinist, all proved from Scripture—giving what account it can of this unfathomable Universe to the young mind. To modern Prussians it by no means shines as the indubitable Theory of the Universe. Indignant modern Prussians produce excerpts from it of an abstruse nature, and endeavor to deduce therefrom some of Friedrich's aberrations in matters of religion, which became notorious enough by-and-by. Alas! I fear it would not have been easy, even for the modern Prussian, to produce a perfect Catechism for the use of Friedrich. This Universe still continues a little abstruse.

<sup>8</sup> Preuss, i., 15: specimens of it in Rödénbeck.

And there is another deeper thing to be remarked: the notion of "teaching" religion in the way of drill-exercise, which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, can not be "taught" by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas! no. Only by far other methods—chiefly by silent, continual Example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named "the grace of God," can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is sometimes the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who *had* in them "Devoutness, pious Nobleness!" in whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognize it, to read it in this irrefragable manner—a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore!

Noltenius wore black serge, kept the corners of his mouth well down, and had written a Catechism of repute; but I know not that Noltenius carried much seed of living piety about with him: much affection from or for young Fritz he could not well carry. On the whole, it is a bad outlook on the religious side, and, except in Apprenticeship to the rugged and as yet repulsive Honesties of Friedrich Wilhelm, I see no good element in it. Bayle-Calvin, with Noltenius and Catechisms of repute—there is no "religion" to be had for a little Fritz out of all that. Endless Doubt will be provided for him out of all that, probably disbelief of all that; and, on the whole, if any form at all, a very scraggy form of moral existence, from which the Highest shall be hopelessly absent, and in which any thing High—any thing not Low and Lying, will have double merit.

It is indeed amazing what quantities and kinds of extinct ideas apply for belief, sometimes in a menacing manner, to the poor mind of man and poor mind of child in these days. They come bullying in upon him in masses, as if they were quite living ideas—ideas of a dreadfully indispensable nature, the evident counterpart and salutary interpretation of Facts round him,

which it is promised the poor young creature he *shall* recognize to correspond with them one day; at which "correspondence," when the Facts are once well recognized, he has at last to ask himself, with amazement, "Did I ever recognize it, then?" whereby come results incalculable—not good results any of them, some of them unspeakably bad. The case of Crown-Prince Friedrich in Berlin is not singular; all cities and places can still show the like. And when it will end is not yet clear; but that it should ever have begun will one day be the astonishment. As if the divinest function of a human being were not even that of believing, of discriminating with his God-given intellect what is from what is not, and as if the point were to render that either an impossible function, or else what we must sorrowfully call a revolutionary, rebellious, and mutinous one. O Noltenius, O Panzendorf, do, for pity's sake, take away your Catechetical ware, and say either nothing to the poor young Boy, or some small thing he will find to be *beyond* doubt when he can judge of it! Fever, pestilence, are bad for the body, but Doubt, impious mutiny, doubly impious hypocrisy, are they nothing for the mind? Who would go about inculcating Doubt, unless he were far astray indeed, and much at a loss for employment?

But the sorest fact in Friedrich's schooling—the sorest for the present, though it ultimately proved perhaps the most beneficent one, being well dealt with by the young soul, and nobly subdued to his higher uses, remains still to be set forth, which will be a long business, first and last.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### CROWN-PRINCE FALLS INTO DISFAVOR WITH PAPA.

THOSE vivacities of young Fritz, his taste for music, finery, those furtive excursions into the domain of Latin and forbidden things, were distasteful and incomprehensible to Friedrich Wilhelm. Where can such things end? They begin in disobedience and intolerable perversity; they will be the ruin of Prussia

and of Fritz. Here, in fact, has a great sorrow risen. We perceive the first small cracks of incurable divisions in the royal household—the breaking out of fountains of bitterness, which by-and-by spread wide enough: a young, sprightly, capricious, and vivacious Boy, inclined to self-will, had it been permitted, developing himself into foreign tastes, into French airs and ways, very ill seen by the heavy-footed, practical Germanic Majesty.

The beginnings of this sad discrepancy are traceable from Friedrich's sixth or seventh year: "Not so dirty, Boy!" And there could be no lack of growth in the mutual ill humor while the Boy himself continued growing, enlarging in bulk and in activity of his own. Plenty of new children come to divide our regard withal, and more are coming: five new Princesses, wise little Ulrique, the youngest of them (named of Sweden and the happy Swedish Treaty), whom we love much for her grave, staid ways; nay, next after Ulrique comes even a new Prince, August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Friedrich, and is growing up much more according to the paternal heart: pretty children all of them, more or less, and towardly and comfortable to a Father, and the worst of them a paragon of beauty in comparison to perverse, clandestine, disobedient Fritz, with his French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashions of hair.

And so the silent divulsion—silent on Fritz's part, exploding loud enough now and then on his Father's part—goes steadily on, splitting ever wider, new offenses ever superadding themselves, till at last the rugged Father has grown to hate the son, and longs, with sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead. This Fritz ought to fashion himself according to his Father's pattern, a well-meant, honest pattern, and he does not. Alas! your Majesty, it can not be. It is the new generation come, which can not live quite as the old one did—a perennial controversy in human life, coeval with the genealogies of men. This little Boy should have been the excellent paternal Majesty's exact counterpart, resembling him at all points, "as a little sixpence does a big half crown;" but we perceive he can not. This is a new coin, with a stamp of its own: a surprising *Friedrich d'or* this,

and may prove a good piece yet, but will never be the half crown your Majesty requires.

Conceive a rugged, thick-sided Squire Western, of supreme degree—for this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal—conceive such a burly *ne plus ultra* of a Squire, with his broad-based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities; the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates, but capable of no utterance, or next to none, in words; and that he produces a Son who takes into Voltairism, piping, fiddling, and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow and the giant regiment! Sulphurous rage, in gusts or in lasting tempests, rising from a fund of just implacability, is inevitable, such as we shall see.

The Mother, as mothers will, secretly favors Fritz, anxious to screen him in the day of high wind. Withal she has plans of her own in regard to Fritz and the others, being a lady of many plans—that of the “Double Marriage,” for example—of marrying her Prince and Princess to a Princess and Prince of the English-Hanoverian House. It was a pleasant, eligible plan, consented to by Papa and the other parties, but when it came to be perfected by treaty, amid the rubs of external and internal politics, what new amazing discrepancies rose upon her poor children and her, fearfully aggravating the quarrel of Father and Son almost to the fatal point. Of that “Double Marriage,” whirled up in a universe of intriguing diplomacies, in the “skirts of the Kaiser’s huge Spectre-Hunt,” as we have called it, there will be sad things to say by-and-by.

Plans her Majesty has, and silently a will of her own. She loves all her children, especially Fritz, and would so love that they loved her. For the rest, all along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher speech;<sup>1</sup> they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, “*Ragotin* (Stumpy),” whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he, to his rebellious children, is

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de Bareith*, i., 168.

tyrant "Stumpy," and no better, being indeed short in stature, and growing ever thicker and surlier in these provocations.

Such incurable discrepancies have risen in the Berlin Palace—fountains of bitterness, flowing ever wider, till they made life all bitter for Son and for Father, necessitating the proud Son to hypocrisies toward his terrible Father which were very foreign to the proud youth had there been any other resource. But there was none now or afterward. Even when the young man, driven to reflection and insight by intolerable miseries, had begun to recognize the worth of his surly Rhadamanthine Father, and the intrinsic wisdom of much that he had meant with him, the Father hardly ever could, or could only by fits, completely recognize the Son's worth. Rugged, suspicious Papa requires always to be humored, cajoled, even when our feeling toward him is genuine and loyal. Friedrich to the last, we can perceive, has to assume masquerade in addressing him, in writing to him, and, in spite of real love, must have felt it a relief when such a thing was over.

That is all along a sad element of Friedrich's education, out of which there might have come incalculable damage to the young man, had his natural assimilative powers to extract benefit from all things been less considerable. As it was, he gained self-help from it—gained reticence, the power to keep his own counsel, and did not let the hypocrisy take hold of him, or be other than a hateful, compulsory masquerade. At an uncommonly early age, he stands before us accomplished in endurance, for one thing, a very bright young Stoic of his sort, silently prepared for the injustices of men and things; and as for the masquerade, let us hope it was essentially foreign even to the skin of the man. The reader will judge as he goes on. "*Je n'ai jamais trompé personne durant ma vie*, I have never deceived any body during my life, still less will I deceive posterity,"<sup>2</sup> writes Friedrich when his head was now grown very gray.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires depuis la Paix de Hubertsbourg, 1763-1774* (Avant-Propos), *Œuvres*, vii., 8.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RESULTS OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S SCHOOLING.

NEITHER as to intellectual culture, in Duhan's special sphere, and with all Duhan's good-will, was the opportunity extremely golden. It can not be said that Friedrich, who *spells* in the way we saw, "*asteure*" for "*à cette heure*," has made shining acquisitions on the literary side. However, in the long run, it becomes clear his intellect, roving on devious courses, or plodding along the prescribed tram-roads, had been wide awake, and busy all the while, bringing in abundant pabulum of an irregular nature.

He did learn "Arithmetic," "Geography," and the other useful knowledges that were indispensable to him. He knows History extensively, though rather the Roman, French, and general European as the French have taught it him, than that of "Hessen, Brunswick, England," or even the "Electoral and Royal House of Brandenburg," which Papa had recommended. He read History, where he could find it readable, to the end of his life, and had early begun reading it, immensely eager to learn in his little head what strange things had been and were in this strange Planet he was come into.

We notice with pleasure a lively taste for facts in the little Boy, which continued to be the taste of the man, in an eminent degree. Fictions he also knows—an eager, extensive reader of what is called Poetry, Literature, and himself a performer in that province by-and-by; but it is observable how much of Realism there always is in his Literature—how close, here as elsewhere, he always hangs on the practical truth of things—how Fiction itself is either an expository illustrative garment of Fact, or else is of no value to him. Romantic readers of his Literature are much disappointed in consequence, and pronounce it bad Literature; and, sure enough, in several senses it is not to be called good. Bad Literature, they say, shallow, barren, most unsatisfactory to a reader of romantic appetites, which is

a correct verdict as to the romantic appetites and it. But to the man himself, this quality of mind is of immense moment and advantage, and forms truly the basis of all he was good for in life. Once for all, he has no pleasure in dreams, in parti-colored clouds and nothingnesses. All his curiosities gravitate toward what exists, what has being and reality round him. That is the significant thing to him; that he would right gladly know, being already related to that as friend or as enemy, and feeling an unconscious indissoluble kinship, who shall say of what importance, toward all that; for he too is a little Fact, big as can be to himself, and in the whole Universe there exists nothing as fact but is a fellow-creature of his.

That our little Fritz tends that way ought to give Noltenius, Finkenstein, and other interested parties the very highest satisfaction. It is an excellent symptom of his intellect this of gravitating irresistibly toward realities. Better symptom of its quality (whatever *quantity* there be of it) human intellect can not show for itself. However it may go with Literature, and satisfaction to readers of romantic appetites, this young soul promises to become a successful Worker one day, and to *do* something under the Sun; for work is of an extremely unfictitious nature, and no man can roof his house with clouds and moonshine so as to turn the rain from him.

It is also to be noted that his style of French, though he spelled it so ill, and never had the least mastery of punctuation, has real merit—rapidity, easy vivacity, perfect clearness, here and there a certain quaint expressiveness; on the whole, he had learned the Art of Speech from those old French Governesses, in those old and new French Books of his. We can also say of his Literature, of what he hastily wrote in mature life, that it has much more worth, even as Literature, than the common romantic appetite assigns to it. A vein of distinct sense and good interior articulation is never wanting in that thin-flowing utterance. The true is well riddled out from amid the false; the important and essential are alone given us, the unimportant and superfluous honestly thrown away. A lean, wiry veracity (an immense advantage in any Literature, good or bad) is every where benefi-

cently observable; the *quality* of the intellect always extremely good, whatever its quantity may be.

It is true, his spelling—"asteure" for "*à cette heure*"—is very bad; and as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it: he merely scatters a few commas and dashes, as if they were shaken out of a pepper-box, upon his page, and so leaves it. These are deficiencies lying very bare to criticism, and I confess I never could understand them in such a man. He that would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff-belt, indignant that any pipe-clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipe-clayed, how could he tolerate false spelling, and commas shaken as out of a pepper-box over his page? It is probable he cared little about Literature after all; cared, at least, only about the essentials of it; had practically no ambition for himself, or none considerable, in that kind, and so might reckon exact obedience and punctuality in a soldier more important than good spelling to an amateur literary man. He never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches—a merely superficial thing, not worth bothering about in the press of real business.

That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper, in spite of every drawback, is known to all men. He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class; nay, many "Men of Letters" have made a reputation for themselves with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of. Already, at the time when action came to be demanded of him, he was what we must call a well-informed and cultivated man, which character he never ceased to merit more and more; and as for the action and the actions, we shall see whether he was fit for these or not.

One point of supreme importance in his Education was all along made sure of by the mere presence and presidency of Fried-

rich Wilhelm in the business: that there was an inflexible law of discipline every where active in it; that there was a Spartan rigor, frugality, veracity inculcated upon him. "Economy he is to study to the bottom;" and not only so, but, in another sense of the word, he is to practice economy; and does, or else suffers for not doing it. Economic of his time first of all: generally every other noble economy will follow out of that, if a man once understand and practice that. Here was a truly valuable foundation laid; and as for the rest, Nature, in spite of shot-rubbish, had to do what she could in the rest.

But Nature had been very kind to this new child of hers; and among the confused hurtful elements of his Schooling, there was always, as we say, this eminently salutary and most potent one, of its being, in the gross, *an Apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm*, the Rhadamanthine Spartan King, who hates from his heart all empty Nonsense, and Unveracity most of all; which one element, well aided by docility, by openness and loyalty of mind on the Pupil's part, proved at length sufficient to conquer the others; as it were, to burn up all the others, and reduce their sour, dark smoke, abounding every where, into flame and illumination mostly. This radiant, swift-paced Son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed Father that bred him. Friedrich did at length see into Friedrich Wilhelm, across the abstruse, thunderous, sulphurous imbodiments and accompaniments of the man, and proved himself, in all manner of important respects, the filial sequel of Friedrich Wilhelm. These remarks of a certain Editor are perhaps worth adding:

"Friedrich Wilhelm, King of Prussia, did not set up for a Pestalozzi, and the plan of education for his Son is open to manifold objections. Nevertheless, as Schoolmasters go, I much prefer him to most others we have at present. The wild man had discerned, with his rugged natural intelligence (not wasted away in the idle element of speaking and of being spoken to, but kept wholesomely silent for most part), that human education is not, and can not be, a thing of *vocables*; that it is a thing of earnest facts; of capabilities developed, of habits established, of dispositions well dealt with, of tendencies confirmed and tendencies repressed; a laborious separating of the character into two *firmaments*; shutting down the subterranean, well down and deep; an earth and waters, and what lies under them; then your everlasting azure sky and

immeasurable depths of ether hanging overhead. To make of the human soul a Cosmos, so far as possible, that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion, not to leave the human soul a mere Chaos; how much less a Singing or eloquently Spouting Chaos, which is ten times worse than a Chaos left *mute*, confessedly chaotic and not cosmic! To develop the man into *doing* something, and withal into doing it as the Universe and the Eternal Laws require—which is but another name for really doing and not merely seeming to do it—that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion; and it was, I can assure you, very far from being a foolish one, though there was no Latin in it, and much of Prussian pipe-clay."

But the Congress of Cambrai is met, and much else is met and parted; and the Kaiser's Spectre-Hunt, especially his Duel with the She-Dragon of Spain, is in full course; and it is time we were saying something of the Double Marriage in a directly narrative way.

1723-1726.

## BOOK V.

### DOUBLE MARRIAGE PROJECT, AND WHAT ELEMENT IT FELL INTO.

1723-1726.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### DOUBLE MARRIAGE IS DECIDED ON.

WE saw George I. at Berlin in October, 1723, looking out upon his little Grandson drilling the Cadets there, but we did not mention what important errand had brought his Majesty thither.

Visits between Hanover and Berlin had been frequent for a long time back; the young Queen of Prussia, sometimes with her Husband, sometimes without, running often over to see her Father, who, even after his accession to the English crown, was generally, for some months every year, to be met with in those favorite regions of his. He himself did not much visit, being of taciturn splenetic nature; but this once he had agreed to return a visit they had lately made him, where a certain weighty Business had been agreed upon withal, which his Britannic Majesty was to consummate formally by treaty when the meeting in Berlin took effect. His Britannic Majesty, accordingly, is come; the business in hand is no other than that thrice famous "Double Marriage" of Prussia with England, which once had such a sound in the ear of rumor, and still bulks so big in the archives of the Eighteenth Century; which worked such woe to all parties concerned in it; and is, in fact, a first-rate nuisance in the History of that poor Century, as written hitherto—Nuisance demanding urgently to be abated, were that well possible at present, which, alas! it is not, to any great degree, there being an important young Friedrich inextricably wrapped up in it, to whom it was

of such vital or almost fatal importance. Without a Friedrich, the affair could be reduced to something like its real size, and recorded in a few pages; or might even, with advantage, be forgotten altogether, and become zero. More gigantic instance of much ado about nothing has seldom occurred in human annals, had not there been a Friedrich in the heart of it.

Crown-Prince Friedrich is still very young for marriage speculations on his score; but Mamma has thought good to take matters in time; and so we shall, in the next ensuing parts of this poor History, have to hear almost as much about Marriage as in the foolishhest Three-volume Novel, and almost to still less purpose; for indeed, in that particular, Friedrich's young Life may be called a *Romance flung heels over head*, Marriage being the one event there, round which all events turn, but turn in the inverse or reverse way (as if the Devil were in them), not only toward no happy goal for him, or Mamma, or us, but at last toward hardly any goal at all for any body! So mad did the affair grow, and is so madly recorded in those inextricable, dateless, chaotic Books. We have now come to regions of Narrative, which seem to consist of murky Nothingness put on boil; not land, or water, or air, or fire, but a tumultuously whirling commixture of all the four—of immense extent too, which must be got crossed in some human manner. Courage—patience, good reader!

*Queen Sophie Dorothee has taken Time by the Forelock.*

Already, for a dozen years, this matter has been treated of. Queen Sophie Dorothee, ever since the birth of her Wilhelmina, has had the notion of it, and, on her first visit afterward to Hanover, proposed it to "Princess Caroline"—Queen Caroline of England who was to be, and who in due course was—an excellent, accomplished Brandenburg-Anspach Lady, familiar from of old in the Prussian Court: "You, Caroline, Cousin dear, have a little Prince, Fritz, or let us call him *Fred*, since he is to be English; little Fred, who will one day, if all go right, be King of England. He is two years older than my little Wilhelmina: why should not they wed, and the two chief Protestant Houses and Nations thereby be united?" Princess Caroline was very

willing; so was Electress Sophie, the Great-Grandmother of both the parties; so were the Georges, Father and Grandfather of Fred; little Fred himself was highly charmed when told of it; even little Wilhelmina, with her dolls, looked pleasantly demure on the occasion. So it remained settled in fact, though not in form; and little Fred (a florid, milk-faced, foolish kind of Boy, I guess) made presents to his little Prussian Cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to her, and all along afterward fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, her little lover and intended—always rather a little fellow—to which sentiments Wilhelmina signifies that she responded with the due maidenly indifference, but not in an offensive manner.

After our Prussian Fritz's birth, the matter took a still closer form: "You, dear Princess Caroline, you have now two little Princesses again, either of whom might suit my little Fritzchen: let us take Amelia, the second of them, who is nearest his age." "Agreed!" answered Princess Caroline again. "Agreed!" answered all the parties interested; and so it was settled that the Marriage of Prussia to England should be a Double one, Fred of Hanover and England to Wilhelmina, Fritz of Prussia to Amelia; and children and parents lived thenceforth in the constant understanding that such, in due course of years, was to be the case, though nothing yet was formally concluded by treaty upon it.<sup>1</sup>

Queen Sophie Dorothee of Prussia was always eager enough for treaty, and conclusion to her scheme. True to it, she, as needle to the pole in all weathers, sometimes in the wildest weather, poor lady! Nor did the Hanover Serene Highnesses at any time draw back or falter; but having very soon got wafted across to England, into new more complex conditions, and wider anxieties in that new country, they were not so impressively eager as Queen Sophie on this interesting point. Electress Sophie, judicious Great-Grandmother, was not now there; Electress Sophie had died about a month before Queen Anne, and never saw the English Canaan, much as she had longed for it. George I., her son, a taciturn, rather splenetic elderly Gentleman, very foreign in England, and oftenest rather sulky there

<sup>1</sup> Pöllnitz: *Memoiren*, ii., 193.

and elsewhere, was not in a humor to be forward in that particular business.

George I. had got into quarrel with his Prince of Wales, Fred's Father—him who is one day to be George II., always a rather foolish little Prince, though his Wife Caroline was Wisdom's self in a manner—George I. had other much more urgent cares than that of marrying his disobedient foolish little Prince of Wales's offspring, and he had always pleaded difficulties, Acts of Parliament that would be needed, and the like, whenever Sophie Dorothee came to visit him at Hanover, and urge this matter. The taciturn, inarticulately thoughtful, rather sulky old Gentleman, he had weighty burdens lying on him; felt fretted and galled in many ways; and had found life, Electoral and even Royal, a deceptive sumptuousness, little better than a more or less extensive "feast of *shells*," next to no real meat or drink left in it to the hungry heart of man: wife sitting half-frantic in the Castle of Ahlden, waxing more and more into a gray-haired Megæra (with whom Sophie Dorothee, under seven seals of secrecy, corresponds a little, and even the Prince of Wales is suspected of wishing to correspond); a foolish, disobedient Prince of Wales; Jacobite Pretender People, with their Mar Rebellions, with their Alberoni combinations; an English Parliament jangling and debating unmelodiously, whose very language is a mystery to us, nothing but Walpole in dog-Latin to help us through it: truly it is not a Heaven on Earth altogether, much as Mother Sophie and her foolish favorite, our disobedient Prince of Wales, might long for it! And the Hanover Tail, the Robethons, Bernstorfs, Fabrices, even the Blackamoor Porters—they are not beautiful either to a taciturn Majesty of some sense, if he cared about their doings or them—voracious, plunderous, all of them; like hounds, long hungry, got into a rich house which has no master, or a mere imaginary one. "*Mentiris impudentissime*," said Walpole, in his dog-Latin once, in our Royal presence, to one of these official plunderous gentlemen, "You tell an impudent lie!" at which we only laughed.<sup>2</sup>

His Britannic Majesty by no means wanted sense, had not his

<sup>2</sup> Horace Walpole: *Reminiscences of George I. and George II.* (London, 1788.)

situation been incurably absurd. In his young time he had served creditably enough against the Turks; twice commanded the *Reichs*-Army in the Marlborough Wars, and did at least testify his indignation at the inefficient state of it. His Foreign Politics, so-called, were not madder than those of others. Bremen and Verden he had bought a bargain, and it was natural to protect them by such resources as he had, English or other. Then there was the World-Spectre of the Pretender, stretching huge over Creation, like the Brocken-Spectre in hazy weather, against whom how protect yourself, except by cannonading for the Kaiser at Messina; by rushing into every brabble that rose, and hiring the parties with money to fight it out well? It was the established method in that matter—method not of George's inventing, nor did it cease with George. As to Domestic Politics, except it were to keep quiet, and eat what the gods had provided, one does not find that he had any. The sage Leibnitz would very fain have followed him to England, but, for reasons indifferently good, could never be allowed. If the truth must be told, the sage Leibnitz had a wisdom which now looks dreadfully like that of a wiseacre! In Mathematics even—he did invent the Differential Calculus, but it is certain also he never could believe in Newton's System of the Universe, nor would read the *Principia* at all. For the rest, he was in quarrel about Newton with the Royal Society here, ill seen, it is probable, by this sage and the other. To the Hanover Official Gentlemen devouring their English dead horse, it did not appear that his presence could be useful in these parts.<sup>3</sup>

Nor are the Hanover woman-kind his Majesty has about him, quasi-wives or not, of a soul-entrancing character; far indeed from that. Two in chief there are, a fat and a lean: the lean, called "Maypole" by the English populace, is "Duchess of Kendal," with excellent pension in the English Peerages; Schulenburg the former German name of her; decidedly a quasi-wife (influential, against her will, in that sad Königsmark Tragedy at Hanover long since), who is fallen thin and old—"May-pole," or bare Hop-pole, with the leaves all stripped; lean, long, hard,

<sup>3</sup> Guhrauer, *Gottfried Freiherr von Leibnitz, eine Biographie* (Breslau, 1842); Ker of Kersland, *Memoirs of Secret Transactions* (London, 1727).

though she once had her summer verdures too; and still, as an old quasi-wife, or were it only as an old article of furniture, has her worth to the royal mind. Schulenburgs, kindred of hers, are high in the military line, some of whom we may meet.

Then, besides this lean one, there is a fat, of whom Walpole (Horace, who had seen her in boyhood) gives description: Big, staring black eyes, with rim of circular eyebrow like a coach-wheel round its nave; very black the eyebrows also; vast red face; cheeks running into neck, neck blending indistinguishably with stomach—a mere cataract of fluid tallow, skinned over and curiously dizené, according to Walpole's portraiture. This charming creature, Kielmannsegge by German name, was called "Countess of Darlington" in this country, with excellent pension, as was natural. They all had pensions: even Queen Sophie Dorothee, I have noticed in our State-Paper Office, has her small pension, "£800 a year on the Irish Establishment;" Irish Establishment will never miss such a pittance for our poor Child, and it may be useful over yonder. This Kielmannsegge, Countess of Darlington, was, and is believed by the gossiping English to have been a second simultaneous Mistress of his Majesty's; but seems, after all, to have been his Half-Sister, and nothing more—Half-Sister (due to Gentleman Ernst and a Countess Platen of bad Hanover fame), grown dreadfully fat, but not without shrewdness, perhaps affection, and worth something in this dull foreign country, mere cataract of animal oils as she has become. These Two are the amount of his Britannic Majesty's resources in that matter—resources surely not extensive, after all!

His Britannic Majesty's day in St. James's is not of an interesting sort to him, and every evening he comes precisely at a certain hour to drink beer, seasoned with a little tobacco, and the company of these two women—drinks diligently in a sipping way, says Horace, and smokes, with such dull speech as there may be, not till he is drunk, but only perceptibly drunkish; raised into a kind of cloudy narcotic Olympus, and opaquely superior to the ills of life, in which state he walks uncomplainingly to bed. Government, when it can by any art be avoided, he rarely meddles with; shows a rugged sagacity where he does and must meddle: consigns it to Walpole in dog-Latin—laughs at his

“*mentiris*.” This is the First George—first triumph of the Constitutional Principle, which has since gone to such sublime heights among us—heights which we at last begin to suspect might be depths, leading down, all men now ask, Whitherwards? A much-admired invention in its time, that of letting go the rudder, or setting a wooden figure expensively dressed to take charge of it, and discerning that the ship would sail of itself so much more easily, which it will, if a peculiarly good sea-boat, in certain kinds of sea—for a time, till the Sindbad “Magnetic Mountains” begin to be felt pulling, or the circles of Charybdis get you in their sweep, and then what an invention it was! This, we say, is the new Sovereign Man whom the English People, being in some perplexity about the Pope and other points, have called in from Hanover to walk before them in the ways of heroism, and by command and by example guide Heavenward their affairs and them. And they hope that he will do it? Or perhaps that their affairs will go thither of their own accord? Always a singular People!

Poor George, careless of these ulterior issues, has always trouble enough with the mere daily details, Parliamentary insolences, Jacobite plottings, South-Sea Bubbles, and wishes to hunt, when he gets over to Hanover, rather than to make Marriage Treaties. Besides, as Wilhelmina tells us, they have filled him with lies, these Hanover Women and their emissaries: “Your Princess Wilhelmina is a monster of ill-temper, crooked in the back and what not,” say they. If there is to be a Marriage, double or single, these Improper Females must first be persuaded to consent.<sup>4</sup> Difficulties enough. And there is none to help; Friedrich Wilhelm cares little about the matter, though he has given his Yes—Yes, since you will.

But Sophie Dorothee is diligent and urgent by all opportunities; and at length, in 1723, the conjuncture is propitious. Domestic Jacobitism, in the shape of Bishop Atterbury, has got itself well banished; Alberoni and his big schemes, years ago they are blown into outer darkness; Charles XII. is well dead, and of our Bremen and Verden no question henceforth; even the Kaiser’s

<sup>4</sup> *Mémoires de Bareith*.

Spectre Hunt or Spanish Duel is at rest for the present, and the Congress of Cambrai is sitting, or trying all it can to sit: at home or abroad, there is nothing, not even Wood's Irish Halfpence, as yet making noise. And, on the other hand, Czar Peter is rumored (not without foundation) to be coming westward with some huge Armament, which, whether "intended for Sweden" or not, renders a Prussian alliance doubly valuable.

And so now at last, in this favorable aspect of the stars, King George, over at Herrenhausen, was by much management of his Daughter Sophie's, and after many hitches, brought to the mark. And Friedrich Wilhelm came over too, ostensibly to bring home his Queen, but in reality to hear his Father-in-law's compliance to the Double Marriage, for which his Prussian Majesty is willing enough, if others are willing. Praised be Heaven, King George has agreed to every thing; consents, one propitious day (Autumn 1723, day not otherwise dated), Czar Peter's Armament and the questionable aspects in France perhaps quickening his volitions a little; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm and Queen Sophie have returned home, content in that matter, and expect shortly his Britannic Majesty's counter-visit to perfect the details and make a Treaty of it.

His Britannic Majesty, we say, has in substance agreed to every thing. And now, in the silence of Nature, the brown leaves of October still hanging to the trees in a picturesque manner, and Wood's Halfpence not yet begun to jingle in the Drapier's Letters of Dean Swift, his Britannic Majesty is expected at Berlin—at Berlin, properly at Charlottenburg, a pleasant rural or suburban Palace (built by his Britannic Majesty's late noble Sister, Sophie Charlotte, "the Republican Queen," and named after her, as was once mentioned), a mile or two Southwest of that City: there they await King George's counter-visit.

Poor Wilhelmina is in much trepidation about it, and imparts her poor little feelings, her anticipations and experiences, in readable terms:

"There came in those weeks one of the Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin"—*Duke of Gloucester* is Fred our intended, not yet Prince of Wales; and if the reader should ever hear of a *Duke of Edin-*

*burgh*, that too is Fred—"Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin," says Wilhelmina: "the Queen had Soiree (*Appartement*); he was presented to her as well as to me. He made me a very obliging compliment on his Master's part; I blushed, and answered only by a courtesy. The Queen, who had her eye on me, was very angry I had answered the Duke's compliments in mere silence, and rated me sharply (*me lava la tête d'importance*) for it, and ordered me, under pain of her indignation, to repair that fault to-morrow. I retired, all in tears, to my room, exasperated against the Queen and against the Duke; I swore I would never marry him; would throw myself at the feet—" And so on, as young ladies of vivacious temper, in extreme circumstances, are wont; did speak, however, next day, to my Hanover gentleman about his Duke a little, though in an embarrassed manner. Alas! I am yet but fourteen gone the 3d of July last, tremulous as aspen-leaves, or say as sheet-lightning bottled in one of the thinnest human skins, and have no experience of foolish Dukes and affairs!

"Meanwhile," continues Wilhelmina, "the King of England's time of arrival was drawing nigh. We repaired, on the 6th of October, to Charlottenburg to receive him. The heart of me kept beating, and I was in cruel agitations. King George" (my Grandfather and Grand Uncle) "arrived on the 8th, about seven in the evening;" dusky shades already sinking over Nature every where, and all paths growing dim; abundant flunkies, of course, rush out with torches or what is needful. "The King of Prussia, the Queen, and all their Suite received him in the Court of the Palace, the 'Apartments' being on the ground floor. So soon as he had saluted the King and Queen, I was presented to him. He embraced me; and turning to the Queen, said to her, 'Your daughter is very big of her age!' He gave the Queen his hand, and led her into her apartment, whither every body followed them. As soon as I came in, he took a light from the table, and surveyed me from head to foot. I stood motionless as a statue, and was much put out of countenance. All this went on without his uttering the least word. Having thus passed me in review, he addressed himself to my Brother, whom he caressed much, and amused himself with for a good while." Pretty little Grandson this, your Majesty; any future of history in this one, think you? "I," says Wilhelmina, "took the opportunity of slipping out," hopeful to get away, but could not, the Queen having noticed.

"The Queen made me a sign to follow her, and passed into a neighboring apartment, where she had the English and Germans of King George's Suite successively presented to her. After some talk with these gentlemen, she withdrew, leaving me to entertain them, and saying, 'Speak English to my Daughter; you will find she speaks it very well.' I felt much less embarrassed once the Queen was gone, and

picking up a little courage, I entered into conversation with these English. As I spoke their language like my mother tongue, I got pretty well out of the affair, and every body seemed charmed with me. They made my eulogy to the Queen; told her that I had quite the English air, and was made to be their Sovereign one day. It was saying a great deal on their part; for these English think themselves so much above all other people, that they imagine they are paying a high compliment when they tell any one he has got English manners.

"Their King" (my Grandpapa) "had got Spanish manners, I should say: he was of an extreme gravity, and hardly spoke a word to any body. He saluted Madam Sonsfeld" (my invaluable thrice-dear Governess) "very coldly, and asked her 'if I was always so serious, and if my humor was of the melancholy turn?' 'Any thing but that, Sire,' answered the other; 'but the respect she has for your Majesty prevents her from being as sprightly as she commonly is.' He wagged his head and answered nothing. The reception he had given me, and this question, of which I heard, gave me such a chill, that I never had the courage to speak to him"—was merely looked at with a candle by Grandpapa.

"We were summoned to supper at last, where this grave Sovereign still remained dumb. Perhaps he was right, perhaps he was wrong; but I think he followed the proverb, which says, Better hold your tongue than speak badly. At the end of the repast he felt indisposed. The Queen would have persuaded him to quit table; they bandied compliments a good while on the point; but at last she threw down her napkin, and rose. The King of England naturally rose too, but began to stagger; the King of Prussia ran up to help him; all the company ran bustling about him; but it was to no purpose: he sank on his knees, his peruke falling on one side, and his hat" (or at least his head, Madam!) "on the other. They stretched him softly on the floor, where he remained a good hour without consciousness. The pains they took with him brought back his senses, by degrees, at last. The Queen and the King (of Prussia) were in despair all this while. Many have thought this attack was a herald of the stroke of apoplexy which came by-and-by"—within four years from this date, and carried off his Majesty in a very gloomy manner.

"They passionately entreated him to retire now," continues Wilhelmina, "but he would not by any means. He led out the Queen, and did the other ceremonies according to rule; had a very bad night, as we learned underhand;" but persisted stoically nevertheless, being a crowned Majesty, and bound to it. He stoically underwent three or four other days of festival, sight-seeing, "pleasure" so-called—among other sights, saw little Fritz drilling his Cadets at Berlin—and on the fourth day (12th October, 1723, so thinks Wilhelmina) fairly "signed the

Treaty of the Double Marriage," English Townshend and the Prussian Ministry "having settled all things."<sup>5</sup>

"Signed the Treaty," thinks Wilhelmina, "all things being settled," which is an error on the part of Wilhelmina. Settled many or all things were by Townshend and the others, but before signing there was Parliament to be apprised, there were formalities, expenditure of time—between the cup and the lip, such things to intervene—and the sad fact is, the Double Marriage Treaty never was signed at all! However, all things being now settled ready for signing, his Britannic Majesty next morning set off for the *Göhrde* again, to try if there were any hunting possible.

This authentic glimpse, one of the few that are attainable, of their first Constitutional King, let English readers make the most of. The act done proved dreadfully momentous to our little Friend, his Grandson, and will much concern us.

Thus, at any rate, was the Treaty of the Double Marriage settled to the point of signing—thought to be as good as signed. It was at the time when Czar Peter was making armaments to burn Sweden; when Wood's Halfpence (on behalf of her Improper Grace of Kendal, the lean Quasi-Wife, "Maypole" or Hop-pole, who had run short of money, as she often did) were about beginning to jingle in Ireland;<sup>6</sup> when Law's Bubble "System" had fallen, well flaccid, into Chaos again; when Dubois, the unutterable Cardinal, had at length died, and D'Orleans, the unutterable Regent, was about to do so—in a most surprising Sodom and Gomorrah manner;<sup>7</sup> not to mention other dull and vile phenomena of putrid fermentation which were transpiring, or slut-tishly bubbling up in poor benighted rotten Europe here or there, since these are sufficient to date the Transaction for us; and what does not stick to our Fritz and his affairs it is more pleasant to us to forget than to remember, of such an epoch.

<sup>5</sup> Wilhelmina, *Mémoires de Bareith*, i., 83, 87. In Coxe (*Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, London, 1798), ii., 266, 272, 273, are some faint hints, from Townshend, of this Berlin journey.

<sup>6</sup> Coxe (i., 216, 217, and *supply* the dates); Walpole to Townshend, 13th October, 1723 (ib., ii., 275): "*The Drapier's Letters*" are of 1724.

<sup>7</sup> 2d December, 1723: Barbier, *Journal Historique du Règne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1847), i., 192, 196; Lacretelle, *Histoire de France, 18<sup>me</sup> siècle*, &c.

Hereby, for the present, is a great load rolled from Queen Sophie Dorothee's heart. One, and that the highest of her abstruse negotiations, cherished, labored in these fourteen years, she has brought to a victorious issue—has she not? Her poor Mother, once so radiant, now so dim and angry, shut in the Castle of Ahlden, does not approve this Double Marriage—not she, for her part, as, indeed, evil to all Hanoverian interests is now chiefly her good, poor Lady, and she is growing more and more of a Megæra every day; with whom Sophie Dorothee has her own difficulties and abstruse practices, but struggles always to maintain, under seven-fold secrecy, some thread of correspondence and pious filial ministration wherever possible, that the poor exasperated Mother, wretchedest and angriest of women, be not quite cut off from the kinship of the living, but that some soft breath of pity may cool her burning heart now and then.<sup>8</sup> A dark tragedy of Sophie's, this; the Bluebeard Chamber of her mind, into which no eye but her own must ever look.

*Princess Amelia comes into the World.*

In reference to Queen Sophie, and chronologically, if not otherwise, connected with this Double Marriage Treaty, I will mention one other thing. Her majesty had been in fluctuating health all summer; unaccountable symptoms turning up in her Majesty's constitution, languors, qualms, especially a tendency to swelling or increase of size, which had puzzled and alarmed her Doctors and her. Friedrich Wilhelm, on conclusion of the Marriage Treaty, had been appointed to join his Father-in-law, Britannic George, at the Göhrde, in some three weeks' time, and have a bout of hunting. On the 8th of November, bedtime being come, he kissed his Wilhelmina and the rest by way of good-by, intending to start very early on the morrow—long journey (150 miles or so), to be done all in one day. In the dead of the night Queen Sophie was seized with dreadful colics—pangs of colic, or who knows what?—Friedrich Wilhelm is summoned; rises in the highest alarm; none but the maids and he at hand to help; and the colic, or whatever it may be, gets more and more dreadful.

<sup>8</sup> In *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea* (London, 1845), ii., 385, 393, are certain fractions of this Correspondence, "edited" in an amazing manner.

Colic? Oh, poor Sophie, it is travail, and no colic, and a clever young Princess is suddenly the result! None but Friedrich Wilhelm and the maid for midwives; mother and infant, nevertheless, doing perfectly well. Friedrich Wilhelm did not go on the morrow, but next day; laughed, ever and anon, in loud ha ha at the part he had been playing, and was very glad and merry. How the experienced Sophie, whose twelfth child this is, came to commit such an oversight, is unaccountable; but the fact is certain, and made a merry noise in the Court circles.<sup>9</sup>

The clever little Princess, now born in this manner, is known by name to idle readers. She was christened *Amelia*, and we shall hear of her in time coming. But there was, as the Circulating Libraries still intimate, a certain loud-spoken braggart of the histrionic-heroic sort, called Baron Trenck, windy, rash, and not without mendacity, who has endeavored to associate her with his own transcendent and not undeserved ill luck, hinting the poor Princess into a sad fame in that way, for which, it would now appear, there was no basis whatever. Most condemnable Trenck; whom, however, Robespierre guillotined finally, and so settled that account and others.

Of Sophie Dorothee's twelve children, including this Amelia, there are now eight living, two boys, six girls; and after Amelia, two others, boys, are successively to come: ten in all, who grew to be men and women; of whom perhaps I had better subjoin a List, now that the eldest Boy and Girl are about to get settled in Life, and therewith close this Chapter.

*Friedrich Wilhelm's Ten Children.*

Marriage to Sophie Dorothee, 28th November, 1706.

A little Prince, born 23d November, 1707, died in six months. Then came,

1°. FREDERIKA SOPHIE WILHELMINA, ultimately Margravine of Bai-reuth, after strange adventures in the marriage-treaty way; wrote her *Mémoires* there about 1744; of whom we shall hear much. Left a Daughter, her one child; Daughter badly married to "Karl, reigning Duke of Würtemberg" (Poet Schiller's famous Serene Highness there), from whom she had to separate, &c., with anger enough, by-and-by.

<sup>9</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 199; Wilhelmina, i., 87, 88.

After Wilhelmina in the Family series came a second Prince, who died in the eleventh month. Then, 24th January, 1712,

2°. FRIEDRICH.

After whom (1713) a little Princess, who died in a few months. And then,

3°. FREDERIKA LOUISA, born 28th September, 1714; age now about nine. Margravine of Anspach, 30th May, 1729; Widow, 1757. Her one Son, born 1736, was the *Lady Craven's* Anspach. Frederika Louisa died 4th February, 1784.

4°. PHILIPPINA CHARLOTTE, born 13th March, 1716; became Duchess of Brunswick (her Husband was Eldest Brother of the "Prince Ferdinand" so famous in England in the Seven-Years War); her Son was the Duke who invaded France in 1792, and was tragically hurled to ruin in the Battle of Jena, 1806. The Mother lived till 1801; Widow since 1780.

After whom, in 1717, again a little Prince, who died within two years (our Fritz then seven—probably the first time Death ever came before him, practically into his little thoughts in this world); then,

5°. SOPHIE DOROTHEE MARIA, born 25th January, 1719; Margravine of Schwedt, 1734 (eldest Markgraf of Schwedt, mentioned above as a comrade of the Crown-Prince). Her life not very happy; she died 1765. Left no son (Brother-in-law succeeded, last of the Schwedt *Margraves*); her Daughter, wedded to Prince Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian officer, Cadet of Württemberg and ultimately Heir there, is Ancestress of the Württemberg Sovereignities that now are, and also (by one of *her* daughters married to Paul of Russia) of all the Czar kindred of our time.<sup>10</sup>

6°. LOUISA ULRIQUE, born 24th July, 1720; married Adolf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent, subsequently King of Sweden, 17th July, 1744; Queen (he having acceded) 6th April, 1751; Widow, 1781; died, at Stockholm, 16th July, 1772. Mother of the subsequent Kings; her Grandson the *Deposed*.<sup>11</sup> Died 16th July, 1782.

7°. AUGUST WILHELM, born 9th August, 1722; Heir-Apparent after Friedrich (so declared by Friedrich, 30th June, 1744); Father of the Kings who have since followed. He himself died, in said circumstances, as we shall see, 12th June, 1758.

8°. ANNA AMELIA, born 9th November, 1723, on the terms we have seen.

9°. FRIEDRICH HEINRICH LUDWIG, born 18th January, 1726—the famed Prince Henri, of whom we shall hear.

<sup>10</sup> Preuss, iv., 287; Erman, *Vie de Sophie Charlotte*, p. 272.

<sup>11</sup> Certe!, p. 83; Hübner, t. 91, 227.

10°. AUGUST FERDINAND, born 23d May, 1730 : a brilliant soldier under his Brother, full of spirit and talent, but liable to weak health ; was Father of the " Prince Louis Ferdinand " (a tragic Failure of something considerable), who went off in Liberalism, wit, in high sentiment, expenditure, and debauchery, greatly to the admiration of some persons, and at length rushed desperate upon the French, and found his quietus (10th October, 1806) four days before the Battle of Jena.

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CHAPTER II.

## A KAISER HUNTING SHADOWS.

TREATY of Double Marriage is ready for signing, once the needful Parliamentary preludings are gone through ; Treaty is signed, thinks Wilhelmina, forgetting the distance between cup and lip. As to signing, or even to burning, and giving up the thought of signing, alas ! how far are we yet from that ! Imperial spectre-huntings and the politics of most European Cabinets will connect themselves with that, and send it wandering wide enough—lost in such a jungle of intrigues, pettifoggings, treacheries, diplomacies domestic and foreign, as the course of true love never got entangled in before.

The whole of which extensive Cabinet operations, covering square miles of paper at this moment—having nevertheless, after ten years of effort, ended in absolute zero—were of no worth even to the managers of them, and are of less than none to any mortal now or henceforth, so that the method of treating them becomes a problem to History. To pitch them utterly out of window and out of memory, never to be mentioned in human speech again, this is the manifest prompting of Nature, and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called " Politics of Europe " in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity ! " Putrid fermentation," ending, after the endurance of much malodor, in mere zero to you and to every one, even to the rotting bodies themselves ; is there any wise Editor that would connect himself with that ? These are the fields of History which are to be, so soon as humanly possible, *suppressed* ;

which only Mephistophiles, or the Bad Genius of mankind, can contemplate with pleasure.

Let us strive to touch lightly the chief summits, here and there, of that intricate, most empty, mournful Business, which was really once a Fact in practical Europe, not the mere Nightmare of an Attorney's Dream, and indicate, so far as indispensable, how the young Friedrich, Friedrich's Sister, Father, Mother, were tribulated, almost heartbroken and done to death by means of it.

*Imperial Majesty on the Treaty of Utrecht.*

Kaiser Karl VI., head of the Holy Romish Empire at this time, was a handsome man to look upon, whose life, full of expense, vicissitude, futile labor and adventure, did not prove of much use to the world—describable as a laborious futility rather. He was second son of that little Leopold, the solemn little Herr in red stockings, who had such troubles, frights, and runnings to and fro with the sieging Turks, liberative Sobieskis, acquisitive Louis Fourteenth, and who at length ended in a sea of futile labor, which they call the Spanish-Succession War.

This Karl, second son, had been appointed "King of Spain" in that futile business, and with much sublimity, though internally in an impoverished condition, he proceeded toward Spain, landing in England to get cash for the outfit—arrived in Spain, and roved about there as Titular King for some years with the fighting Peterboroughs, Galways, Stahrembergs, but did no good there, neither he nor his Peterboroughs. At length, his Brother Joseph, Father Leopold's successor, having died,<sup>1</sup> Karl came home from Spain to be Kaiser, at which point Karl would have been wise to give up his Titular Kingship in Spain, for he never got, nor will get, any thing but futile labor from hanging to it. He did hang to it nevertheless, and still, at this date of George's visit and long afterward, hangs, with notable obstinacy, to the woe of men and nations—punishment doubtless of his sins and theirs!

Kaiser Karl shrieked mere amazement and indignation when the English tired of fighting for him and it—when the English

<sup>1</sup> 17th April, 1711.

said to their great Marlborough, "Enough, you sorry Marlborough! You have beaten Louis XIV. to the suppleness of wash-leather at our bidding; that is true, and that may have had its difficulties; but, after all, we prefer to have the thing precisely as it would have been without any fighting. You, therefore, what is the good of you? You are a—person whom we fling out like sweepings, now that our eyesight returns, and accuse of common stealing. Go and be ——!"

Nothing ever had so disgusted and astonished Kaiser Karl as this treatment—not of Marlborough, whom he regarded only as he would have done a pair of military boots or a holster pistol of superior excellence, for the uses that were in him, but of the Kaiser Karl his own sublime self, the heart and focus of Political Nature, left in this manner, now, when the sordid English and Dutch declined spending blood and money for him farther. "Ungrateful, sordid, inconceivable souls," answered Karl; "was there ever, since the early Christian times, such a martyr as you have now made of me!" So answered Karl, in diplomatic groans and shrieks, to all ends of Europe; but the sulky English and Allies, thoroughly tired of paying and bleeding, did not heed him; made their Peace of Utrecht<sup>2</sup> with Louis XIV., who was now beaten supple; and Karl, after a year of indignant protests and futile attempts to fight Louis on his own score, was obliged to do the like. He has lost the Spanish crown, but still holds by the shadow of it; will not quit that, if he can help it. He hunts much, digests well; is a sublime Kaiser, though internally rather poor, carrying his head high, and seems to himself, on some sides of his life, a martyred, much-enduring man.

*Imperial Majesty has got happily wedded.*

Kaiser Karl, soon after the time of going to Spain, had decided that a Wife would be necessary. He applied to Caroline of Anspach, now English Princess of Wales, but at that time an orphaned Brandenburg-Anspach Princess, very beautiful, graceful, gifted, and altogether unprovided-for; living at Berlin under the guardianship of Friedrich the first King. Her young Moth-

<sup>2</sup> Peace of Utrecht, 11th April, 1713; Peace of Rastadt (following upon the Preliminaries of Baden), 6th March, 1714.

er had married again—high enough match (to Kur Sachsen, elder Brother of August the Strong, August at that time without prospects of the Electorate), but it lasted short while: Caroline's Mother and Saxon Stepfather were both now, long since, dead. So she lived at Berlin, brilliant though unportioned, with the rough cub Friedrich Wilhelm much following her about, and passionately loyal to her, as the Beast was to Beauty; whom she did not mind except as a cub loyal to her, being five years older than he.<sup>3</sup> Indigent bright Caroline, a young lady of fine aquiline features and spirit, was applied for to be Queen of Spain; wooer a handsome man, who might even be Kaiser by-and-by. Indigent bright Caroline at once answered No. She was never very orthodox in Protestant theology, but could not think of taking up Papistry for lucre's and ambition's sake; be that always remembered on Caroline's behalf!

The Spanish Majesty next applied at Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; no lack of Princesses there—Princess Elizabeth, for instance; Protestant she too, but perhaps not so squeamish? Old Anton Ulrich, whom some readers know for the idle Books, long-winded Novels chiefly, which he wrote, was the Grandfather of this favored Princess; a good-natured old gentleman, of the idle ornamental species, in whose head most things, it is likely, were reduced to vocables, scribble, and sentimentality, and only a steady internal gravitation toward praise and pudding was traceable as very real in him. Anton Ulrich, affronted more or less by the immense advancement of Gentleman Ernst and the Hanoverian or *Younger* Brunswick Line, was extremely glad of the Imperial offer, and persuaded his timid Granddaughter, ambitious too, but rather conscience-stricken, that the change from Protestant to Catholic, the essentials being so perfectly identical in both, was a mere trifle; that he himself, old as he was, would readily change along with her, so easy was it; whereupon the young Lady made the big leap, abjured her religion<sup>4</sup>—went to Spain as Queen (with sad injury to her complexion, but otherwise successfully more or less)—and sits now as Empress beside her Karl VI., in a grand enough, probably rather dull, but not singularly unhappy manner.

<sup>3</sup> Förster, i., 107.

<sup>4</sup> 1st May, 1707, at Bamberg.

She, a Brunswick Princess, with Nephews and Nieces who may concern us, is Kaiserinn to Kaiser Karl; for aught I know of her, a kindly simple Wife and unexceptionable Sovereign Majesty of the sort wanted, whom let us remember if we meet her again one day. I add only of this poor Lady, distinguished to me by a Daughter she had, that her mind still had some misgivings about the big leap she had made in the Protestant-Papist way. Finding Anton Ulrich still continue Protestant, she wrote to him out of Spain: "Why, O honored Grandpapa, have you not done as you promised? Ah! there must be a taint of mortal sin in it, after all!" Upon which the absurdly situated old Gentleman did change his religion, and is marked as a Convert in all manner of Genealogies and Histories—truly an old literary gentleman ducal and serene, restored to the bosom of the Church in a somewhat peculiarly ridiculous manner.<sup>5</sup> But to return.

*Imperial Majesty and the Termagant of Spain.*

Ever after the Peace of Utrecht, when England and Holland declined to bleed for him farther, especially ever since his own Peace of Rastadt made with Louis the year after, Kaiser Karl had utterly lost hold of the Crown of Spain, and had not the least chance to clutch that bright substance again; but he held by the shadow of it with a deadly Hapsburg tenacity; refused for twenty years, under all pressures, to part with the shadow: "The Spanish Hapsburg Branch is dead; whereupon do not I, of the Austrian Branch, sole representative of Kaiser Karl the Fifth, claim, by the law of Heaven, whatever he possessed in Spain, by law of ditto? Battles of Blenheim, of Malplaquet, Court intrigues of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess—these may bring Treaties of Utrecht, and what you are pleased to call laws of Earth, but a Hapsburg Kaiser knows higher laws, if you would do a thousand Utrechts; and by these, Spain is his!"

Poor Kaiser Karl, he had a high thought in him really, though a most misguided one—Titular King of Men, but much bewildered into mere indolent fatuity, inane solemnity, high-sniffing pride grounded on nothing at all—a Kaiser much sunk in the

<sup>5</sup> Michaelis, i., 131.

sediments of his muddy Epoch. Sure enough, he was a proud, lofty, solemn Kaiser, infinitely the gentleman in air and humor—Spanish gravities, ceremonials, reticences—and could, in a better scene, have distinguished himself by better than mere statue-like immovability of posture, dignified endurance of ennui, and Hapsburg tenacity in holding the grip. It was not till 1735, after tusselings and wrenchings beyond calculation, that he would consent to quit the Shadow of the Crown of Spain, and let Europe *be* at peace on that score.

The essence of what is called the European History of this Period, such History as a Period sunk dead in spirit and alive only in stomach can have, turns all on Kaiser Karl and these his clutchings at shadows, which makes a very sad, surprising History indeed, more worthy to be called Phenomena of Putrid Fermentation than Struggles of Human Heroism to vindicate itself in this Planet, which latter alone are worthy of recording as “History” by mankind.

On the throne of Spain, beside Philip V., the melancholic new Bourbon, Louis XIV.’s Grandson, sat Elizabeth Farnese, a termagant, tenacious woman, whose ambitious cupidities were not inferior in obstinacy to Kaiser Karl’s, and proved not quite so shadowy as his. Elizabeth also wanted several things: renunciation of your (Kaiser Karl’s) shadowy claims; nay, of sundry real usurpations you and your Treaties have made on the actual possessions of Spain—Kingdom of Sicily, for instance; Netherlands, for instance; Gibraltar, for instance. But there is one thing, which, we observe, is indispensable throughout to Elizabeth Farnese: the future settlement of her dear Boy Carlos—Carlos, whom, as Spanish Philip’s second Wife, she had given to Spain and the world as *Second* or supplementary *Infant* there: a troublesome gift to Spain and others.

“This dear Boy, surely he must have his Italian Appanages which you have provided for him—Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, which will fall heirless soon. Security for these Italian Appanages such as will satisfy a mother—let us introduce Spanish garrisons into Parma and Piacenza at once! How else can we be certain of getting those indispensable Appanages when

they fall vacant?" On this point Elizabeth Farnese was positive, maternally vehement; would take no subterfuge, denial, or delay: "Let me perceive that I shall have these Duchies—that first of all; or else not that only, but numerous other things will be demanded of you."

Upon which point the Kaiser too, who loved his Duchies, and hoped yet to keep them by some turn of the game, never could decide to comply; whereupon Elizabeth grew more and more termagant; listened to wild counsels; took up an Alberoni, a Ripperda, any wandering diplomatic bulldog that offered, and let them loose upon the Kaiser and her other gainsayers, to the terror of mankind, lest universal war should supervene. She held the Kaiser well at bay, mankind well in panic; and continually there came on all Europe, for about twenty years, a terror that war was just about to break out, and the whole world to take fire. The History, so-called, of Europe went canting from side to side—heeling at a huge rate, according to the passes and lunges these two giant figures, Imperial Majesty and the Termagant of Spain, made at one another for a twenty years or more, till once the duel was decided between them.

There came next to no war after all; sputterings of war twice over—1718, Byng at Messina, as we saw, and then, in 1727, a second sputter, as we are to see—but the neighbors always ran with buckets and got it quenched; no war to speak of, but such negotiating, diplomatizing, universal hope, universal fear, and infinite ado about nothing as were seldom heard of before; or, except Friedrich Wilhelm drilling his 50,000 soldiers (80,000 gradually, and gradually even twice that number), I see no Crowned Head in Europe that is not, with immeasurable apparatus, simply doing *zero*. Alas! in an age of universal infidelity to Heaven, where the Heavenly Sun has *sunk*, there occur strange Spectre-huntings, which is a fact worth laying to heart. Duel of Twenty Years with Elizabeth Farnese about the eventualities of Parma and Piacenza, and the Shadow of the lost Crown of Spain—this was the first grand Spectrality of Kaiser Karl's existence, but this was not the whole of them.

*Imperial Majesty's Pragmatic Sanction.*

Kaiser Karl meanwhile was rather short of heirs, which formed another of his real troubles, and involved him in much shadow-hunting. His Wife, the serene Brunswick Empress whom we spoke of above, did at length bring him children—brought him a boy even; but the boy died within the year; and, on the whole, there remained nothing but two Daughters, Maria Theresa the elder of them, born 1717, the prettiest little maiden in the world; no son to inherit Kaiser Karl. Under which circumstances Kaiser Karl produced now, in the year 1724, a Document which he had executed privately as long ago as 1713, only his Privy Councilors and other Official witnesses knowing of it then,<sup>6</sup> and solemnly publishes it to the world as a thing all men are to take notice of. All men had notice enough of this Imperial bit of Sheepskin before they got done with it, five-and-twenty years hence<sup>7</sup>—a very famous Pragmatic Sanction, now published for the world's comfort.

By which Document Kaiser Karl had formally settled, and fixed according to the power he has, in the shape of what they call a Pragmatic Sanction, or unalterable Ordinance in his Imperial House, "That, failing Heirs-male, his Daughters, his Eldest Daughter, should succeed him; failing Daughters, his Nieces; and, in short, that Heirs-female, ranking from their kinship to Kaiser Karl, and not to any prior Kaiser, should be as good as Heirs-male of Karl's body would have been." A Pragmatic Sanction is the high name he gives this Document, or the Act it represents, "Pragmatic Sanction" being, in the Imperial Chancery and some others, the received title for Ordinances of a very irrevocable nature which a sovereign makes in affairs that belong wholly to himself, or what he reckons his own rights.<sup>8</sup>

This Pragmatic Sanction of Kaiser Karl's, executed 19th

<sup>6</sup> 19th April, 1713 (Stenzel, iii., 522).

<sup>7</sup> Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.

<sup>8</sup> A rare kind of Deed, it would seem, and all the more solemn. In 1438, Charles VI. of France, conceding the Gallican Church its Liberties, does it by "*Sanction Pragmatique*;" Carlos III. of Spain (in 1759, "settling the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies on his third son") does the like, which is the last instance of "*Pragmatic Sanction*" in this world.

April, 1713, was promulgated "gradually," now here, now there, from 1720 to 1724,<sup>9</sup> in which latter year it became universally public, and was transmitted to all Courts and Sovereignities as an unalterable law of Things Imperial; thereby the good man hopes his beautiful little Theresa, now seven years old, may succeed him, all as a son would have done, in the Austrian States and Dignities, and incalculable damages, wars, and chances of war be prevented, for his House and for all the world.

The world, incredulous of to-morrow, in its lazy way, was not sufficiently attentive to this new law of things. Some who were personally interested, as the Saxon Sovereignty, and the Bavarian, denied that it was just; reminded Kaiser Karl that he was not the Noah or Adam of Kaisers, and that the case of Heirs-female was not quite a new idea on sheepskin. No, there are older Pragmatic Sanctions and settlements, by prior Kaisers of blessed memory, under which, if Daughters are to come in, we, descended from Imperial Daughters of older standing, shall have a word to say. To this Kaiser Karl answers steadily, with endless argument, that every Kaiser is a Patriarch and First Man in such matters, and that so it has been pragmatically sanctioned by him, and that so it shall and must irrevocably be. To the other powers, and indolent impartial Sovereigns of the world, he was lavish in embassies, in ardent representations, and spared no pains in convincing them that to-morrow would surely come, and that then it would be a blessedness to have accepted this Pragmatic Sanction, and see it lying for you as a Law of Nature to go by, and avoid incalculable controversies.

This was another vast Shadow, or confused high-piled continent of shadows, to which our poor Kaiser held with his customary tenacity. To procure adherences and assurances to this dear Pragmatic Sanction was, even more than the shadow of the Spanish Crown, and above all after he had quitted that, the one grand business of his Life henceforth, with which he kept all Europe in perpetual travail and diplomacy, raying out ambassadors and less ostensible agents with bribes, and with entreaties and proposals, into every high Sovereign Court and every low, negotiating unweariedly by all methods with all men; for it was

<sup>9</sup> Stenzel, p. 522, 523.

his evening song and his morning prayer—the grand meaning of Life to him till Life ended. You would have said, the first question he asks of every creature is, “Will you covenant for my Pragmatic Sanction with me? O, agree to it; accept that new Law of Nature: when the morrow comes, it will be salutary for you.”

Most of the Foreign Potentates idly accepted the thing, as things of a distant contingent kind are accepted; made Treaty on it, since the Kaiser seemed so extremely anxious. Only Bavaria, having heritable claims, never would. Saxony too (August the Strong), being in the like case or a better, flatly refused for a long time; would not at all, except for a consideration. Bright little Prince Eugene, who dictated square miles of Letters and Diplomacies on the subject (Letters of a steady depth of dullness, which at last grows almost sublime), was wont to tell his Majesty, “Treatying, your Majesty? A well-trained Army and a full Treasury—that is the only Treaty that will make this Pragmatic Sanction valid!” But his Majesty never would believe. So the bright old Eugene dictated—or, we hope and guess, he only gave his clerks some key-word, and signed his name (in three languages, “Eugenio von Savoye”) to these square miles of dull epistolary matter, probably taking Spanish snuff when he had done; for he wears it in both waistcoat pockets; has (as his Portraits still tell us) given up breathing by the nose—the bright little soul, with a flash in him as of Heaven’s own lightning, but now growing very old and snuffy.

Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction—shadow of the Spanish Crown—it was such shadow-huntings of the Kaiser in Vienna, it was this of the Pragmatic Sanction most of all, that thwarted our Prussian Double Marriage, which lay so far away from it. This it was that pretty nearly broke the hearts of Friedrich, Wilhelmina, and their Mother and Father; for there never was such negotiating, not for admittance to the Kingdom of Heaven in the pious times; and the open goings forth of it, still more the secret minings and mole-courses of it, were into all places. Above ground and below, no Sovereign mortal could say he was safe from it, let him agree or not. Friedrich Wilhelm had cheerfully, and with all his heart, agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction; this

above ground, in sight of the sun, and rashly fancied he had then done with it, till, to his horror, he found the Imperial moles, by way of keeping assurance doubly sure, had been under the foundations of his very house for long years past, and had all but brought it down about him in the most hideous manner.

*Third Shadow: Imperial Majesty's Ostend Company.*

Another object which Kaiser Karl pursued with some diligence in these times, and which likewise proved a shadow, much disturbance as it gave mankind, was his "Ostend East India Company." The Kaiser had seen impoverished Spain, rich England, rich Holland; he had taken up a creditable notion about commerce and its advantages. He said to himself, Why should not my Netherlands trade to the East as well as these English and Dutch, and grow opulent like them? He instituted (*octroya*) an "Ostend East India Company," under due Patents and Imperial Sheepskins, of date 17th December, 1722,<sup>10</sup> gave it what freedom he could to trade to the East. "Impossible!" answered the Dutch, with distraction in their aspect; "impossible, we say; contrary to Treaty of Westphalia, to Utrecht, to Barrier Treaty, and destructive to the best interests of mankind, especially to us and our trade profits! We shall have to capture your ships if you ever send any."

To which the Kaiser counterpleaded earnestly, diligently, for the space of seven years—to no effect. "We will capture your ships if you ever send any," answered the Dutch and English. What ships ever could have been sent from Ostend to the East, or what ill they could have done there, remains a mystery, owing to the monopolizing Maritime Powers.

The Kaiser's laudable zeal for commerce had to expend itself in his Adriatic Territories, giving privileges to the Ports of Trieste and Fiume,<sup>11</sup> making roads through the Dalmatian Hill-Countries which are useful to this day, but could not operate on the Netherlands in the way proposed. The Kaiser's Imperial Ostend East India Company, which convulsed the Diplomatic

<sup>10</sup> Buchholz, i., 88; Pfeffel, *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne* (Paris, 1776), ii., 522.

<sup>11</sup> Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, x., 101.

mind for seven years to come, and made Europe lurch from side to side in a terrific manner, proved a mere paper Company; never sent any ships, only produced Diplomacies, and "had the honor to be." This was the third grand Shadow which the Kaiser chased, shaking all the world—poor crank world—as he strode after it; and this also ended in zero, and several tons of diplomatic correspondence, carried once by breathless estafettes, and now silent, gravitating toward Acheron all of them, and interesting to the spiders only.

Poor good Kaiser, they say he was a humane stately gentleman, stately though shortish; fond of pardoning criminals where he could; very polite to Muratori and the Antiquaries, even to English Rymer, in opening his archives to them; and made roads in the Dalmatian Hill-Country which remain to this day. I do not wonder he grew more and more saturnine, and addicted to solid taciturn field-sports. His Political "*Perforce Hunt (Parforce Jagd)*," with so many two-footed terriers and legationary beagles, distressing all the world by their baying and their burrowing, had proved to be of Shadows, and melted into thin air to a very singular degree.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SEVEN CRISES OR EUROPEAN TRAVAIL THROES.

IN process of this so terrific Duel with Elizabeth Farnese, and general combat of the Shadows, which then made Europe quake at every new lunge and pass of it, and which now makes Europe yawn to hear the least mention of it, there came two sputterings of actual War—Byng's sea-victory at Messina, 1718; Spanish "Siege of Gibraltar," 1727, are the main phenomena of these two wars—England, as its wont is, taking a shot in both, though it has now forgotten both. And, on the whole, there came, so far as I can count, seven grand diplomatic Spasms or Crises—desperate general European Treatyings hither and then thither, solemn Congresses two of them, with endless supplementary adhesions by the minor Powers—seven grand mother-treaties, not to mention the daughters, or supplementary adhe-

sions they had; all Europe rising spasmodically seven times, and doing its very uttermost to quell this terrible incubus; all Europe changing color seven times, like a lobster boiling, for twenty years—seven diplomatic Crises, we say, marked changings of color in the long-suffering lobster, and two so-called Wars, before this enormous zero could be settled, which high Treaties and Transactions, human nature, after much study of them, grudges to enumerate. Appanage for Baby Carlos, ghost of a Pragmatic Sanction—these were a pair of causes for mankind! Be no word spoken of them, except with regret and on evident compulsion.

For the reader's convenience we must note the salient points, but grudge to do it—salient points, now mostly wrapped in Orcus, and terrestrially interesting only to the spiders, except on an occasion of this kind, when part of them happens to stick to the history of a memorable man. To us they are mere bubbleings up of the general putrid fermentation of the then Political World, and are too unlovely to be dwelt on longer than indispensable. Triple Alliance, Quadruple Alliance, Congress of Cambrai, Congress of Soissons, Conference of Pardo, Treaty of Hanover, Treaty of Wusterhausen, what are they? Echo answers, What? Ripperda and the Queen of Spain, Kaiser Karl and his Pragmatic Sanction, are fallen dim to every mind. The Troubles of Thorn (sad enough Papist-Protestant tragedy in their time), who now cares to know of them? It is much if we find a hearing for the poor Salzburg Emigrants when they get into Preussen itself. Afflicted human nature ought to be, at last, delivered from the palpably superfluous; and if a few things memorable are to be remembered, millions of things unmemorable must first be honestly buried and forgotten. But to our affair, that of marking the chief bubbleings up in the above-said Universal Putrid Fermentation, so far as they concern us.

*Congress of Cambrai.*

We already saw Byng sea-fighting in the Straits of Messina; that was part of Crisis Second—sequel, in powder and ball, of Crisis First, which had been in paper till then. The Powers had interfered by Triple, by Quadruple Alliance, to quench the

Spanish-Austrian Duel (about Appanage for Baby Carlos, and a quantity of other Shadows): "Triple Alliance"<sup>1</sup> was, we may say, when France, England, Holland laboriously sorted out terms of agreement between Kaiser and Termagant; "Quadruple"<sup>2</sup> was when Kaiser, after much coaxing, acceded as fourth party, and said gloomily, "Yes, then." Byng's Sea-fight was when Termagant said, "No, by—the Plots of Alberoni! Never will I, for my part, accede to such terms!" and attacked the poor Kaiser in his Sicilies and elsewhere—Byng's Sea-fight, in aid of a suffering Kaiser and his Sicilies, in consequence. Furthermore, the French invaded Spain till Messina were retaken; nay, the English, by land too, made a dash at Spain, "Descent on Vigo," as they call it, in reference to which take the following stray Note:

"That same year" (1719, year after Byng's Sea-fight, Messina just about recaptured) "there took effect, planned by the vigorous Colonel Stanhope, our Minister at Madrid, who took personal share in the thing, a 'Descent on Vigo,' sudden swoop down upon Town and shipping in those Gallician northwestern regions, which was perfectly successful—Lord Cobham leading—and made much noise among mankind—filled all Gazettes at that time; but now, again, is all fallen silent for us, except this one thrice insignificant point, that there was in it, 'in Handyside's Regiment,' a Lieutenant of Foot, by name *Sterne*, who had left, with his poor Wife at Plymouth, a very remarkable Boy called Lorry, or *Lawrence*, known since that to all mankind. When Lorry in his *Life* writes, 'My Father went on the Vigo expedition,' readers may understand this was it. Strange enough, that poor Lieutenant of Foot is now pretty much all that is left of this sublime enterprise upon Vigo in the memory of mankind, hanging there, as if by a single hair, till poor *Tristram Shandy* be forgotten too."<sup>3</sup>

In short, the French and even the English invaded Spain; English Byng and others sunk Spanish ships; Termagant was obliged to pack away her Alberoni and give in. She had to accede to "Quadruple Alliance" after all, making it, so to speak, a Quintuple one; making peace, in fact<sup>4</sup>—general Congress to be held at Cambrai and settle the details.

<sup>1</sup> 4th January, 1717.

<sup>2</sup> 18th July, 1718.

<sup>3</sup> *Memoirs of Lawrence Sterne, written by himself for his Daughter* (see *Annual Register*, Year 1775, p. 50-52).

<sup>4</sup> 17th February, 1720.

Congress of Cambrai met accordingly in 1722—"in the course of the year;" Delegates slowly raining in—date not fixable to a day or month. Congress was "sat," as we said, or, alas! was only still endeavoring to get seated, and wandering about among the chairs, when George I. came to Charlottenburg that evening, October, 1723, and surveyed Wilhelmina with a candle. More inane Congress never met in this world, nor will meet. Settlement proved so difficult; all the more, as neither of the quarreling parties wished it. Kaiser and Termagant, fallen as if exhausted, had not the least disposition to agree; lay diplomatically gnashing their teeth at one another, ready to fight again should strength return. Difficult for third parties to settle on behalf of such a pair. Nay, at length the Kaiser's Ostend Company came to light: what will third parties, Dutch and English especially, make of that?

This poor Congress—let the reader fancy it—spent two years in "arguments about precedencies," in mere beatings of the air; could not get seated at all, but wandered among the chairs till "February, 1724." Nor did it manage to accomplish any work whatever even then—the most inane of Human Congresses, and memorable on that account, if on no other. There, in old stagnant Cambrai, through the third year and into the fourth, were Delegates, Spanish, Austrian, English, Dutch, French, of solemn outfit, with a big tail to each—"Lord Whitworth," whom I do not know, "Lord Polwarth" (Earl of Home that will be, a friend of Pope's), were the English Principals<sup>5</sup>—there, for about four years, were these poor fellow-creatures busied, bailing out water with sieves. Seen through the Horn-Gate of Dreams, the figure of them rises almost grand on the mind.

A certain bright young Frenchman, François Arouet—spoiled for a solid law career, but whose *Œdipe* we saw triumphing in the Theatres, and who will, under the new name of *Voltaire*, become very memorable to us—happened to be running toward Holland that way, one of his many journeys thitherward, and actually saw this Congress, then in the first year of its existence—saw it, probably dined with it. A Letter of his still extant, not yet fallen to the spiders, as so much else has done, testifies

<sup>5</sup> Schöll, ii., 197.

to this fact. Let us read part of it—the less despicable part—as a Piece supremely insignificant, yet now, in a manner, the one surviving Document of this extraordinary Congress, Congress's own works and history having all otherwise fallen to the spiders forever. The Letter is addressed to Cardinal Dubois; for Dubois, “with the face like a goat,”<sup>6</sup> yet lived (first year of this Congress); and Regent d'Orléans lived, intensely interested here as third party; and a goat-faced Cardinal, once pimp and lackey, ugliest of created souls, Archbishop of this same Cambrai “by Divine permission” and favor of Beelzebub, was capable of promoting a young fellow if he chose:

“To his *Eminence Cardinal Dubois* (from Arouet Junior).

“*Cambrai, July, 1722.*

“\* \* \* We are just arrived in your City, Monseigneur, where, I think, all the Embassadors and all the Cooks in Europe have given one another rendezvous. It seems as if all the Ministers of Germany had assembled here for the purpose of getting their Emperor's health drunk. As to Messieurs the Embassadors of Spain, one of them hears two masses a day, and the other manages the troop of players. The English Ministers” (a *Lord Polwarth* and a *Lord Whitworth*) “send many couriers to Champagne and few to London. For the rest, nobody expects your Eminence here; it is not thought you will quit the Palais Royal to visit the sheep of your flock in these parts”—no! “It would be too bad for your Eminence and for us all. \* \* Think sometimes, Monseigneur, of a man who”—regards your goat-faced Eminence as a beautiful ingenious creature, and such a hand in conversation as never was. “The one thing I will ask” of your goat-faced Eminence “at Paris will be to have the goodness to talk to me.”<sup>7</sup> \* \* \*

Alas! alas! The more despicable portions of this Letter we omit, as they are not history of the Congress, but of Arouet Junior on the shady side. So much will testify that this Congress did exist; that its wiggeries and it were not always, what they now are, part of a nightmare vision in Human History.

Elizabeth Farnese, seeing at what rate the Congress of Cambrai sped, lost all patience with it; and getting more and more exasperations there, at length employed one Ripperda, a surpris-

<sup>6</sup> Herzogin von Orleans: *Briefe*.

<sup>7</sup> *Œuvres de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825-1834), lxxviii., 95, 96.

ing Dutch Black Artist whom she now had for Minister, to pull the floor from beneath it (so to speak), and send it home in that manner, which Ripperda did. An appropriate enough catastrophe, comfortable to the reader; upon which perhaps he will not grudge to read still another word?

*Congress of Cambrai gets the floor pulled from under it.*

Termagant Elizabeth had now one Ripperda for Minister; a surprising Dutch adventurer, once secretary of some Dutch embassy at Madrid, who, discerning how the land lay, had broken loose from that subaltern career, had changed his religion, insinuated himself into Elizabeth's royal favor, and was now "Duke de Ripperda," and a diplomatic bulldog of the first quality, full of mighty schemes and hopes; in brief, a new Alberoni to the Termagant Queen. This Ripperda had persuaded her (the third year of our inane Congress now running out, to no purpose) that he, if he were sent direct to Vienna, could reconcile the Kaiser to her Majesty, and bring them to Treaty, independently of Congresses. He was sent accordingly in all privacy; had reported himself as laboring there, with the best outlooks, for some while past; when, still early in 1725, there occurred on the part of France—where Regent d'Orléans was now dead, and new politics had come in vogue—that "sending back" of the poor little Spanish Infanta,<sup>8</sup> and marrying of young Louis XV. elsewhere, which drove Elizabeth and the Court of Spain, not unnaturally, into a very delirium of indignation.

Why they sent the poor little Lady home on those shocking terms? It seems there was no particular reason, except that French Louis was now about fifteen, and little Spanish Theresa was only eight; and that, under Duc de Bourbon, the new Premier, and none of the wisest, there was, express or implicit, "an ardent wish to see royal progeny secured," for which, of course, a wife of eight years would not answer. So she was returned; and even in a blundering way, it is said, the French Ambassador at Madrid having prefaced his communication, not with light, adroit preludings of speech, but with a tempest of tears and

<sup>8</sup> "5th April, 1725, quitted Paris" (Barbier, *Journal du Règne de Louis XV.*, i., 218).

howling lamentations, as if that were the way to conciliate King Philip and his Termagant Elizabeth. Transport of indignation was the natural consequence on their part; order to every Frenchman to be across the border within say eight-and-forty hours; rejection forever of all French mediation at Cambrai or elsewhere; question to the English, "Will you mediate for us, then?" To which the answer being merely "Hm!" with looks of delay, order by express to Ripperda to make straightway a bargain with the Kaiser—almost any bargain, so it were made at once. Ripperda made a bargain—Treaty of Vienna, 30th April, 1725<sup>9</sup>—"Titles and Shadows each of us shall keep for his own life time, then they shall drop. As to realities again, to Parma and Piacenza among the rest, let these be as in the Treaty of Utrecht—arrangeable in the lump; and, indeed, of Parma and Piacenza, perhaps the less we say the better at present." This was, in substance, Ripperda's Treaty; the Third great European travail throe, or change of color in the long-suffering lobster, whereby, of course, the Congress of Cambrai did straightway disappear, the floor miraculously vanishing under it, and sinks—far below human eye-reach by this time—toward the Bottomless Pool ever since. Such was the beginning, such the end of that Congress, which Arouet *le Jeune*, in 1722, saw as a contemporary Fact, drinking Champagne in Ramilies wigs, and arranging comedies for itself.

*France and the Britannic Majesty trim the ship again: how Friedrich Wilhelm came into it. Treaty of Hanover, 1725.*

The publication of this Treaty of Vienna (30th April, 1725)—miraculous disappearance of the Congress of Cambrai by withdrawal of the floor from under it, and close union of the Courts of Spain and Vienna as the outcome of its slow labors—filled Europe, and chiefly the late mediating Powers, with amazement, anger, terror—made Europe lurch suddenly to the other side, as we phrased it—*other* gunwale now under water; wherefore, in Heaven's name, trim your ship again, if possible, ye high mediating Powers. This the mediating Powers were laudably alert to do. Duc de Bourbon, and his young King about to marry,

<sup>9</sup> Schöll, ii., 201; Coxe, *Walpole*, i., 239-250.

were of pacific tendencies, anxious for the Balance; still more was Fleury, who succeeded Duc de Bourbon. Cardinal Fleury (with his Pupil Louis XV. under him, producing royal progeny and nothing worse or better as yet) began, next year, his long supremacy in France; an aged reverend gentleman, of sly, delicately cunning ways, and disliking war, as George I. did, unless when forced on him: now and henceforth, no mediating power more anxious than France to have the ship in trim.

George and Bourbon laid their heads together, deeply pondering this little less than awful state of the Terrestrial Balance, and in about six months they, in their quiet way, suddenly came out with a Fourth Crisis on the astonished populations, so as to right the ship's trim again, and more. "Treaty of Hanover," this was their unexpected manœuvre; done quietly at Herrnhäusen, when his Majesty next went across for the Hanover hunting season. Mere hunting; but the diplomatists, as well as the beagles, were all in readiness there. Even Friedrich Wilhelm, ostensibly intent on hunting, was come over thither, his abstruse Ilgens, with their ink-horns, escorting him—Friedrich Wilhelm, hunting in unexpected sort, was persuaded to sign this Treaty, which makes it unusually interesting to us: an exceptional procedure on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm, who, beyond all Sovereigns, stays well at home, careless of affairs that are not his: procedure betokening cordiality at Hanover, and of good omen for the Double Marriage?

Yes, surely; and yet something more on Friedrich Wilhelm's part. His rights on the Cleve-Jülich Countries; reversion of Jülich and Berg, once Karl Philip shall decease—perhaps these high Powers, for a consideration, will guarantee one's undoubted rights there? It is understood they gave promises of this kind, not too specific; nay, we hear farther a curious thing: "France and England, looking for immediate war with the Kaiser, advised Friedrich Wilhelm to assert his rights on Silesia," which would have been an important procedure. Friedrich Wilhelm, it is added, had actual thoughts of it; the Kaiser, in those matters of the *Ritter-Dienst*, of the *Heidelberg Protestants*, and wherever a chance was, had been unfriendly, little less than insulting, to Friedrich Wilhelm: "Give me one single Hanoverian brigade,

3d Sept., 1725.

to show that you go along with me," said his Prussian Majesty; but the *Britannic* never altogether would.<sup>10</sup>

Certain it is, Friedrich Wilhelm signed—a man with such Fighting Apparatus as to be important in a Hanover Treaty. "Balance of Power, they tell me, is in a dreadful way; certainly, if one can help the Balance a little, why not? But Jülich and Berg, one's own outlook of reversion there, that is the point to be attended to; Balance, I believe, will somehow shift for itself." On these principles Friedrich Wilhelm signed while ostensibly hunting.<sup>11</sup> Treaty of Hanover, which was to trim the ship again, or even to make it heel the other way, dates itself 3d September, 1725, and is of this purport: "We three, France, England, Prussia, to stand by each other as one man in case any of us is attacked; will invite Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and every pacific Sovereignty to join us in such convention"—as they all gradually did, had Friedrich Wilhelm but stood firm.

For it is a state of the Balances little less than awful. Rumor goes that, by the Ripperda bargain, fatal to mankind, Don Carlos was to get the beautiful young Maria Theresa to wife; that would settle the Parma-Piacenza business and some others; that would be a compensation with a witness! Spain and Austria united, as in Karl V.'s time, or perhaps some Succession War, or worse, to fight over again!

Fleury and George, as Duc de Bourbon and George had done, though both pacific gentlemen, brandished weapons at the Kaiser, strongly admonishing him to become less formidable, or it would be worse for him. Possible indeed, in such a shadow-hunting, shadow-hunted hour! Fleury and George stand looking with intense anxiety into a certain spectral something, which they call the Balance of Power; no end to their exorcisms in that matter. Truly, if each of the Royal Majesties and Serene Highnesses would attend to his own affairs, doing his utmost to better his own land and people in earthly and heavenly respects a little, he would find it infinitely profitabler for himself and others; and the Balance of Power would settle, in that case, as the laws of gravity ordered, which is its one method of settling after all di-

<sup>10</sup> *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i., 153.

<sup>11</sup> Fassmann, p. 368; Förster, *Urkundenbuch*, p. 67.

1725.

plomacy! Fleury and George, by their manifesting, still more by their levying of men, George I. shoveling out his English subsidies as usual, created deadly qualms in the Kaiser, who still found it unpleasant to "admit Spanish Garrisons in Parma," but found likewise his Termagant Friend inexorably positive on that score, and knew not what would become of him if he had to try fighting, and the Sea-Powers refused him cash to do it.

Hereby was the ship trimmed, and more, ship now lurching to the other side again. George I. goes subsidizing Hessians, Danes, sounding manifestoes, beating drums in an alarming manner; and the Kaiser, except it were in Russia with the new Czarina Catharine I. (that brown little woman, now become Czarina<sup>12</sup>), finds no ally to speak of—an unlucky, spectre-hunted Kaiser, who, amid so many drums, manifestoes, menaces, is now rolling eyes that witness every where considerable dismay. This is the Fourth grand Crisis of Europe—crisis or travail throe of Nature, bringing forth, and unable to do it, Baby Carlos's Appanage and the Pragmatic Sanction—fourth conspicuous change of color to the universal lobster, getting itself boiled on those sad terms for twenty years—for its sins we need not doubt; for its own long-continued cowardices, sloths, and greedy follies, as well as those of Kaiser Karl!

At this Fourth change we will gladly leave the matter for a time, much wishing it might be forever. Alas! as if that were possible to us! Meanwhile, let afflicted readers, looking before and after, readier to forget than to remember in such a case, accept this Note, or Summary of all the Seven together, by way of help:

*"Travail throes of Nature for Baby Carlos's Italian Appanage, Seven in number.*

"1°. Triple Alliance, English, Dutch, French (4th January, 1717), saying 'Peace, then! No Alberoni-plotting, no Duel-fighting permitted!' Same Powers, next year, proposing Terms of Agreement; Kaiser gloomily accepting them, which makes it Quadruple Alliance (18th

<sup>12</sup> 8th February, 1725. Treaty with Kaiser (6th August, 1726) went to nothing on her death, 11th May, 1727.

July, 1718); Termagant indignantly refusing, with attack on the Kaiser's Sicilies.

"2°. First Sputter of War: Byng's Sea-fight, and the other press-ures, compelling Termagant; Peace (26th January, 1720); Congress of Cambrai to settle the Appanage and other points.

"3°. Congress of Cambrai, a weariness to gods and men, gets the floor pulled from under it (Ripperda's feat, 30th April, 1725), so that Kaiser and Termagant stand ranked together; Appanage wrapped in mystery, to the terror of mankind.

"4°. Treaty of Hanover (France, England, Prussia, 3d September, 1725) restores the Balances, and more. War imminent. Prussia privately falls off," as we shall see.

*[These first Four lie behind us at this point; but there are Three others still ahead, which we can not hope to escape altogether, namely:]*

"5°. Second Sputter of War; Termagant besieges Gibraltar (4th March, 1727—6th March, 1728); Peace at that latter date; Congress of Soissons to settle the Appanage and other points, as formerly.

"6°. Congress of Soissons (14th June, 1728—9th November, 1729), as formerly, can not in the least; Termagant whispers England; there is Treaty of Seville (9th November, 1729), France and England undertaking for the Appanage. Congress vanishes; Kaiser is left solitary, with the shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, in the night of things. Pause of an awful nature; but Fleury does not hasten with the Appanage, as promised; whereupon, at length,

"7°. Treaty of Vienna (16th March, 1731); Sea-Powers leading Termagant by the hand, Sea-Powers and no France, unite with Kaiser again, according to the old laws of Nature; and Baby Carlos gets his Appanage in due course," but does not rest content with it, Mamma nor he, very long!

Huge Spectres and absurd bugaboos, stalking through the brain of dull, thoughtless, pusillanimous mankind, do, to a terrible extent, tumble hither and thither, and cause to lurch from side to side their ship of state, and all that is embarked there—*breakfast table* among other things. Nevertheless, if they were only bugaboos, and mere Shadows caused by Imperial hand-lanterns in the general Night of the world, ought they to be spoken of in the family when avoidable?

## CHAPTER IV.

### DOUBLE MARRIAGE TREATY CAN NOT BE SIGNED.

HITHERTO the world-tides, and ebbs and flows of external Politics, had, by accident, rather forwarded than hindered the Double Marriage. In the rear of such a Treaty of Hanover, triumphantly righting the European Balances by help of Friedrich Wilhelm, one might have hoped this little domestic Treaty would at last get itself signed. Queen Sophie did hasten off to Hanover directly after her husband had left it under those favorable aspects, but Papa again proved unmanageable; the Treaty could not be achieved.

Alas! and why not? Parents and Children, on both sides, being really desirous of it, what reason is there but it should in due time come to perfection, and, without annihilating Time and Space, make four lovers happy? No reason. Rubs doubtless had arisen since that Visit of George I., discordant procedures, chiefly about Friedrich Wilhelm's recruiting operations in the Hanover territory, as shall be noted by-and-by; but these the ever-wakeful enthusiasm of Queen Sophie, who had set her whole heart with a female fixity on this Double Marriage Project, had smoothed down again; and now, Papa and Husband being so blessedly united in their World-Politics, why not sign the Marriage Treaty? Honored Majesty-Papa, why not? "Tush, child, you do not understand. In these tremendous circumstances, the celestial Sign of the *Balance* just about canting, and the Obliquity of the Ecliptic like to alter, how can one think of little marriages? Wait till the Obliquity of the Ecliptic come steadily to its old pitch!"

Truth is, George was, in general, of a slow, solemn, Spanish turn of manners; "intolerably proud, too, since he got that English dignity," says Wilhelmina: he seemed always tacitly to look down on Friedrich Wilhelm, as if the Prussian Majesty were a kind of inferior clownish King in comparison. It is cer-

tain he showed no eagerness to get the Treaty perfected. Again and again, when specially applied to by Queen Sophie, on Friedrich Wilhelm's order, he intimated only, "It was a fixed thing, but not to be hurried; English Parliaments were concerned in it, the parties were still young," and so on; after which brief answer he would take you to the window, and ask "if you did not think the Herrnhausen Gardens, and their Liebnitz water-works, and clipped beech-walls were rather fine?"<sup>1</sup>

In fact, the English Parliaments, from whom money was so often demanded for our fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Kendals, and other royal occasions, would naturally have to make a marriage revenue for this fine Grandson of ours—Grandson Fred, who is now a young lout of eighteen, leading an extremely dissolute life, they say, at Hanover, and by no means the most beautiful of mortals, either he or the foolish little Father of him, to our old sad heart. They can wait! they can wait! said George always.

But undoubtedly he did intend that both Marriages should take effect, only he was slow, and the more you hurried him, perhaps the slower. He would have perfected the Treaty "next year," say the Authorities; meant to do so, if well let alone; but Townshend whispered withal, "Better not urge him." Surly George was always a man of his word; no treachery intended by him toward Friedrich Wilhelm or any man. It is very clear, moreover, that Friedrich Wilhelm, in this Autumn, 1725, was, and was like to be, of high importance to King George; a man not to be angered by dishonorable treatment, had such otherwise been likely on George's part. Nevertheless, George did not sign the Treaty "next year" either—such things having intervened—nor the next year after that, for reasons tragically good on the latter occasion.

These delays about the Double Marriage Treaty are not a pleasing feature of it to Friedrich Wilhelm, who is very capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, dislikes to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved over upon to-morrow. And so Queen Sophie has her

<sup>1</sup> Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii., 226, 228, &c.

own sore difficulties, driven thus between the Barbarians (that is, her Husband) and the deep Sea (that is, her Father), to and fro. Nevertheless, since all parties to the matter wished it, Sophie and the younger parties getting even enthusiastic about it, and since the matter itself was good, agreeable so far to Prussia and England, to Protestant Germany and to Heaven and Earth, might not Sophie confidently hope to vanquish these and other difficulties, and so bring all things to a happy close?

Had it not been for the Imperial Shadow-huntings, and this rickety condition of the celestial Balance! Alas! the outer elements interfered with Queen Sophie in a singular manner. Huge foreign world-movements, springing from Vienna and a spectre-haunted Kaiser, and spreading like an avalanche over all the Earth, snatched up this little Double Marriage question; tore it along with them, reeling over precipices, one knew not whitherward, at such a rate as was seldom seen before. Scarcely in the Minerva Press is there record of such surprising, infinite, and inextricable obstructions to a wedding or a double wedding. Time and space, which can not be annihilated to make two lovers happy, were here turned topsy-turvy, as it were, to make four lovers—four, or, at the very least, three, for Wilhelmina will not admit she was ever the least in love—not she, poor soul!—either with loose Fred or his English outlooks—four young creatures, and one or more elderly persons, superlatively wretched, and even, literally enough, to do all but kill some of them.

What is noteworthy too, it proved wholly inane, this huge world-ocean of Intrigues and Imperial Necromancy; ran dry at last into absolute nothing even for the Kaiser, and might as well not have been. And Mother and Father, on the Prussian side, were driven to despair, and pretty nearly to delirium by it; and our poor young Fritz got tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and in soul by it, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and, in fact, looked soon to have quitted said light at one stage of the business.

We are now approaching Act Second of the Double Marriage, where Imperial Ordnance-Master Graf von Seckendorf, a Black Artist of supreme quality, dispatched from Vienna on secret errand, “crosses the Palace Esplanade at Berlin on a summer

evening of the year 1726," and evokes all the demons on our little Crown-Prince and those dear to him. We must first say something of an important step shortly antecedent thereto, which occurred in the Crown-Prince's educational course.

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## CHAPTER V.

### CROWN-PRINCE GOES INTO THE POTSDAM GUARDS.

AMID such commotion of the foreign elements and the domestic, an important change occurs in the Crown-Prince's course of schooling. It is decided that, whatever be his progress in the speculative branches, it is time he should go into the Army, and practically learn soldiering. In his fourteenth year, 3d May, 1725,<sup>1</sup> not long before the Treaty of Hanover, he was formally named Captain by Papa in War-Council; Grenadier Guards, Potsdam Life-guards, to be the regiment; and next year he is nominated Major, and, a vacancy occurring, appointed to begin actual duty. It is on the "20th of August, 1726, that he first leads out his battalion to the muster" on those terms. His age is not yet fifteen by four months—a very tiny Major among those Potsdam giants; but by rank, we observe, he rides, and his horse is doubtless of the due height. And so the tiny Cadet-drillings have ended; long Files of Giants, splendid in gold lace and grenadier caps, have succeeded, and earnest work instead of mimic, in that matter, has begun.

However it may have fared with his other school-lessons, here now is a school-form he is advanced to in which there will be no resource but learning. Bad spelling might be overlooked by those that had charge of it; bad drilling is not permissible on any terms. We need not doubt the Crown-Prince did his soldier-duty faithfully, and learned in every point the conduct of an officer: penalty as of Rhadamanthus waited upon all failure there. That he liked it is by no means said; he much disliked it, and his disgusts were many. An airy young creature; and it was in this time, to give one instance, that that shearing of

<sup>1</sup> Preuss, i., 27; and *Buch für Jedermann* (a minor Book of his, on the same subject, Berlin, 1837), ii., 13.

his locks occurred, which was spoken of above, where the Court Chirurgus proved so merciful. To clog the winged Psyche in ever-returning parade routine and military pipe-clay, it seems very cruel. But it is not to be altered; in spite of one's disgusts, the dull work, to the last item of it, has daily to be done, which proved infinitely beneficial to the Crown-Prince, after all. Hereby, to his Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamantine Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable for such a superstructure, well exemplified through after-life in this Crown-Prince.

*Of the Potsdam Giants as a Fact.*

His regiment was the Potsdam Grenadier Guard; that unique giant regiment, of which the world has heard so much in a vague, half-mythical way. The giant regiment was not a Myth, however, but a big-boned expensive Fact, tramping very hard upon the earth at one time, though now gone all to the ghostly state. As it was a *Class-Book*, so to speak, of our Friedrich's—*Class-Book* (printed in huge type) for a certain branch of his schooling, the details of which are so dim, though the general outcome of it proved so unforgettable—readers, apart from their curiosity otherwise, may as well take a glimpse of it on this occasion. Vanished now, and grown a Giant Phantom, the like of it hardly again to be in this world; and by accident, the very smallest Figure ever ranked in it makes it memorable there!

With a wise instinct, Friedrich Wilhelm had discerned that all things in Prussia must point toward his Army; that his Army was the heart and pith, the State being the tree, every branch and leaf bound, after its sort, to be nutritive and productive for the Army's behoof; that, probably for any Nation in the long run, and certainly for the Prussian Nation straightway, life or death depends on the Army: Friedrich Wilhelm's head, in an inarticulate manner, was full of this just notion, and all his life was spent in organizing it to a practical fact. The more of potential battle, the more of life is in us: a *maximum* of potential battle, therefore, and let it be the *optimum* in quality!

How Friedrich Wilhelm cared, day and night, with all his heart and all his soul, to bring his Army to the supreme pitch, we have often heard, and the more we look into his ways, the more we are impressed with that fact. It was the central thing for him—all other things circulating toward it, deriving from it—no labor too great, and none too little, to be undergone for such an object. He watched over it like an Argus, with eyes that reached every where. Discipline shall be as exact as Euclid—short of perfection we do not stop! Discipline and ever better discipline; enforcement of the rule in all points, improvement of the rule itself where possible, were the great Drill-sergeant's continual care. Daily had some loop fallen, which might have gone raveling far enough; but daily was he there to pick it up again, and keep the web unrent and solidly progressive.

We said it was the "poetic ideal" of Friedrich Wilhelm, who is a dumb poet in several particulars, and requires the privileges of genius from those that *read* his dumb poem. It must be owned he rises into the fantastic here and there, and has crotchets of ultra-perfection for his Army which are not rational at all—crotchets that grew ever madder the farther he followed them. This Life-guard Regiment of foot, for instance, in which the Crown-Prince now is—Friedrich Wilhelm got it in his Father's time, no doubt a regiment then of fair qualities, and he has kept drilling it, improving it, as poets polish stanzas, unweariedly ever since; and see now what it has grown to! A Potsdam Giant Regiment, such as the world never saw before or since. Three Battalions of them—two always here at Potsdam doing formal life-guard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill; 800 to the Battalion—2400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manœuvrings, like some streak of Promethean lightning realized here at last in the vulgar dusk of things!

Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment, and the shortest man of them rises, I think, toward seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia—a very precious windfall; the rest have been collected, crimped,

purchased out of every European country at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to his Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him £1200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence;<sup>2</sup> and the Portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed—all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if any body cared to look at them. "Redivanoff from Moscow" seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though you yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, on one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been "Jonas, the Norwegian Blacksmith," also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant "Macdoll"—who was to be married, no consent asked on *either* side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit *old* woman (all Jest-Books know the myth)—he also was an Irish Giant, his name probably M'Dowal.<sup>3</sup> This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ("fugleman" as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone.

Here, in reference to one other of those poor Giants, is an Anecdote from Fassmann (who is very full on this subject of the Giants; abstruse Historical Fassmann, often painfully cited by us)—a most small Anecdote, but then an indisputably certain one—which brings back to us, in a strange way, the vanished Time and its populations, as the poorest authentic wooden lucifer may do, kindling suddenly, and peopling void Night for moments to the seeing eye!

Fassmann, a very dark German literary man, in obsolete costume and garniture, how living or what doing we can not guess, found himself at Paris, gazing about, in the year 1713, where, among other things, the Fair of St. Germain was going on—loud, large Fair of St. Germain, "which lasts from Candlemas to the Monday before Easter;" and Fassmann one day took a walk of contemplation through the same. Much

<sup>2</sup> Förster: *Handbuch der Geschichte, Geographie und Statistik des Preussischen Reichs* (Berlin, 1820), iv., 130, 132; not in a very lucid state.

<sup>3</sup> Förster: *Preussens Helden im Krieg und Frieden* (Berlin, 1848), i., 531; no date to the story, no evidence what grain of truth may be in it.

noise, gesticulation, little meaning; show-booths, temporary theatres, merry-andrews, sleight-of-hand men, and a vast public, drinking, dancing, gambling, flirting, as its wont is. Nothing new for us there—new only that it all lies five generations from us now. Did “the Old Pretender,” who was then in his expectant period, in this same village of St. Germain, see it too, as Fassmann did? And Louis XIV., he is at Versailles, drooping fast, very dull to his Maintenon; and our little Fritz in Berlin is a child in arms; and the world is all awake as usual, while Fassmann strolls through this noisy inanity of show-booths in the year 1713.

Strolling along, Fassmann came upon a certain booth with an enormous Picture hung aloft in front of it: “Picture of a very tall man in *heyduc* livery, coat reaching to his ankles, in grand peruke, cap and big heron-plume, with these words, ‘*Le Géant Allemand* (German Giant),’ written underneath. Partly from curiosity, partly for country’s sake,” Fassmann expended twopence; viewed the gigantic fellow-creature; admits he had never seen one so tall, though “Bentenreider, the Imperial Diplomatist,” thought by some to be the tallest of men, had come athwart him once. This giant’s name was Müller; birth-place the neighborhood of Weissenfels; “a Saxon like myself. He had a small German Wife not half his size. He made money readily, showing himself about, in France, England, Holland;” and Fassmann went his way, thinking no more of the fellow. But now, continues Fassmann,

“Coming to Potsdam thirteen years after, in the spring of 1726, by his Majesty’s order, to”—in fact, to read the Newspapers to his Majesty, and be generally useful, chiefly in the Tobacco College, as we shall discover—“what was my surprise to find this same ‘*Géant Allemand*’ of St. Germain ranked among the King’s Grenadiers! No doubt of the identity: I renewed acquaintance with the man; his little German Wife was dead, but he had got an English one instead, an uncommonly shift creature. They had a neat little dwelling-house” (as most of the married giants had) “near the Palace: here the Wife sold beer” (brandy not permissible on any terms) “and lodged travelers; I myself have lodged there on occasion. In the course of some years the man took swelling in the legs: good for nothing as a grenadier, and was like to fall heavy on society. But no, his little Wife snatched him up, easily getting his discharge; carried him over with her to England, where he again became a show-giant, and they were doing very well when last heard of”—in the Country Wakes of George II.’s early time. And that is the real Biography of one Potsdam Giant, by a literary gentleman who had lodged with him on occasion.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Fassmann, p. 723-730.

The pay of these sublime Footguards is greatly higher than common: they have distinguished privileges and treatment; on the other hand, their discipline is nonpareil, and discharge is never to be dreamed of while strength lasts. Poor Kirkman, does he sometimes think of the Hill of Howth, and that he will never see it more? Kirkman, I judge, is not given to thought; considers that he has tobacco here, and privileges and perquisites; and that Howth, and Heaven itself, is inaccessible to many a man.

*Friedrich Wilhelm's recruiting difficulties.*

Tall men, not for this regiment only, had become a necessary of life to Friedrich Wilhelm—indispensable to him almost as his daily bread. To his heart there is no road so ready as that of presenting a tall man or two. Friedrich Wilhelm's regiments are now, by his exact new regulations, levied and recruited each in its own Canton or specific district: there all males, as soon as born, are enrolled, liable to serve when they have grown to years and strength. All grown men (under certain exceptions, as of a widow's eldest son, or of the like evidently ruinous cases) are liable to serve; Captain of the Regiment and *Amtmann* of the Canton settle between them which grown man it shall be. Better for you not to be tall! In fact, it is almost a kindness of Heaven to be gifted with some safe impediment of body, slightly crooked back or the like, if you much dislike the career of honor under Friedrich Wilhelm. A general shadow of unquiet apprehension we can well fancy hanging over those rural populations, and much unpleasant haggling now and then; nothing but the King's justice that can be appealed to—King's justice very great indeed, but heavily checked by the King's value for handsome soldiers.

Happily, his value for industrial laborers and increase of population is likewise great. Townsfolk, skillful workmen, as the theory supposes, are exempt; the more ingenious classes, generally, his Majesty exempts in this respect, to encourage them in others; for, on the whole, he is not less a Captain of Work to his Nation than of other things. What he did for Prussia in the way of industries, improvements, new manufactures, new methods; in settling "colonies," tearing up drowned bogs, and

subduing them into dry corn-fields; in building, draining, digging, and encouraging or forcing others to do so, would take a long chapter. He is the enemy of Chaos, not the friend of it, wherever you meet with him.

For example, Potsdam itself—Potsdam, now a pleasant, grassy, leafy place, branching out extensively in fine stone architecture, with swept pavements; where, as in other places, the traveler finds land and water separated into two firmaments—Friedrich Wilhelm found much of it a quagmire, land and water still weltering in one. In these very years, his cuttings, embankments, buildings, pile-drivings there are enormous, and his perseverance needs to be invincible. For instance, looking out, one morning after heavy rain, upon some extensive anti-quagmire operations and strong pile-drivings, he finds half a furlong of his latest heavy piling clean gone. What in the world has become of it? Pooh! the swollen lake has burst it topsy-turvy, and it floats yonder, bottom uppermost, a half furlong of distracted liquid peat; whereat his Majesty gave a loud laugh, says Bielfeld,<sup>5</sup> and commenced anew. The piles now stand firm enough, like the rest of the Earth's crust, and carry strong ashlar houses and umbrageous trees for mankind; and trivial mankind can walk in clean pumps there, shuddering or sniggering at Friedrich Wilhelm, as their humor may be.

No danger of this "Canton system" of recruitment to the more ingenious classes, who could do better than learn drill; nor, to say truth, does the poor clayey peasant suffer from it, according to his apprehensions. Often, perhaps, could he count profit and loss, he might find himself a gainer: the career of honor turns out to be, at least, a career of practical Stoicism and Spartanism, useful to any peasant or to any prince. Cleanliness of person and even of mind; fixed rigor of method, sobriety, frugality, these are virtues worth acquiring. Sobriety in the matter of drink is much attended to here: his Majesty permits no distillation of strong waters in Potsdam, or within so many miles;<sup>6</sup> nor is sale of such allowed, except in the most intensely select manner. The soldier's pay is in the highest de-

<sup>5</sup> Baron de Bielfeld: *Lettres Familiales* (second edition, à Leide, 1767), i., 31.

<sup>6</sup> Fassmann, p. 728.

gree exiguous; not above three halfpence a day for a common foot-soldier, in addition to what rations he has; but it is found adequate to its purpose too; supports the soldier in sound health, vigorously fit for his work, into which points his Majesty looks with his own eyes, and will admit no dubiety. Often, too, if not already *oftenest* (as it ultimately grew to be), the peasant-soldier gets home for many months of the year, a soldier-plowman, and labors for his living in the old way. His Captain (it is one of the Captain's perquisites, who is generally a veteran of fifty, with a long Spartan training before he gets so high) pockets the pay of all these furloughs, supernumerary to the real work of the regiment, and has certain important furnishings to yield in return.

At any rate, enrollment in time of peace can not fall on many: three or four recruits in the year, to replace vacancies, will carry the Canton through its crisis; for we are to note withal, the third part of every regiment can, and should by rule, consist of "foreigners"—men not born Prussians. These are generally men levied in the Imperial Free towns—in "the *Reich*" or Empire, as they term it; that is to say, in the countries of Germany that are not Austrian or Prussian. For this foreign third part, too, the recruits must be got; excuses not admissible for Captain or Colonel; nothing but recruits of the due inches will do. Captain and Colonel (supporting their enterprise on frugal adequate "perquisites," hinted of above) have to be on the outlook, vigilantly, eagerly, and must contrive to get them. Nay, we can take supernumerary recruits, and have, in fact, always on hand, attached to each regiment, a stock of such. Any number of recruits that stand well on their legs are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies, in a merciless, carnivorous manner. Better not to be too tall, in any country, at present! Irish Kirkman could

not be protected by the ægis of the British Constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter on British ground reports that the people are too well off; that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the Diplomatsists; no business doable till after restoration of him; and he proves a mere loss to us.<sup>7</sup> Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman ("Baron von Hompesch" the records name him) enters the shop; wants "a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point—in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost; when can it be ready?" Cost, time, and the rest are settled. "A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me, mind!" "*Ja wohl! Gewiss!*" and the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope, an unexceptionable article? "Too short, as I dreaded," says the positive gentleman. "Nay, your Honor," says the carpenter, "I am certain it is six feet six," and takes out his foot-rule. "Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself." "Well, it is." "No, it isn't." The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find—horrible to relate—the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this frightful middle passage of his.<sup>8</sup> Name of the Town is given, Jülich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got "imprisoned for life" by the business.

<sup>7</sup> Dispatches in the State-Paper Office.

<sup>8</sup> Förster, ii., 305, 306; Pöllnitz, ii., 518, 519.

Bürgermeisters of small Towns have been carried off; in one case, "a rich merchant in Madgeburg," whom it cost a large sum to get free again.<sup>9</sup> Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in Foreign Countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them), will persuade him to desert—to make for the Country where soldier-merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colors in no time.

But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador—tall Herr von Bentenrieder—tallest of Diplomats; whom Fassmann, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in those Congress of Cambray times, serenely journeying on, when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall Diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the Town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some Guard-house of the place, a Prussian Officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, "Who are you?" "Well," answered he, smiling, "I am *Botschafter* (Message-bearer) from his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?" "To the Guard-house with us!" whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall, handsome man, this Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guard-house Officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him "Excellenz!"<sup>10</sup>

Tall Herr von Bentenrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these Guard-house Officials; but he naturally spoke of the matter to George I., whose patience, often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendent instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure, he commenced, says Pöllnitz, a system of decisive measures—of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory minatory procedures, to clear Hanover of this nuisance, and to make it cease in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the

<sup>9</sup> Stenzel, iii., 356.

<sup>10</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 207-209.

first rubs Queen Sophie met with in pushing on the Double Marriage, and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg Visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of his Britannic Majesty much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm, and, in fact, involved him in considerable practical troubles.

For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfillment here and there) from all quarters of Germany; a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising every where, and raining in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate Hobby of his. No riding of one's poor Hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, that *he* knew nothing of these violences and acts of ill-neighborship; he, a just King, was sorrier than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just King, led astray by his Hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact; but it seems he can not help it; his Hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius mounted on so ungovernable a Hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that can not be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his Hobby; but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule—contumelious words and procedures, as it were *saxa et facies*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of Tragedy and Farce both at once.

*Queen Sophie's Troubles: Grumkow with the Old Dessauer, and Grumkow without him.*

Queen Sophie had, by delicate management, got over those first rubs, and arrived at a Treaty of Hanover, and clear ground again; far worse rubs lay ahead; but smooth traveling toward such a goal was not possible for this Queen. Poor Lady, her

Court, as we discern from Wilhelmina and the Books, is a sad welter of intrigues, suspicions—of treacherous chambermaids, head valets, pick-thank scouts of official gentlemen, and others, striving to supplant one another. Satan's Invisible World very busy against Queen Sophie! Under any terms, much more under those of the Double Marriage, her place in a kindly but suspicious Husband's favor was difficult to maintain. Restless aspirants, climbing this way or that, by ladder-steps discoverable in this abstruse element, are never wanting, and have the due eaves-dropping satellities, now here, now there. Queen Sophie and her party have to walk warily, as if among precipices and pitfalls. Of all which wide welter of extinct contemptibilities, then and there so important, we again notice the existence, but can undertake no study or specification whatever. Two Incidents, the latter of them dating near the point where we now are, will sufficiently instruct the reader what a welter this was, in which Queen Sophie and her bright little Son, the new Major of the Potsdam giants, had to pass their existence.

Incident First fell out some six years ago or more—in 1719, year of the Heidelberg Protestants, of Clement the Forger, when his Majesty “slept for weeks with a pistol under his pillow,” and had other troubles. His Majesty, on one of his journeys, which were always many, was taken suddenly ill at Brandenburg that year—so violently ill, that, thinking himself about to die, he sent for his good Queen, and made a Will appointing her Regent in case of his decease. His Majesty quite recovered before long; but Grumkow and the Old Dessauer, main aspirants, getting wind of this Will, and hunting out the truth of it—what a puddling of the waters these two made in consequence, stirring up mire and dirt round the good Queen, finding she had been preferred to them!<sup>11</sup> Nay, Wilhelmina, in her wild way, believes they had, not long after, planned to “fire a Theatre” about the King one afternoon in Berlin City, and take his life, thereby securing for themselves such benefit in prospect as there might be. Not a doubt of it, thinks Wilhelmina: “The young Margraf,<sup>12</sup> our precious Cousin of Schwedt, is he not Sister's

<sup>11</sup> Wilhelmina, i., 26, 29.

<sup>12</sup> Born 1700 (suprà, p. 369).

son of that Old Dessauer? Grandson of the Great Elector, even as Papa is? Papa once killed (and our poor Crown-Prince also made away with), that Young Margraf, and his blue Fox-tiger of an Uncle over him, is King in Prussia! Obviously they meant to burn that Theatre and kill Papa!" This is Wilhelmina's distracted belief, as, doubtless, it was her Mother's on the day in question: a jealous, much-suffering, transcendently exasperated Mother, as we see.

Incident Second shows us those two rough Gentlemen fallen out of partnership into open quarrel and even duel. "Duel at the Cöpenick Gate," much noised of in the dull old Prussian Books, though always in a reserved manner; not even the *date*, as if that were dangerous, being clearly given. It came in the wake of that Hanover Treaty, as is now guessed, the two having taken opposite sides on that measure, and got provoked into ripping up old sores in general. Dessau was *against* King George and the Treaty, it appears, having his reasons—family reasons of old standing; Grumkow, a bribable gentleman, was *for*, having also perhaps his reasons. Enough, it came to altercations, objurgations between the two, which rose ever higher—rose at length to wager of battle—indignant challenge on the part of the Old Dessauer, which, however, Grumkow, not regarded as a *Baresark* in the fighting way, regrets that his Christian principles do not, forsooth, allow him to accept. The King is appealed to; the King, being himself, though an orthodox Christian, yet a still more orthodox Soldier, decides that, on the whole, General Grumkow can not but accept this challenge from the Field-marshal Prince of Dessau.

Dessau is on the field at the Cöpenick Gate accordingly—late-autumn afternoon (I calculate) of the year 1725—waits patiently till Grumkow makes his appearance. Grumkow, with a chosen second, does at last appear; advances pensively with slow steps. Gunpowder Dessau, black as a silent thunder-cloud, draws his sword, and Grumkow—does not draw his; presents it undrawn, with unconditional silence and apology: "Slay me if you like, old Friend, whom I have injured!" whereat Dessau, uttering no word, uttering only some contemptuous snort, turns his back on the phenomenon, mounts his horse, and rides

home<sup>13</sup>—a divided man from this Grumkow henceforth. The Prince waited on her Majesty; signified his sorrow for past estrangements; his great wish now to help her, but his total inability, being ousted by Grumkow: We are for Halle, Madam, where our Regiment is; there let us serve his Majesty, since we can not here!<sup>14</sup> And, in fact, the Old Dessauer lives mostly there in time coming; sunk inarticulate in tactics of a truly deep nature, not stranding on politics of a shallow—a man still memorable in the mythic traditions of that place. Better to drill men to perfection, and invent iron ramrods against the day they shall be needed, than go jostling, on such terms, with cattle of the Grumkow kind! And thus, we perceive, Grumkow is in, and the Old Dessauer out; and there has been “a change of Ministry,” change of “Majesty’s Advisers” brought about; may the Advice given be wiser now!

What the young Crown-Prince did, said, thought, in such environment of back-stairs diplomacies, female sighs and aspirations, Grumkow duels, drillings in the Giant Regiment, is not specified for us in the smallest particular in the extensive rubbish books that have been written about him. Ours is to indicate that such environment was: how a lively soul, acted on by it, did not fail to react, chameleon-like taking color from it, and contrariwise taking color against it, must be left to the reader’s imagination. One thing we have gathered and will not forget, that the Old Dessauer is out and Grumkow in; that the rugged Son of Gunpowder, drilling men henceforth at Halle, and in a dumb way meditating tactics as few ever did, has no share in the foul enchantments that now supervene at Court.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### ORDNANCE-MASTER SECKENDORF CROSSES THE PALACE ESPLANADE.

THE Kaiser’s terror and embarrassment at the conclusion of the Hanover Treaty, as we saw, were extreme. War possible

<sup>13</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 212, 214.

<sup>14</sup> Wilhelmina, i., 90, 93.

11th May, 1726.

or likely, and nothing but the termagant caprices of Elizabeth Farnese to depend on; no cash from the Sea-Powers—only cannon-shot, invasion, and hostility from their cash and them: What is to be done? To “caress the pride of Spain;” to keep alive the hopes, in that quarter, of marrying their Don Carlos, the supplementary Infant, to our eldest Archduchess, which, indeed, has set the Sea-Powers dreadfully on fire, but which does leave Parma and Piacenza quiet for the present, and makes the Pragmatic Sanction too an affair of Spain’s own—this is one resource, though a poor one, and a dangerous. Another is, to make alliance with Russia by well flattering the poor little brown Czarina there; but is not that a still poorer? And what third is there?

There is a third, worth both the others, could it be got done: to detach Friedrich Wilhelm from those dangerous Hanover Confederates, and bring him gently over to ourselves. He has an army of 60,000, in perfect equipment, and money to maintain them so. Against us or for us—60,000 *plus* or 60,000 *minus*—that will mean 120,000 fighting men: a most weighty item in any field there is like to be. If it lie in the power of human art, let us gain this wild, irritated King of Prussia. Dare any henchman of ours venture to go, with honey-cakes, with pattings and cajoleries, and slip the imperial muzzle well round the snout of that rugged ursine animal—an iracund bear, of dangerous proportions, and justly irritated against us at present? Our experienced *Feldzeug-Meister*, Ordnance-Master and Diplomatist, Graf von Seckendorf, a conscientious Protestant, and the cunningest of men, able to lie to all lengths—dare he try it? He has fought in all quarters of the world, and lied in all, where needful, and saved money in all: he will try it, and will succeed in it too.<sup>1</sup>

The Second Act, therefore, of this foolish World-Drama of the Double Marriage opens—on the 11th May, 1726, toward sunset, in the *Tabagie* of the Berlin Palace, as we gather from laborious comparison of windy Pöllnitz with other indistinct witnesses of a dreary nature—in the following manner:

<sup>1</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 235; Stenzel, iii., 544; Förster, ii., 59; iii., 235, 239.

Prussian Majesty sits smoking at the window ; nothing particular going on. A square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman, of military cut, past fifty, is strolling over the *Schlossplatz* (spacious Square in front of the Palace), conspicuous amid the sparse populations there, pensively recreating himself in the yellow sunlight and long shadows as after a day's hard labor or travel. "Who is that?" inquires Friedrich Wilhelm, suspending his tobacco. Grumkow answers cautiously, after survey: He thinks it must be Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, who was with him to-day, passing on rapidly toward Denmark on business that will not wait. "Experienced Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf, whom we stand in correspondence with of late, and were expecting about this time? whom we have known at the Siege of Stralsund, nay, ever since the Marlborough times and the Siege of Menin, in war and peace, and have always reckoned a solid, reasonable man and soldier—why has he not come to us?" "Your Majesty," confesses Grumkow, "his business is so pressing! Business in Denmark will not wait. Seckendorf owned he had come slightly round, in his eagerness to see our grand Review at Tempelhof the day after to-morrow: what soldier would omit the sight (so he was pleased to intimate) of soldiering carried to the non-plus-ultra? But he hoped to do it quite incognito, among the general public, and then to be at the gallop again—not able to have the honor of paying his court at this time." "Court? *Narren-possen* (Nonsense)!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm; and, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand. The conversation of a man who had rational sense, and could tell him any thing, were it only news of foreign parts, in a rational manner, was always welcome to Friedrich Wilhelm.

And so Seckendorf—how can he help it?—is installed in the Tabagie—glides into pleasant conversation there. A captivating talker; solid for religion, for the rights of Germany against intrusive French and others: such insight, orthodoxy, sense, and ingenuity, pleasant to hear; and all with the due quantity of oil, though he "both snuffles and lisps," and has privately, in case of need, a capacity of lying—for he curiously distills you any lie, in his religious alembics, till it become tolerable to his con-

science, or even palatable, as elixirs are—capacity of double-distilled lying probably the greatest of his day. Seckendorf assists at the Grand Review, 13th May, 1726; witnesses with unfeigned admiration the non-plus-ultra of manœuvring, and, in fact, the general management, military and other, of this admirable King.<sup>2</sup> Seckendorf, no question of it, will do his Denmark business swiftly, then, since your Majesty is pleased so to wish; Seckendorf, sure enough, will return swiftly to such a king, whose familiar company, vouchsafed in this noble manner, he likes—O how he likes it!

In a week or two Seckendorf is back to Berlin; attends his Majesty on the annual military tour through Preussen; attends him every where, becoming quite a necessary of life to his Majesty, and does not go away at all. Seckendorf's business, if his Majesty knew it, will not lead him "away," but lies here on this spot, and is now going on, the magic apparatus, Grumkow the mainspring of it, getting all into gear. Grumkow was once clear for King George and the Hanover Treaty, having his reasons then; but now he has other reasons, and is clear against those foreign connections. "Hm! hah! Yes, my estimable, justly powerful Herr von Grumkow, here is a little Pension of 1000 ducats (only £500 as yet), which the Imperial Majesty, thinking of the service you may do Prussia and Germany and him, graciously commands me to present—only £500 by the year as yet, but there shall be no lack of money if we prosper."<sup>3</sup>

And so there are now two Black Artists of the first quality busy on the unconscious Friedrich Wilhelm, and Seckendorf for the next seven years will stick to Friedrich Wilhelm like his shadow, and fascinate his whole existence and him as few wizards could have done. Friedrich Wilhelm, like St. Paul in Melita, warming his innocent hands at the fire of dry branches here kindled for him—what miracle of a venomous serpent is this that has fixed itself upon his finger? To Friedrich Wilhelm's enchanted sense it seems a bird of Paradise trustfully perching there, but it is of the whip-snake kind, or a worse, and will stick

<sup>2</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 235; Fassmann, p. 367, 368.

<sup>3</sup> Förster, iii., 232, 233; see also iv., 121, 157, 172, &c.

to him tragically, if also comically, for years to come. The world has seen the comedy of it, and has howled scornful laughter upon Friedrich Wilhelm for it; but there is a tragic side, not so well seen into, where tears are due to the poor King; and to certain others horsewhips, and almost gallows-ropes, are due. Yes; had Seckendorf and Grumkow both been well hanged at this stage of the affair, whereby the affair might have soon ended on fair terms, it had been welcome to mankind—welcome surely to the present Editor for one; such a saving to him of time wasted, of disgust endured; and, indeed, it is a solacement he has often longed for, in these dreary operations of his; but the Fates appointed otherwise: we have all to accept our Fate!

Grumkow is sworn to Imperial orthodoxy, then—probably the vulpine *mind* (so to term it) went always rather that way, and only his interest the other—Grumkow is well bribed, supplied for bribing others where needful: stands orthodox now, under peril of his very head. All things have been got distilled into the palatable state, spiritual and economic, for one's self and one's grand Trojan Horse of a Grumkow, and the adventure proceeds apace. Seckendorf sits nightly in the *Tabagie* (a kind of "Smoking Parliament," as we shall see anon); attends on all promenades and journeys: one of the wisest heads, and so pleasant in discourse, he is grown indispensable, and a necessary of life to us. Seckendorf's Biographer computes, "he must have ridden, in those seven years, continually attending his Majesty, above 5000 German miles"<sup>4</sup>—that is, 25,000 English miles, or a trifle more than the length of the Terrestrial Equator.

In a month or two,<sup>5</sup> Seckendorf—since Majesty vouchsafes to honor us by wishing it—contrives to get nominated Kaiser's Minister at Berlin: unlimited prospects of *Tabagie* and good talk now opening on Majesty. And impartial Grumkow, in *Tabagie* or wherever we are, can not but admit, now and then, that the Excellenz Herr Graf, Ordnance-Master, has a deal of reason in what he says about Foreign Politics, about intrusive French and other points. "Hm, Na," muses Friedrich Wilhelm

<sup>4</sup> Anonymous (Seckendorf's Grand-Nephew): *Versuch einer Lebensbeschreibung des Feldmarschalls Grafen von Seckendorf* (Leipzig, 1792, 1794), i., 6.

<sup>5</sup> 13th August, 1726 (Preuss, i., 37).

to himself; "if the Kaiser had not been so lofty on us in that Heidelberg-Protestant affair, in the Ritter-Dienst business, in those damned 'recruiting' brabbles—always a very high-sniffing, surly Kaiser to us!" For, in fact, the Kaiser has all along used Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly ill, and contemplates no better usage of him except in show. Usage? thinks the Kaiser: a big Prussian piece of Cannon, whom we wish to enchant over to us! Did *Lazy Peg* complain of her "usage?" So that the Excellenz and Grumkow have a heavy problem of it, were they not so diligent, and the Cannon itself well disposed. "Those *Blitz Franzosen* (blasted French)!" growls Friedrich Wilhelm sometimes in the Tobacco Parliament;<sup>6</sup> for he hates the French, and would fain love his Kaiser, being German to the bone, and of right loyal heart, though counted only a piece of Cannon by some. For one thing, his Prussian Majesty declines signing that Treaty of Hanover a second time: now, when the Dutch accede to it, after almost a year's trouble with them, the Prussian Ambassador, singular to observe, "has no orders to sign;" leaves the English with their Hollanders and Blitz Franzosen to sign by themselves this time.<sup>7</sup> "We will wait, we will wait," thinks his Prussian Majesty: "who knows?"

"But then Jülich and Berg?" urges he always: "Britannic Majesty and the Blitz Franzosen were to secure me the reversion there. That was the essential point!" For this too Excellenz has a remedy—works out gradually a remedy from headquarters, the amiable dextrous man: "Kaiser will do the like, your Majesty; Kaiser himself will secure it you!" In brief, some three months after Seckendorf's installment as Kaiser's Minister, not yet five months since his appearance in the Schloss-Platz that May evening—it is now Hunting-season, and we are at Wusterhausen; Majesty, his two Black Artists, and the proper satellites on both sides all there—a new and opposite Treaty, in extreme privacy, on the 12th of October, 1726, is signed at that sequestered Hunting-Schloss—"Treaty of Wusterhausen" so called, which was once very famous and mysterious, and

<sup>6</sup> Förster, ii., 12, &c.

<sup>7</sup> 9th August, 1726. (Boyer: *The Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly periodical, vol. xxxii., p. 77, which is the number for July, 1726.)

caused many wigs to wag—wigs to wag, in those days especially, when knowledge of it was first had, the rather as only half-knowledge could be had of it—or can, mourns Dryasdust, who has still difficulties about some “secret articles” in the Document.<sup>8</sup> Courage, my friend; they are now of no importance to any creature.

The essential purport of this Treaty,<sup>9</sup> legible to all eyes, is, “That Friedrich Wilhelm silently drops the Hanover Treaty and Blitz Franzosen, and explicitly steps over to the Kaiser’s side—stipulates to assist the Kaiser with so many thousand if attacked in Germany by any Blitz Franzose or intrusive Foreigner whatever. In return for which, the Kaiser, besides assisting Prussia in the like case with a like quantity of thousands, engages, in circuitous chancery language, to be helpful, and humanly speaking effectual, in that grand matter of Jülich and Berg, somewhat in the following strain: ‘To our Imperial mind it does appear the King of Prussia has manifest right to the succession in Jülich and Berg; right grounded on express *Erbvergleich* of 1624, not to speak of Deeds subsequent: the Imperial mind, as supreme judge of such matters in the Reich, will not fail to decide this Cause soon and justly, should it come to that; but we hope it may take a still better course; for the Imperial mind will straightway set about persuading Kur-Pfalz to comply peaceably, and even undertakes to have something done that way before six months pass.’”<sup>10</sup>

Humanly speaking, surely the Imperial mind will be effectual in the Jülich and Berg matter. But it was very necessary to use circuitous chancery language, inasmuch as the Imperial mind, desirous also to secure Kur-Pfalz’s help in this sore crisis, had, about three months ago,<sup>11</sup> expressly engaged to Kur-Pfalz that Jülich and Berg should *not* go to Friedrich Wilhelm in terms of the old Deed, but to Kur-Pfalz’s Cousins of Sulzbach, whom the old gentleman (in spite of Deeds) was obstinate to prefer. There is no doubt about that fact, about that self-devouring pair of

<sup>8</sup> Bucholz, i., 94 n.

<sup>9</sup> Given *in extenso* (without the secret articles) in Förster, iv., 159–166.

<sup>10</sup> Art. v. in Förster, ubi *suprà*.

<sup>11</sup> Treaty with Kur-Pfalz, 16th August, 1726 (Förster, 11., 71).

facts. To such straits is a Kaiser driven when he gets deep into spectre-hunting.

This is the once famous, now forgotten "Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October, 1726," which proved so consolatory to the Kaiser in that dread crisis of his Spectre-Hunt, and the effects of which are very visible in this History, if nowhere else. It caught up the Prussian-English Double Marriage, launched it into the huge tide of Imperial Spectre Politics, into the awful swaggings and swayings of the Terrestrial *Libra* in general, and nearly broke the heart of several Royal persons, of a memorable Crown-Prince among others, which last is now, pretty much, its sole claim to be ever mentioned again by mankind. As there was no performance, nor an intention of any, in that Jülich-Berg matter, Excellenz Seckendorf had the task henceforth of keeping, by art-magic or the *preternatural* method—that is, by mere help of Grumkow and the Devil—his Prussian Majesty steady to the Kaiser nevertheless, always well divided from the English especially, which the Excellency Seckendorf managed to do for six or seven years coming, or, in fact, till these Spectre-chasings ended, or ran elsewhither for consummation—steady always, jealous of the English; sometimes nearly mad, but always ready as a primed cannon: so Friedrich Wilhelm was accordingly managed to be kept; his own Household gone almost into delirium; he himself looking out, with loyally fierce survey, for any Anti-Kaiser War: "When do we go off, then?" though none ever came. And, indeed, nothing came; and except those torments to young Friedrich and others, it was all Nothing. One of the strangest pieces of Black Art ever done.

Excellenz Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm so loves, is by no means a beautiful man; far the reverse. Bodily—and the spirit corresponds—a stiff-backed, petrified, stony, inscrutable-looking, and most unbeautiful old Intriguer. Portraits of him, which are frequent, tell all one story: the brow puckered together in a wide web of wrinkles from each temple, as if it meant to hide the bad pair of eyes, which look suspicion, inquiry, apprehension, habit of double-distilled mendacity; the indeterminate projecting chin, with its thick, chapped under lip, is shaken

out, or shoved out, in mill-hopper fashion, as if to swallow any thing there may be, spoken thing or other, and grind it to profitable meal for itself. Spiritually he was an old Soldier let for hire; an old Intriguer, Liar, Fighter, what you like—what we may call a Human Soul standing like a hackney-coach this half-century past, with head, tongue, heart, conscience, at the hest of a discerning public and its shilling.

There is considerable faculty, a certain stiff-necked strength in the old fellow; in fact, Nature had been rather kind to him; and certainly his Uncle and Guardian—the distinguished Seckendorf who did the *Historia Lutheranismi*, a *Ritter*, and man of good mark, in Ernst the Pious of Saxe-Gotha's time—took pains about his education. But Nature's gifts have not prospered with him: how could they, in that hackney-coach way of life? Considerable gifts, we say; shrunk into a strange bankruptcy in the development of them—a stiff-backed, close-fisted old gentleman, with mill-hopper chin, with puckery, much-inquiring eyes, which have never discovered any noble path for him in this world. He is a strictly orthodox Protestant; zealous about external points of moral conduct; yet scruples not, for the Kaiser's shilling, to lie with energy to all lengths, and fight, according to the Reichs-Hofrath code, for any god or man. He is gone mostly to avarice in these mature years; all his various strengths turned into strength of grasping. He is now fifty-four; a man public in the world, especially since he became the Kaiser's man; but he has served various masters in various capacities, and been in many wars, and for the next thirty years we shall still occasionally meet him, seldom to our advantage.

He comes from Anspach originally, and has kindred Seckendorfs in office there, old Ritters in that Country. He inherited a handsome castle and estate, Meuselwitz, near Altenburg, in the Thüringen region, from that Uncle, Ernst of Saxe-Gotha's man, whom we spoke of, and has otherwise gained wealth, all which he holds like a vice. Once, at Meuselwitz, they say, he and some young secretary, of a smartish turn, sat working or conversing, in a large room with only one candle to illuminate it: the secretary, snuffing the candle, snuffed it out: "Pshaw!" said Seckendorf, impatiently, "where did you learn to handle snuf-

fers?" "Excellenz, in a place where there were two lights kept," replied the other.<sup>12</sup> For the rest, he has a good old Wife at Meuselwitz, who is now old, and had never any children; who loves him much, and is much loved by him, it would appear: this is really the best fact I ever knew of him, poor bankrupt creature; gone all to spiritual rheumatism, to strict orthodoxy, with unlimited mendacity, and avarice as the general outcome! Stiff-backed, close-fisted strength, all grown wooden or stony; yet some little well of human sympathy does lie far in the interior: one wishes, after all (since he could not be got hanged in time for us), good days to his poor old Wife and him! He both lisps and snuffles, as was mentioned; writes cunningly, acres of dispatches to Prince Eugene; never swears, though a military man, except on great occasions one oath, *Jarni-bleu*, which is perhaps some flash-note version of *Chair de Dieu*, like *Par-bleu*, 'Zounds, and the rest of them, which the Devil can not prosecute you for, whereby an economic man has the pleasure of swearing on cheap terms.

Herr Pöllnitz's account of Seckendorf is unusually emphatic; babbling Pöllnitz rises into a strain of pulpit eloquence, inspired by indignation, on this topic: "He affected German downrightness, to which he was a stranger; and followed, under a deceitful show of piety, all the principles of Machiavel. With the most sordid love of money he combined boorish manners. Lies" (of the distilled kind chiefly) "had so become a habit with him that he had altogether lost notion of employing truth in speech. It was the soul of a usurer, inhabiting now the body of a war-captain, now transmigrating into that of a huckster. False oaths, and the abominablest basenesses, cost him nothing, so his object might be reached. He was miserly with his own, but lavish with his Master's money; daily he gave most striking proofs of both these habitudes. And this was the man whom we saw, for a space of time, at the head of the Kaiser's Armies, and at the helm of the State and of the German Empire,"<sup>13</sup> having done the Prussian affair so well.

This cunning old Gentleman, to date from the autumn of 1726, may be said to have taken possession of Friedrich Wil-

<sup>12</sup> *Seckendorf's Leben* (already cited), i., 4.

<sup>13</sup> Pöllnitz, ii., 238.

helm—to have gone into him, Grumkow and he, as two devils would have done in the old miraculous times; and, in many senses, it was they, not the nominal proprietor, that lived Friedrich Wilhelm's life. For the next seven years a figure went about, not doubting it was Friedrich Wilhelm; but it was, in reality, Seckendorf and Grumkow much more. These two, conjuror and his man, both invisible, have caught their royal wild Bear; got a rope round his muzzle, and so dance him about, now terrifying, now exhilarating all the market by the pranks he plays! Grumkow, a very Machiavel after his sort, knew the nature of the royal animal as no other did. Grumkow, purchased by his Pension of £500, is dog-cheap at the money, as Seckendorf often urges at Vienna, Is he not? And they add a touch of extraordinary gift now and then, 40,000 florins (£4000) on one occasion;<sup>14</sup> for “Grumkow *dienet ehrlich* (serves honorably),” urges Seckendorf; and again, “If any body deserves favor” (*Gnade*, meaning extra pay), “it is this gentleman”—*wahrlich!* Purchased Grumkow has ample money at command to purchase other people needed, and does purchase, so that all things and persons can be falsified and enchanted as need is. By-and-by it has got so far that Friedrich Wilhelm's Ambassador at London maintains a cipher correspondence with Grumkow, and writes to Friedrich Wilhelm, not what is passing in city or court there, but what Grumkow wishes Friedrich Wilhelm to think is passing.

Of insinuations by assent or contradiction, potent if you know the nature of the beast, of these we need not speak. Tabaks Collegium has become a workshop: human nature can fancy it! Nay, human nature can still read it in the British State Paper Office to boundless stupendous extent, but ought mostly to suppress it when read.

This is a very strange part of Friedrich Wilhelm's history, and has caused much wonder in the world, Wilhelmina's Book rather aggravating than assuaging that feeling on the part of intelligent readers—a Book written long afterward from her recollections, from her own oblique point of view, in a beauti-

<sup>14</sup> In 1732; Förster, iii., 232.

fully shrill humor, running, not unnaturally, into confused exaggerations and distortions of all kinds. Not mendaciously written any where, yet erroneously every where. Wilhelmina had no knowledge of the magical machinery that was at work: she vaguely suspects Grumkow and Seckendorf, but does not guess, in the mad explosions of Papa, that two devils have got into him, and are doing the mischief. Trusting to memory alone, she misdates, mistakes, misplaces—jumbles all things topsy-turvy—giving, on the whole, an image of affairs that is altogether oblique, dislocated, exaggerative; and which, in fine, proves unintelligible if you try to construe it into a fact, or thing *done*. Yet her Human Narrative, in that wide waste of merely Pedant Maunderings, is of great worth to us—a green tree, a leafy grove, better or worse, in the wilderness of dead bones and sand, how welcome! Many other Books have been written on the matter, but these, to my experience, only darken it more and more. Pull Wilhelmina *straight* the best you can; deduct a twenty-five or sometimes even a seventy-five per cent. from the exaggerative portions of her statement, you will find her always true, lucid, charmingly human, and by far the best authority on this part of her Brother's History. State Papers to some extent have also been printed on the matter; and of written State Papers, here in England and elsewhere, this Editor has had several hundred weights distilled for him; but, except as lights hung out over Wilhelmina, nothing yet known, of published or manuscript, can be regarded as good for much.

O Heavens, had one but seven-league boots to get across that inane country, a bottomless whirlpool of dust and cobwebs in many places, where, at any rate, we had so little to do! Elucidating, rectifying, painfully contrasting, comparing, let us try to work out some conceivable picture of this strange Imperial *Much ado about Nothing*, and get our unfortunate Crown-Prince and our unfortunate selves alive through it.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TOBACCO PARLIAMENT.

IN these distressing junctures, it may cheer the reader's spirits, and will tend to explain for him what is coming, if we glance a little into the Friedrich Wilhelm *Tabagie* (*Tabaks Collegium*, or Smoking College), more worthy to be called Tobacco Parliament, of which there have already been incidental notices—far too remarkable an Institution of the country to be overlooked by us here.

Friedrich Wilhelm, though an absolute Monarch, does not dream of governing without Law, still less without Justice, which he knows well to be the one basis for him and for all Kings and men. His life-effort, prosecuted in a grand, unconscious, unvarying, and instinctive way, may be defined rather as the effort to find out every where in his affairs what was justice; to make regulations, laws in conformity with that, and to guide himself and his Prussia rigorously by these. Truly he is not of constitutional turn; cares little about the wigs and formalities of justice, pressing on so fiercely toward the essence and fact of it; he has been known to tear asunder the wigs and formalities in a notably impatient manner when they stood between him and the fact. But Prussia has its laws withal, and tolerably abundant, tolerably fixed and supreme; and the meanest Prussian man that could find out a definite Law coming athwart Friedrich Wilhelm's wrath, would check Friedrich Wilhelm in mid-volley, or hope with good ground to do it. Hope, we say; for the King is, in his own and his people's eyes, to some indefinite extent, always himself the supreme ultimate Interpreter and grand living codex of the Laws—always to some indefinite extent; and there remains for a subject man nothing but the appeal to *Philip sober* in some rash cases! On the whole, however, Friedrich Wilhelm is by no means a lawless Monarch, nor

are his Prussians slaves by any means: they are patient, stout-hearted, subject men, with a very considerable quantity of radical fire very well covered in; prevented from idle explosions, bound to a respectful demeanor, and especially to hold their tongues as much as possible.

Friedrich Wilhelm has not the least shadow of a Constitutional Parliament, nor even a Privy Council as we understand it, his Ministers being in general mere Clerks to register and execute what he had otherwise resolved upon; but he had his *Tabaks Collegium*, Tobacco College, Smoking Congress, *Tabagie*, which has made so much noise in the world, and which, in a rough natural way, affords him the uses of a Parliament on most cheap terms, and without the formidable inconveniences attached to that kind of Institution—a Parliament reduced to its simplest expression, and, instead of Parliamentary eloquence, provided with Dutch clay-pipes and tobacco: so we may define this celebrated *Tabagie* of Friedrich Wilhelm's.

*Tabagies* were not uncommon among German Sovereigns of that epoch: George I. at Hanover had his Smoking-room, and select smoking Party on an evening; and even at London, as we noticed, smoked nightly, wetting his royal throat with thin beer in presence of his fat and of his lean Mistress, if there were no other company. Tobacco—introduced by the Swedish soldiers in the Thirty-Years War, say some, or even by the English soldiers in the Bohemian or Palatinate beginnings of said War, say others—tobacco, once shown them, was enthusiastically adopted by the German populations, long in want of such an article, and has done important multifarious functions in that Country ever since; for truly, in Politics, Morality, and all departments of their Practical and Speculative affairs, we may trace its influences, good and bad, to this day.

Influences generally bad—pacificatory, but bad, engaging you in idle cloudy dreams—still worse, promoting composure among the palpably chaotic and discomposed; soothing all things into lazy peace; that all things may be left to themselves very much, and to the laws of gravity and decomposition; whereby German affairs are come to be greatly overgrown with funguses in our Time, and give symptoms of dry and of wet rot wherever handled.

George I., we say, had his Tabagie, and other German Sovereigns had, but none of them turned it to a Political Institution as Friedrich Wilhelm did. The thrifty man, finding it would serve in that capacity withal! He had taken it up as a commonplace solace and amusement: it is a reward for doing strenuously the day's heavy labors, to wind them up in this manner in quiet society of friendly human faces, into a contemplative smoke-canopy, slowly spreading into the realm of sleep and its dreams. Friedrich Wilhelm was a man of habitudes; his evening Tabagie became a law of Nature to him, constant as the setting of the sun. Favorable circumstances, quietly noticed and laid hold of by the thrifty man, developed this simple evening arrangement of his into a sort of Smoking Parliament, small but powerful, where State consultations, in a fitful informal way, took place, and the weightiest affairs might, by dexterous management, cunning insinuation, and manœuvring from those that understood the art and the place, be bent this way or that, and ripened toward such issue as was desirable.

To ascertain what the true course in regard to this or the other high matter will be, what the public will think of it, and, in short, what and how the Executive Royal shall *do* therein—this, the essential function of a Parliament and Privy Council, was here, by artless cheap methods, under the bidding of mere Nature, multifariously done, mere taciturnity and sedative smoke making the most of what natural intellect there might be. The substitution of Tobacco-smoke for Parliamentary eloquence is by some held to be a great improvement. Here is Smelfungus's opinion, quaintly expressed, with a smile in it, which perhaps is not all of joy:

“Tobacco-smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather, every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honor, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his pipe again the instant he *has* spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice, if introduced into Constitutional Parliaments, might evidently be incalculable. The essence of what little intellect and insight there is in that room, we shall or can get nothing more out of any

Parliament; and sedative, gently-soothing, gently-clarifying tobacco-smoke (if the room were well ventilated, open atop, and the air kept good), with the obligation to a *minimum* of speech, surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have. Best chance, instead of the worst chance as at present: ah me! ah me! who will reduce fools to silence again in any measure? Who will deliver men from this hideous nightmare of Stump Oratory, under which the grandest Nations are choking to a nameless death, bleeding (too truly) from mouth, and nose, and ears, in our sad days?"

This Tobacco College is the Grumkōw and Seckendorf chief field of action. These two gentlemen understand thoroughly the nature of the Prussian Tobacco Parliament; have studied the conditions of it to the most intricate cranny; no English Whipper in or Eloquent Premier knows his St. Stephen's better, or how to hatch a measure in that dim hot element. By hint, by innuendo, by contemplative smoke, speech, and forbearance to speak, often looking one way and rowing another, they can touch the secret springs, and guide in a surprising manner the big dangerous fire-ship (for such every State Parliament is) toward the haven they intend for it. Most dexterous Parliament-men (Smoke Parliament); no Walpole, no Dundas, no immortal Pitt, First or Second, is cleverer in Parliamentary practice. For their Fire-ship, though smaller than the British, is very dangerous withal. Look at this, for instance: Seckendorf, one evening, far contrary to his wont, which was prostrate respect in easy forms, and always judicious submission of one's own weaker judgment toward his Majesty, has got into some difficult defense of the Kaiser—defense very difficult, or in reality impossible. The cautious man is flustered by the intricacies of his position, by his Majesty's indignant counter-volleys, and the perilous necessity there is to do the impossible on the spur of the instant; gets into emphasis, answers his Majesty's volcanic fire by incipient heat of his own, and, in short, seems in danger of forgetting himself, and kindling the Tobacco Parliament into a mere conflagration. That will be an issue for us! And yet who dare interfere? Friedrich Wilhelm's words, in high, clangorous metallic plangency, and the pathos of a lion raised by anger into song, fall hotter and hotter; Seckendorf's puckered brow is growing of slate col-

or; his shelf lip, shutting violently, lisps and snuffles mere un-conciliatory matter: What on earth will become of us? "Hoom! Boom!" dexterous Grumkow has drawn a Humming-top from his pocket and suddenly set it spinning. There it hums and caracoles through the bottles and glasses, reckless what dangerous breakage and spilth it may occasion. Friedrich Wilhelm looked aside to it indignantlly. "What is that?" inquired he, in metallic tone still high. "Pooh! a toy I bought for the little Prince August, your Majesty: am only trying it." His Majesty understood the hint, Seckendorf still better; and a jolly touch of laughter on both sides brought the matter back into the safe tobacco-clouds again.<sup>1</sup>

This Smoking Parliament or *Tabaks Collegium* of his Prussian Majesty was a thing much talked of in the world; but, till Seckendorf and Grumkow started their grand operations there, its proceedings are not on record, nor, indeed, till then had its political or parliamentary function become so decidedly evident. It was originally a simple Smoking Club, got together on hest of Nature, without ulterior intentions: thus English *Parliamenta* themselves are understood to have been, in the old Norman time, mere royal Christmas Festivities, with natural colloquy or *parleying* between King and Nobles ensuing thereupon, and what wisest consultation concerning the arduous things of the realm the circumstances gave rise to. Such parleyings or consultations—always two in number in regard to every matter, it would seem, or even three: one sober, one drunk, and one just after being drunk—proving of extreme service in practice, grew to be Parliament, with its three readings and what not.

A smoking-room—with wooden furniture, we can suppose—in each of his Majesty's royal palaces was set apart for this evening service, and became the Tabagie of his Majesty. A Tabagie-room in the Berlin Schloss, another in Potsdam, if the cicerone had any knowledge, could still be pointed out; but the Tobacco-pipes that are shown as Friedrich Wilhelm's in the *Kunst-kammer* or Museum of Berlin—pipes which no rational smoker, not compelled to it, would have used—awaken just doubt as to the cicerones, and you leave the Locality of the Tabagie a thing

<sup>1</sup> Förster, ii., 110.

conjectural. In summer season, at Potsdam and in country situations, Tabagie could be held under a tent: we expressly know his Majesty held Tabagie at Wusterhausen nightly on the Steps of the big Fountain, in the Outer Court there. Issuing from Wusterhausen Schloss and its little clipped lindens by the western side, passing the sentries, bridge, and black ditch, with live Prussian eagles, vicious black bears, we come upon the royal Tabagie of Wusterhausen, covered by an awning I should think, sending forth its bits of smoke-clouds and its hum of human talk into the wide free Desert round. Any room that was large enough, and had height of ceiling, and air-circulation, and no cloth furniture, would do; and in each Palace is one, or more than one, that has been fixed upon and fitted out for that object.

A high large Room, as the Engravings (mostly worthless) give it us; contented saturnine human figures, a dozen or so of them, sitting round a large long Table, furnished for the occasion; long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each man; supplies of knaster easily accessible; small pan of burning peat, in the Dutch fashion (sandy native charcoal, which burns slowly without smoke), is at your left hand; at your right a jug, which I find to consist of excellent thin bitter beer: other costlier materials for drinking, if you want such, are not beyond reach. On side-tables stand wholesome cold meats, royal rounds of beef not wanting, with bread thinly sliced and buttered: in a rustic but neat and abundant way, such innocent accommodations, narcotic or nutritious, gaseous, fluid, and solid, as human nature, bent on contemplation and an evening lounge, can require. Perfect equality is to be the rule; no rising or no notice taken when any body enters or leaves. Let the entering man take his place and pipe without obligatory remarks; if he can not smoke, which is Seckendorf's case for instance, let him at least affect to do so, and not ruffle the established stream of things. And so Puff, slowly Pff! and any comfortable speech that is in you, or none, if you authentically have not any.

Old official gentlemen, military for most part—Grumkow, Derschau, Old Dessauer (when at hand), Seckendorf, old General Flans (rugged Platt-Deutsch specimen, capable of *tocadille* or backgammon, capable of rough slashes of sarcasm when he opens

his old beard for speech): these, and the like of these, intimate confidants of the King, men who could speak a little, or who could be socially silent otherwise, seem to have been the staple of the Institution. Strangers of mark who happened to be passing were occasional guests: Ginckel, the Dutch Ambassador, though foreign like Seckendorf, was well seen there; garrulous Pöllnitz, who has wandered over all the world, had a standing invitation. Kings, high Princes on visit, were sure to have the honor. The Crown-Prince, now and afterward, was often present—oftener than he liked, in such an atmosphere, in such an element. “The little Princes were all wont to come in,” doffing their bits of triangular hats, “and bid Papa good-night. One of the old Generals would sometimes put them through their exercise; and the little creatures were unwilling to go away to bed.”

In such Assemblage, when business of importance, foreign or domestic, was not occupying the royal thoughts, the Talk, we can believe, was rambling and multifarious: the day's hunting, if at Wusterhausen; the day's news, if at Berlin or Potsdam; old reminiscences, too, I can fancy, turning up, and talk, even in Seckendorf's own time, about Siege of Menin (where your Majesty first did me the honor of some notice), Siege of Stralsund, and—duly on September 11th at least—Malplaquet, with Marlborough and Eugene: what Marlborough said, looked; and especially Lottum, late Feldmarschall Lottum;<sup>2</sup> and how the Prussian Infantry held firm, like a wall of rocks, when the horse were swept away—rocks highly volcanic, and capable of rolling forward too—and “how a certain Adjutant” (Derschau smokes harder and blushes brown) “snatched poor Tettau on his back, bleeding to death, amid the iron whirlwinds, and brought him out of shot-range.”<sup>3</sup> “Hm! na, such a Day, that, Herr Feldzeugmeister, as we shall not see again till the Last of the Days!”

Failing talk, there are newspapers in abundance: scraggy Dutch Courants, Journals of the Rhine, *Pamas*, Frankfurt *Zeitung*.

<sup>2</sup> Died 1719.

<sup>3</sup> *Militair Lexikon*, iv., 78, § Major-General von Tettau, and i., 348, § Derschau. This was the beginning of Derschau's favor with Friedrich Wilhelm, who had witnessed this piece of faithful work.

*tungs*, with which his Majesty exuberantly supplied himself, being willing to know what was passing in the high places of the world, or even what in the dark, snuffy Editor's thoughts was passing. This kind of matter, as some picture of the actual hour, his Majesty liked to have read to him even during the meal-time. Some subordinate character, with clear windpipe—all the better, too, if he be a book-man, cognizant of History, Geography, and can explain every thing—usually reads the Newspaper from some high seat behind backs while his Majesty and Household dine. The same subordinate personage may be worth his place in the Tabagie, should his function happen to prove necessary there. Even book-men, though generally pedants, and mere bags of wind and folly, are good for something, more especially if rich mines of quizzability turn out to be workable in them.

*Of Gundling, and the Literary Men in Tobacco Parliament.*

Friedrich Wilhelm had, in succession or sometimes simultaneously, a number of such Nondescripts to read his Newspapers and season his Tabagie—last evanescent phasis of the old Court-Fool species—who form a noticeable feature of his environment. One very famous literary gentleman of this description, who distanced every competitor, in the Tabagie and elsewhere, for serving his Majesty's occasions, was Jakob Paul Gundling, a name still laughingly remembered among the Prussian people. Gundling was a Country Clergyman's son, of the Nürnberg quarter; had studied, carrying off the honors in various Universities; had read, or turned over, whole cart-loads of wise and foolish Books (gravitating, I fear, toward the latter kind); had gone the Grand Tour as traveling tutor, "as companion to an English gentleman." He had seen courts, perhaps camps, at lowest cities and inns; knew in a manner, practically and theoretically, all things, and had published multifarious Books of his own.<sup>4</sup> The sublime long-eared erudition of the man was not to be contested; manifest to every body; thrice and four times manifest to himself, in the first place.

In the course of his roamings, and grand and little tours, he

<sup>4</sup> List of them, Twenty-one in number, mostly on learned Antiquarian subjects, in Förster, ii., 255, 256.

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had come to Berlin in old King Friedrich's time; had thrown powder in the eyes of men there, and been appointed to Professorships in the Ritter Academy, to Chief Heraldships—"Historiographer Royal," and perhaps other honors and emoluments, the whole of which were cut down by the ruthless scythe of Friedrich Wilhelm, ruthlessly mowing his field clear in the manner we saw at his Accession, whereby learned grandiloquent Gundling, much addicted to liquor by this time, and turning the corner of forty, saw himself cast forth into the general wilderness; that is to say, walking the streets of Berlin with no resources but what lay within himself and his own hungry skin; much given to liquor too. How he lived for a year or two after this—erudite pen and braggart tongue his only resources—were tragical to say. At length a famous Tavern-keeper, the "*Leipzige Polter-Hans* (Leipzig Kill-Cow, or *Boisterous Jack*)," as they call him, finding what a dungeon of erudite talk this Gundling was, and how gentlemen got entertained by him, gave Gundling the run of his Tavern (or, I fear, only a seat in the drinking-room); and it was here that General Grumkow found him, talking big, and disserting *de omni scibili* to the ancient Berlin gentlemen over their cups.

A very Dictionary of a man, who knows, in a manner, all things, and is by no means ignorant that he knows them: Would not this man suit his Majesty? thought Grumkow; and brought him to Majesty, to read the Newspapers and explain every thing. Date is not given or hinted at; but incidentally we find Gundling in full blast "in the year 1718,"<sup>5</sup> and conclude his installment was a year or two before. Gundling came to his Majesty from the Tap-room of Boisterous Jack; read the Newspapers, and explained every thing: such a Dictionary in breeches (much given to liquor) as his Majesty had got was never seen before. Working into the man, his Majesty, who had a great taste for such things, discovered in him such mines of college learning, court learning, without end; self-conceit and depth of appetite not less considerable; in fine, such Chaotic Blockheadism with the consciousness of being Wisdom as was wondrous to behold—as filled his Majesty, especially, with laughter and joy—

<sup>5</sup> Von Loen: *Kleine Schriften*, i., 201 (cited in Förster, i., 260).

ful amazement. Here are mines of native Darkness and Human Stupidity, capable of being made to phosphoresce and effervesce—are there not, your Majesty? Omniscient Gundling was a prime resource in the Tabagie for many years to come. Man with sublimer stores of long-eared Learning and Omniscience—man more destitute of Mother-wit was nowhere to be met with—a man bankrupt of Mother-wit; who has squandered any poor Mother-wit he had in the process of acquiring his sublime Long-eared Omniscience, and has retained only depth of appetite—appetite for liquor among other things, as the consummation and bottomless cesspool of appetites—is not this a discovery we have made in Boisterous Jack's, your Majesty?

The man was an El Dorado for the peculiar quizzing humor of his Majesty, who took immense delight in working him when occasion served. In the first years he had to attend his Majesty on all occasions of amusement; if you invite his Majesty to dinner, Gundling too must be of the party. Daily, otherwise, Gundling was at the Tabagie, getting drunk if nothing better. Vein after vein, rich in broad fun (very broad and Brobdnagian, such as suits there), is discovered in him; without wit himself, but much the cause of wit. None oftener shook the Tabagie with inextinguishable ha has: daily, by stirring into him, you could wrinkle the Tabagie into grim radiance of banter and silent grins.

He wore sublime clothes: Friedrich Wilhelm, whom we saw dress up his regimental Scavenger Executioners in French costume for Count Rothenburg's behoof, made haste to load Gundling with Rathships, Kammerherrships, Titles such as fools covet; gave him tolerable pensions, too, poor devil! and even functions, if they were of the imaginary or big-insignificant sort. Above all things, his Majesty dressed him as the pink of fortunate ambitious courtiers—superfine scarlet coat, gold button-holes, black velvet facings and embroideries without end; “straw-colored breeches, red silk stockings,” with probably blue clocks to them, “and shoes with red heels;” on his learned head sat an immense cloud-periwig of white goat's-hair (the man now growing toward fifty); in the hat a red feather: in this guise he walked the streets, the gold Key of *Kammerherr* (Chamberlain) conspicuously hanging at his coat breast, and looked proudly

down upon the world when sober. Alas! he was often not sober, and fiends in human shape were ready enough to take advantage of his unguarded situation. No man suffered ruder tarring and feathering; and his only comfort was his bane without, that he had, under such conditions, the use of the royal cellars, and could always command good liquor there.

His illustrious scarlet coat, by tumblings in the ditch, soon got dirty to a degree, and exposed him to the biting censures of his Majesty, anxious for the respectability of his Hofraths. One day, two wicked Captains, finding him prostrate in some lone place, cut off his Kammerherr *Key*, and privately gave it to his Majesty. Majesty, in Tabagie, notices Gundling's coat breast: "Where is your Key, then, Herr Kammerherr?" "Hm! hah! unfortunately lost it, Ihro Majestät!" "Lost it, say you?" and his Majesty looks dreadfully grave. "Key lost?" thinks Tabagie, grave Seckendorf included: "*Jarni-bleu*, that is something serious!" "As if a Soldier were to drink his musket!" thinks his Majesty; "and what are the laws, if an ignorant fellow is shot, and a learned wise one escapes?" Here is matter for a deliberative Tabagie; and to poor Gundling a bad outlook, fatal or short of fatal. He had better not even drink much, but dispense with consolation, and keep his wits about him till this squall pass. After much deliberating, it is found that the royal clemency can be extended, and an outlet devised, under conditions. Next Tabagie, a servant enters with one of the biggest trays in the world, and upon it a "Wooden Key gilt, about an ell long:" this gigantic implement is solemnly hung round the repentant Kammerherr; this he shall wear publicly as penance, and be upon his behavior till the royal mind can relent. Figure the poor blockhead till that happen! "On recovering his metal key, he goes to a smith and has it fixed on with wire."

What Gundling thought to himself amid these pranks and hoaxings we do not know. The poor soul was not born a fool, though he had become one by college learning, vanity, strong drink, and the world's perversity and his own. Under good guidance, especially if bred to strict silence, he might have been, in some measure, a luminous object; not, as now, a phosphorescent one, shining by its mere rottenness. A sad "Calamity

of Authors" indeed when it overtakes a man! Poor Gundling probably had lucid intervals now and then; tragic fits of discernment in the inner man of him. He had a Brother, also a learned man, who retained his senses, and was even a rather famed Professor at Halle, whose Portrait, looking very academic, solemn, and well to do, turns up in old print-shops; whose Books concerning "Henry the Fowler (*De Henrico Aucupe*)," "Kaiser Conrad I." and other dim Historical objects, are still consultable, though with little profit, to my experience. The name of this one was *Nicolaus Hieronymus*; ours is *Jakob Paul*, the senior brother—once the hope of the house, it is likely, and a fond Father's pride, in that poor old Nürnberg Parsonage long ago.

Jakob Paul likewise continued to write Books on Brandenburg Heraldries, Topography, Genealogies; even a "*Life*" or two of some old Brandenburg Electors are still extant from his hand, but not looked at now by any mortal. He had been, perhaps was again, Historiographer Royal, and felt bound to write such Books; several of them he printed; and we hear of others still manuscript, "in five folio volumes, written fair." He held innumerable half-mock Titles and Offices; among others, was actual President of the Berlin Royal Society, or *Académie des Sciences*, Leibnitz's pet daughter: there Gundling actually sat in office, and drew the salary, for one certainty. "As good he as another," thought Friedrich Wilhelm: "What is the use of these solemn fellows, in their big perukes, with their crabbed  $x+y$ 's, and scientific Peddler's French, doing nothing, that I can see, except annually the *Berlin Almanac*, which they live upon? Let them live upon it and be thankful, with Gundling for their head man."

Academy of Sciences makes its *Almanac*, and some peculium of profit by it; lectures perhaps a little "on Anatomy" (good for something, that, in his Majesty's mind), but languishes without encouragement during the present reign. Has his Majesty no prize questions to propose, then? None, or worse. He once officially put these learned Associates upon ascertaining for him "why Champagne foamed." They, with a hidden vein of pleasantry, required "material to experiment upon." Friedrich Wil-

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helm sent them a dozen, or certain dozens, and the matter proved insoluble to this day. No King, scarcely any man, had less of reverence for the sciences so called—for Academic culture, and the art of the Talking Schoolmaster in general. A King obtuse to the fine arts, especially to the vocal Arts, in a high degree. Literary fame itself he regards as mountebank fame; the art of writing big admirable folios is little better to him than that of vomiting long coils of wonderful ribbon for the idlers of the market-place; and he bear-baits his Gundling in this manner, as phosphorescent blockhead of the first magnitude, worthy of nothing better.

Nay, it is but lately (1723 the exact year) that he did his ever-memorable feat in regard to Wolf and his Philosophy at Halle. Illustrious Wolf was recognized at that time as the second greater Liebnitz and Head Philosopher of Nature, who “by mathematical method” had, as it were, taken Nature in the fact, and illuminated every thing, so that whosoever ran might read—which all manner of people then tried to do, but have now quite ceased trying “by the Wolf method”—Immortal Wolf, somewhat of a stiff, reserved humor, inwardly a little proud, and not wanting in private contempt of the contemptible, had been accused of heterodoxy by the Halle Theologians—Immortal Wolf, croakily satirical withal, had of course defended himself, and of course got into a shoreless sea of controversy with the Halle Theologians, pestering his Majesty with mere wars and rumors of war for a length of time from that Halle University,<sup>6</sup> so that Majesty, unable to distinguish top or bottom in such a coil of argument, or to do justice in the case, however willing and anxious, often passionately asked, “What, in God’s name, is the real truth of it?” Majesty appointed Commissions to inquire; read reports; could for a long while make out nothing certain. At last came a decision on the sudden; royal mind suddenly illuminated, it is a little uncertain how. Some give the credit of it to Gundling, which is unlikely; others to “Two Generals” of pious orthodox turn, acquainted with Halle; and I have heard obscurely that it was the Old Dessauer, who also knew

<sup>6</sup> In Büsching (*Beiträge*, i., 1-140) is rough authentic account of Wolf, and especially of all that, with several curious *Letters* of Wolf’s.

Halle, and was no doubt wearied to hear nothing talked of there but injured Philosopher Wolf and injuring Theologian Lange, or *vice versa*. Some practical military man, not given to take up with shadows, it likeliest was. "In God's name, what is the real truth of all that?" inquired his Majesty of the practical man: "*Does* Wolf teach hellish doctrines, as Lange says, or heavenly, as himself says?" "Teaches babble mainly, I should think, and scientific Peddler's French," intimated the practical man. "But they say he has one doctrine about oaths, and what he calls foundation of duty, which I did not like. Not a heavenly doctrine that. Follow out that, any of your Majesty's grenadiers might desert, and say he had done no sin against God!"<sup>7</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm flew into a paroxysm of horror; instantly redacted brief Royal Decree<sup>8</sup> (which is still extant among the curiosities of the Universe), ordering Wolf to quit Halle and the Prussian Dominions, bag and baggage, for evermore, within eight-and-forty hours, "*bey Strafe des Stranges*, under pain of the halter!"

Halter: the Head Philosopher of Nature, found too late, will be hanged as if he were a sheep-stealer—hanged, and no mistake! Poor Wolf gathered himself together, wife and baggage; girded up his loins, and ran with the due dispatch. He is now found sheltered under Hessen-Darmstadt, at Marburg, professing something there, and all the intellect of the world is struck with astonishment, and with silent or vocal pity for the poor man. It is but fair to say, Friedrich Wilhelm, gradually taking notice of the world's humor in regard to this, began to have his own misgivings, and determined to read some of Wolf's Books for himself. Reading in Wolf, he had sense to discern that here was a man of undeniable talent and integrity; that the Practical Military judgment, loading with the iron ramrod, had shot wide of the mark in this matter; and, in short, that a palpable bit of foul play had been done. This was in 1733, ten years after the shot, when his Majesty saw, with his own eyes, how wide it had gone. He applied to Wolf earnestly, more than once, to come

<sup>7</sup> Büsching, i., 8; Beneckendorf, *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Anonymous, Berlin, 1787), ii., 23.

<sup>8</sup> 15th November (Büsching says 8th), 1723.

back to him : Halle, Frankfurt, any Prussian University with a vacancy in it, was now wide open to Wolf. But Wolf knew better ; Wolf, with bows down to the ground, answered always evadingly, and never would come back till the New Reign began.

Friedrich Wilhelm knew little of Book-learning or Book-writing, and his notion of it is very shocking to us. But the fact is, O reader, Book-writing is of two kinds : one wise, and may be among the wisest of earthly things ; the other foolish, sometimes far beyond what can be reached by human nature elsewhere. Blockheadism, Unwisdom, while silent, is reckoned bad ; but Blockheadism getting vocal, able to speak persuasively, have you considered that at all ? Human Opacity falling into Phosphorescence ; that is to say, becoming *luminous* (to itself and to many mortals) by the very excess of it, by the very bursting of it into putrid fermentation—all other forms of Chaos are cosmic in comparison ! Our poor Friedrich Wilhelm had seen only Gundlings among the Book-writing class ; had he seen wiser specimens, he might have formed, as he did in Wolf's case, another judgment. Nay, in regard to Gundling himself, it is observable how, with its unutterable contempt, he seems to notice in him glimpses of the admirable (such acquirements, such dictionary faculties, though gone distracted !), and almost has a kind of love for the absurd dog. Gundling's pensions amount to something like £150 ; an immense sum in this Court.<sup>9</sup> A blockhead admirable in some sorts, and of immense resource in Tobacco Parliament when business is slack !

No end to the wild pranks, the Houyhnm horseplay they had with drunken Gundling. He has staggered out in a drunk state, and found, or not clearly *found* till the morrow, young bears lying in his bed ; has found his room door walled up ; been obliged to grope about, staggering from door to door and from port to port, and land ultimately in the big Bears' den, who hugged and squeezed him inhumanly there. Once at Wusterhausen, staggering blind drunk out of the Schloss toward his lair, the sentries at the Bridge (instigated to it by the Houyhnm, who look on) pretend to fasten some military blame on him : Why has he omitted or committed so and so ? Gundling's drunk answer is unsatis-

<sup>9</sup> Förster, i., 263, 284 (if you can *reconcile* the two passages).

factory. "Arrest, Herr Kammerrath, is it to be that, then!" They hustle him about among the Bears which lodge there; at length they lay him horizontally across two ropes; take to swinging him hither and thither, up and down, across the black Acherontic Ditch, which is frozen over, it being the dead of winter; one of the ropes—*lower* rope—breaks; Gundling comes souse upon the ice with his sitting part; breaks a big hole in the ice, and scarcely with legs, arms, and the remaining rope, can be got out undrowned.<sup>10</sup>

If, with natural indignation, he shut his door and refuse to come to the Tabagie, they knock in a panel of his door, and force him out with crackers, fireworks, rockets, and malodorous projectiles. Once the poor blockhead, becoming human for a moment, went clean away—to Halle where his Brother was, or to some safer place; but the due inveiglements, sublime apologies, increase of Titles, salaries, were used, and the indispensable Phosphorescent Blockhead and President of the Academy of Peddler's French was got back. Drink remained always as his consolation; drink, and the deathless Volumes he was writing and printing. Sublime returns came to him—Kaiser's Portrait, set in diamonds, on one occasion—for his Presentation Copies in high quarters: immortal fame, is it not his clear portion; still more clearly, abundance of good wine? Friedrich Wilhelm did not let him want for Titles; raised him at last to the Peerage, drawing out the Diploma and Armorial Blazonry in a truly Friedrich Wilhelm manner with his own hand. The Gundlings, in virtue of the transcendent intellect and merits of this Founder Gundling, are, and are hereby declared to be, of Baronial dignity to the last scion of them; and in "all *Ritter-Rennen* (Tournaments), Battles, Fights, Camp-pitchings, Sealings, Signetings, shall and may use the above-said Shield of Arms"—if it can be of any advantage to them. A Prussian Majesty who gives us £150 yearly, with board and lodging, and the run of his cellar, and honors such as these, is not to be lightly sneezed away, though of queer humors now and then. The highest personages, as we said, more

<sup>10</sup> Förster (i., 254–280); founding, I suppose, on *Leben und Thaten des Freiherrn Paul von Gundling* (Berlin, 1795); probably not one of the exactest Biographies.

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than once made gifts to Gundling; miniatures set in diamonds; purses of a hundred ducats; even Gundling, it was thought, might throw in a word, mad or otherwise, which would bear fruit. It was said of him, he never spoke to harm any body with his Majesty. The poor blown-up blockhead was radically not ill-natured—at least, if you let his “phosphorescences” alone.

But the grandest explosions in Tobacco Parliament were producible when you got Two literary fools; and, as if with Leyden jars, positive and negative, brought their vanities to bear on one another. This sometimes happened when Tobacco Parliament was in luck. Friedrich Wilhelm had a variety of Merry-Andrew Rathes of the Gundling sort, though none ever came up to Gundling, or approached him in worth as a Merry-Andrew.

Herr Fassmann, who wrote Books, by Patronage or for the Leipzig Booksellers, and wandered about the world as a star or comet of some magnitude, is not much known to my readers, but he is too well known to me for certain dark Books of his which I have had to read<sup>11</sup>—a very dim Literary Figure; undeniable, indecipherable Human Fact of those days, now fallen quite extinct and obsolete; his garniture, equipment, environment all very dark to us. Probably a too restless, imponderous creature, too much of the Gundling type; structure of him *gaseous*, not solid; perhaps a little of the coxcomb naturally; much of the sycophant on compulsion, being sorely jammed into corners, and without elbow-room at all in this world. Has, for the rest, a recognizable talent for “Magazine writing”—for Newspaper editing, had that rich mine, “California of the Spiritually Vagabond,” been opened in those days. Poor extinct Fassmann, one discovers at last a vein of weak geniality in him; here and there, real human sense and eyesight, under those strange conditions; and his poor Books, rotted now to inanity, have left a small seed-pearl or two to the earnest reader. Alas! if he *was* to become “spiritually vagabond” (“spiritually” and otherwise), might it not perhaps be wholesome to him that the California was *not* discovered?

<sup>11</sup> *Life of Friedrich Wilhelm*, occasionally cited here: *Life of August the Strong*; &c.

Fassmann was by no means such a fool as Gundling; but he was much of a fool too. He had come to Berlin about this time<sup>12</sup> in hopes of patronage from the King or somebody; might say to himself, "Surely I am a better man than Gundling, if the Berlin Court has eyesight." By the King, on some wise General's recommending it, he was, as a preliminary, introduced to the Tabagie at least. Here is the celebrated Gundling; there is the celebrated Fassmann. Positive Leyden jar, with negative close by: in each of these two men lodges a full-charged fiery electric virtue of self-conceit, destructive each of the other, could a conductor be discovered. Conductors are discoverable, conductors are not wanting; and many are the explosions between these mutually-destructive human varieties, welcomed with hilarious, rather vacant, huge horse-laughter in this Tobacco Parliament and Synod of the Houyhnhms.

Of which take this acme, and then end. Fassmann, a fellow not without sarcasm and sharpness, as you may still see, has one evening provoked Gundling to the transcendent pitch—till words are weak, and only action will answer. Gundling, driven to the exploding point, suddenly seizes his Dutch smoking-pan of peat charcoal ashes and red-hot sand, and dashes it in the face of Fassmann, who is, of course, dreadfully astonished thereby, and has got his very eyebrows burnt, not to speak of other injuries. Stand to him, Fassmann! Fassmann stands to him tightly, being the better man as well as the more satirical; grasps Gundling by the collar, wrenches him about, lays him at last over his knee, sitting part uppermost; slaps said sitting part (poor sitting part that had broken the ice of Wusterhausen) with the hot pan—nay, some say, strips it and slaps, amid the inextinguishable horse-laughter (sincere, but vacant) of the Houyhnhm Olympus.

After which, his Majesty, as epilogue to such play, suggests that feats of that nature are unseemly among gentlemen; that when gentlemen have a quarrel, there is another way of settling it. Fassmann thereupon challenges Gundling; Gundling accepts; time and place are settled, pistols the weapon. At the appointed time and place, Gundling stands, accordingly, pistol in hand; but at sight of Fassmann, throws his pistol away; will

<sup>12</sup> 1726, as he himself says (*suprà*, p. 442).

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not shoot any man, nor have any man shoot him. Fassmann sternly advances; shoots his pistol (powder merely) into Gundling's sublime goat's-hair wig; wig blazes into flame; Gundling falls shrieking, a dead man, to the earth, and they quench and revive him with a bucket of water. Was there ever seen such horse-play? Roaring laughter, huge, rude and somewhat vacant, as that of the Norse gods over their ale at Yule time—as if the face of the Sphinx were to wrinkle itself in laughter, or the fabulous Houyhnhms themselves were there to mock in their peculiar fashion.

His Majesty at length gave Gundling a wine-cask duly figured—"painted black, with a white cross"—which was to stand in his room as *memento mori*, and be his coffin. It stood for ten years, Gundling often sitting to write in it—a good screen against draughts. And the poor monster was actually buried in this Cask,<sup>13</sup> Fassmann pronouncing some funeral oration, and the orthodox clergy uttering, from the distance, only a mute groan. "The Herr Baron Von Gundling was a man of many dignities, of much Book-learning—a man of great memory," admits Fassmann, "but of no judgment," insinuates he, "*looking for THE JUDGMENT (expectans judicium)*," says Fassmann, with a pleasant wit. Fassmann succeeded to all the emoluments and honors, but did not hold them; preferred to run away before long; and after him came one and the other, whom the reader is not to be troubled with here. Enough if the patient reader have seen a little into that background of Friedrich Wilhelm's existence, and, for the didactic part, have caught up his real views or instincts upon Spiritual Phosphorescence, or Stupidity grown Vocal, which are much sounder than most of us suspect.

These were the sports of the Tobacco Parliament; and it was always meant primarily for sport, for recreation; but there is no doubt it had a serious function as well. "Business matters," adds Beneckendorf, who had means of knowing,<sup>14</sup> "were often a subject of colloquy in the Tabaks Collegium. Not that they

<sup>13</sup> Died 11th April, 1731, age 58: description of the Burial "at Börnstadt, near Potsdam," in Förster, i., 276.

<sup>14</sup> Beneckendorf: *Karakterzüge*, i., 137-149; vi., 37.

were there finished off, decided upon, or meant to be so. But Friedrich Wilhelm often purposely brought up such things in conversation there, that he might learn the different opinions of his generals and chief men, without their observing it," and so might profit by the Collective Wisdom, in short.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### SECKENDORF'S RETORT TO HER MAJESTY.

THE Treaty of Wusterhausen was not yet known to Queen Sophie, to her father George, or to any external creature; but that open flinching and gradual withdrawal from the Treaty of Hanover was too well known, and boded no good to her pet project. Female sighs, male obdurances, and other domestic phenomena, are to be imagined in consequence. "A grand Britan-  
nic Majesty indeed; very lofty Father to us, Madam, ever since he came to be King of England; stalking along there, with his nose in the air, not deigning the least notice of us, except as of a thing that may be got to fight for him! And he does not sign the Double Marriage Treaty, Madam—only talks of signing it, as if we were a starved coach-horse, to be quickened along by a wisp of hay put upon the coach-pole, close *ahead* of us always!" "*Jarni-bleu!*" snuffles Seckendorf, with a virtuous zeal, or looks it; and things are not pleasant at the royal dinner-table.

Excellenz Seckendorf, we find at this time, "often has his Majesty to dinner;" and such dinners—fitting one's tastes in all points—no expense regarded (which, indeed, is the Kaiser's, if we knew it)! And, in return, Excellenz is frequently at dinner with his Majesty, where the conversation, if it turn on England, which often happens, is more and more an offense to Queen Sophie. Seckendorf studies to be polite, reserved before the Queen's Majesty at her own table; yet sometimes he lisps out, in his vile snuffling tone, half-insinuations, remarks on our Royal Kindred, which are irritating in the extreme. Queen Sophie, the politest of women, did once, says Pöllnitz, on some excessive pressure of that lisping, snuffling unendurability, lose her royal patience

and flame out. With human frankness and uncommonly kindled eyes, she signified to Seckendorf that none who was not himself a kind of scoundrel could entertain such thoughts of Kings and gentlemen! Which hard saying kindled the stiff-backed, rheumatic soul of Seckendorf (Excellenz had withal a temper in him, far down in the deeps), who answered, "Your Majesty, that is what no one else thinks of me. That is a name I have never permitted any one to give me with impunity." And, verily, he kept his threat in that latter point, says Pöllnitz.<sup>1</sup>

At this stage, it is becoming, in the nature of things, unlikely that the projected Double Marriage, or any union with England, can ever realize itself for Queen Sophie and her House. The Kaiser has decreed that it never shall. Here is the King already irritated, grown indisposed to it; here is the Kaiser's Seckendorf, with preternatural Apparatus, come to maintain him in that humor. To Queen Sophie herself, who saw only the outside of Seckendorf and his Apparatus, the matter doubtless seemed big with difficulties; but to us, who see the interior, the difficulties are plainly hopeless. Unless the Kaiser's mind change, unless many fixed things change, the Double Marriage is impossible.

One thing only is a sorrow, and this proved an immeasurable one: that they did not, that Queen Sophie did not, in such case, frankly give it up. Double Marriage is not a law of Nature; it is only a project at Hanover that has gone off again. There will be a life for our Crown-Prince and Princess without a marriage with England! It is greatly wise to recognize the impossible, the unreasonably difficult, when it presents itself; but who of men is there, much more who of women, that can always do it?

Queen Sophie Dorothee will have this Double Marriage, and it shall be possible. Poor Lady, she was very obstinate, and her Husband was very arbitrary. A rough bear of a Husband, yet by no means an unloving one—a Husband who might have been managed. She evidently made a great mistake in deciding not to obey this man, as she had once vowed. By perfect, prompt

<sup>1</sup> ii., 244.

